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CAN'T SLEEP? BREAKING OUT? HOW TECH CAN PUT YOU IN CHARGE OF YOUR BODY
PLUS
THE WOMEN IN HOLLYWOOD ISSUE!
STARRING
KRISTEN STEWART!
LUPITA NYONG'O
ANNA KENDRICK
AMY ADAMS
FELICITY JONES
HELEN MIRREN
KATHY BATES
AJA NAOMI KING
HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY REPORT!
WHAT ARE TOP DOCS REALLY DOING?
MICRO-INJECTIONS
BODY SCULPTING
WARREN BEATTY AND JON HAMM: FEMINISTS!
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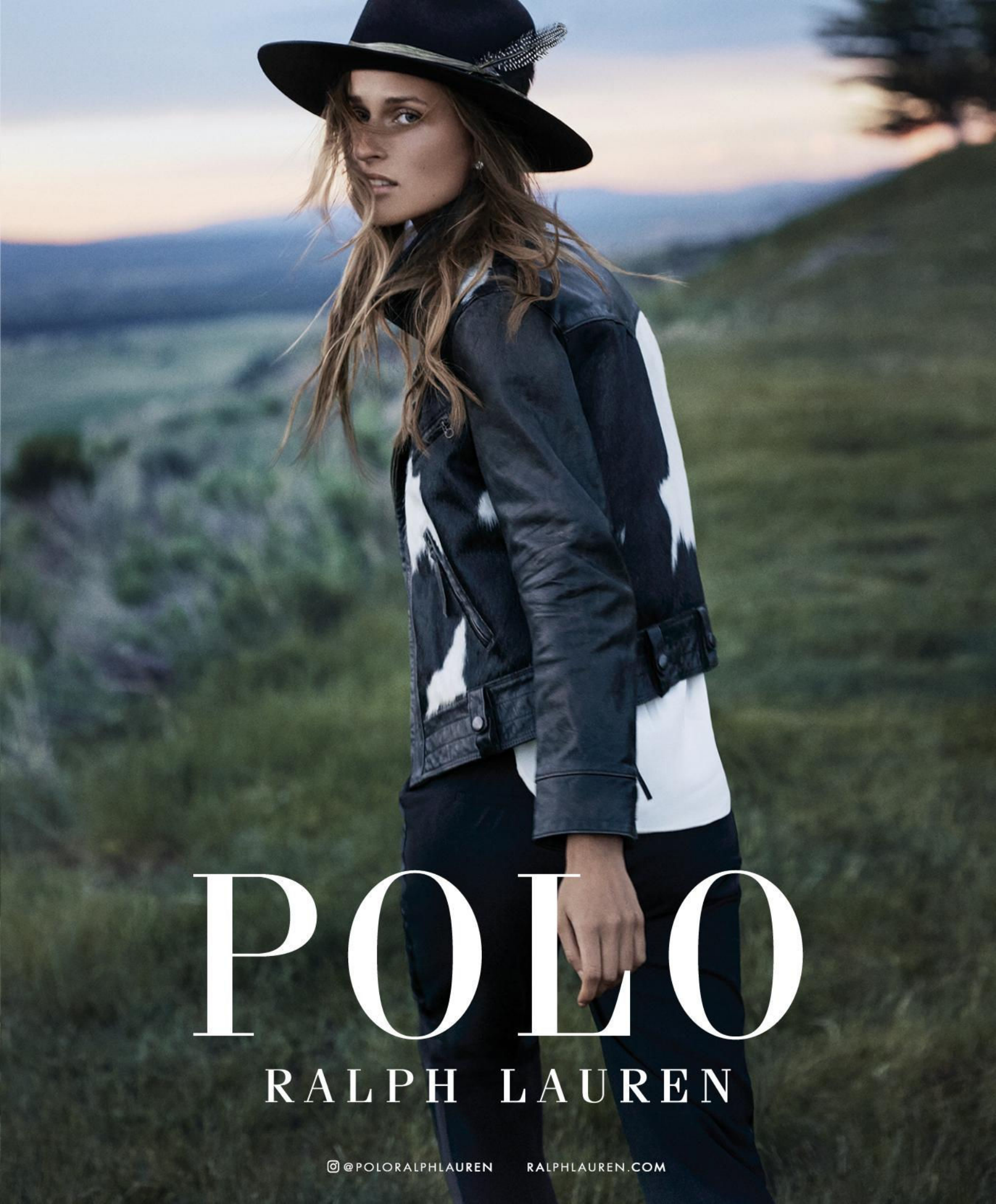

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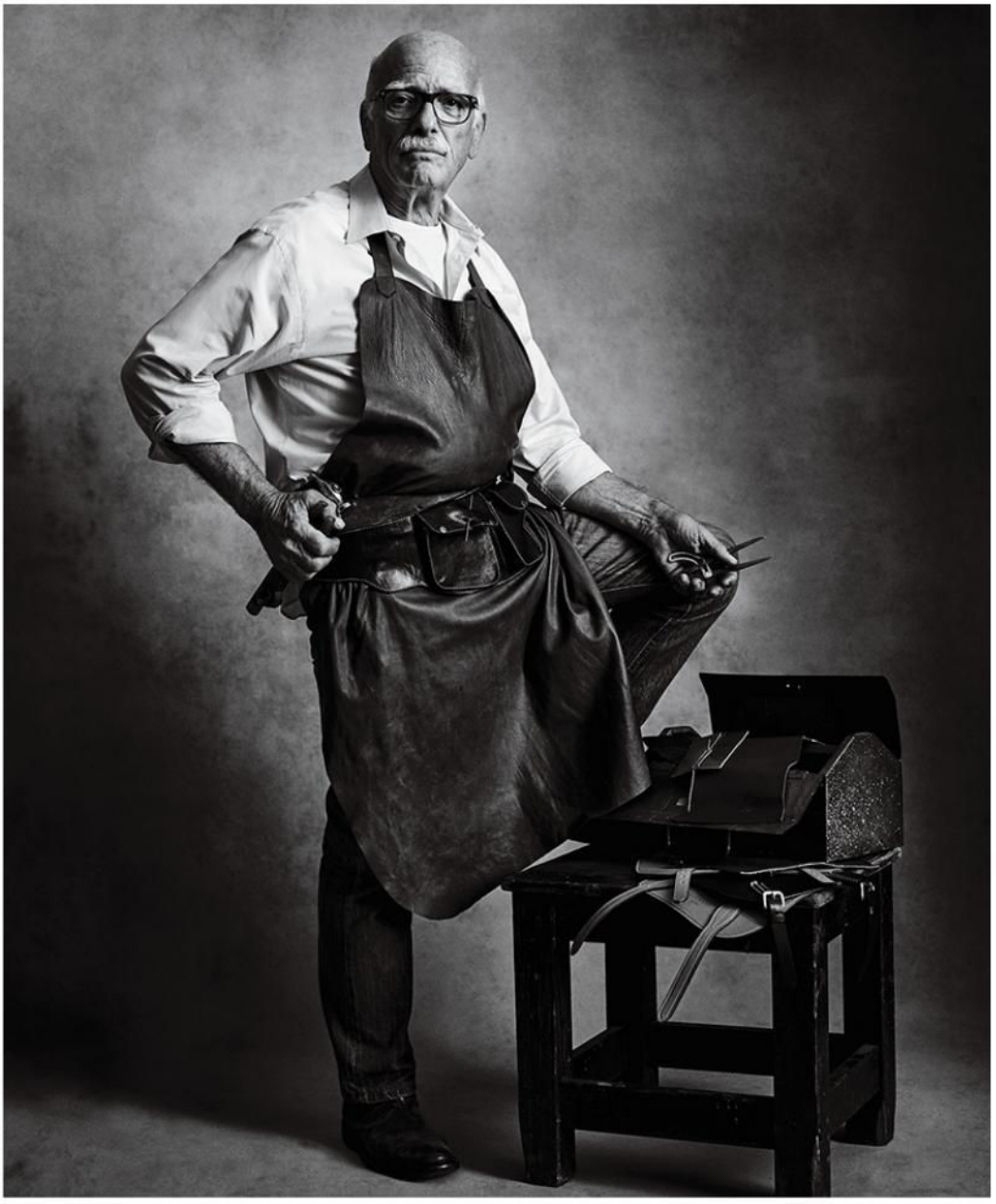
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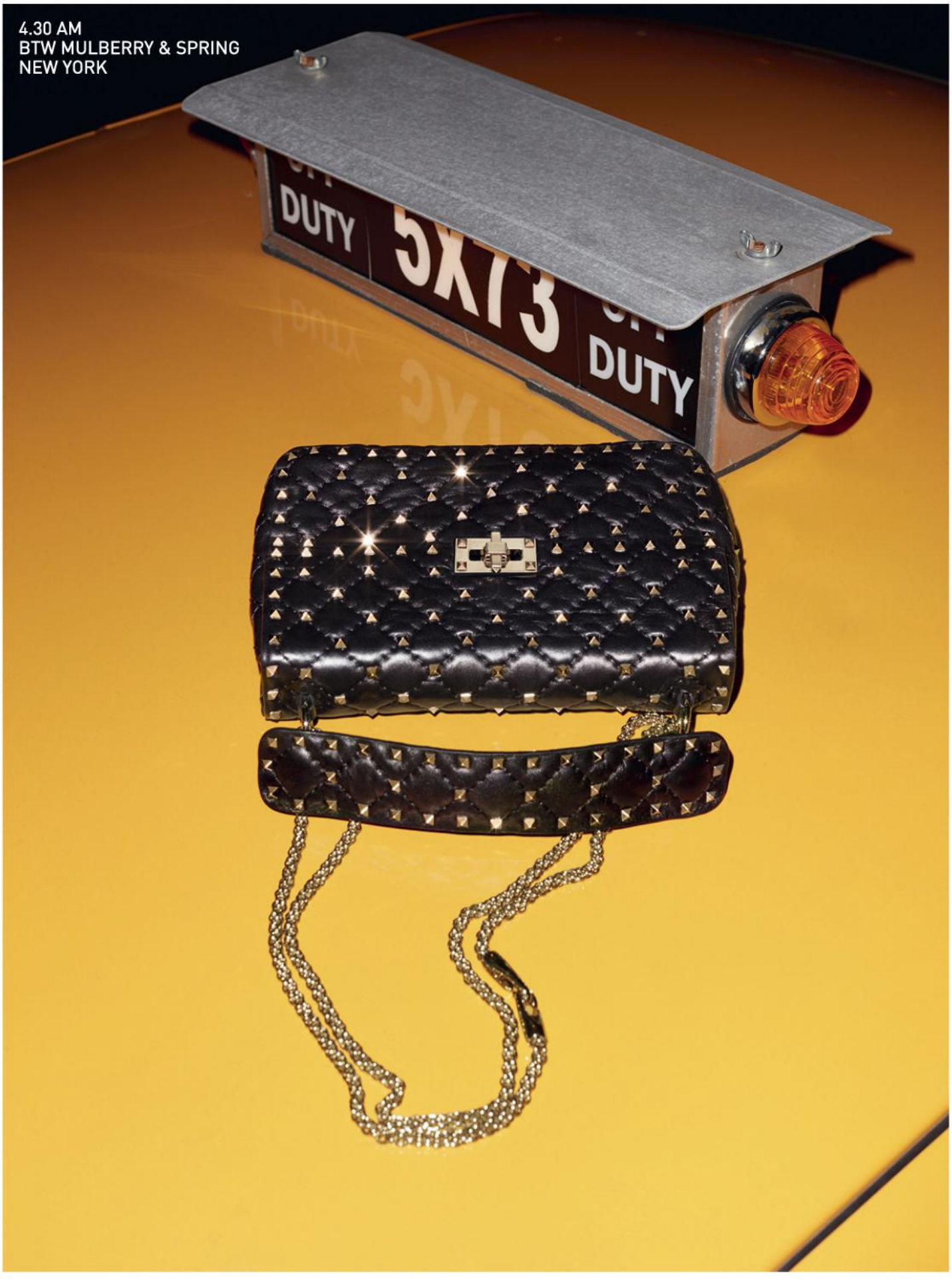


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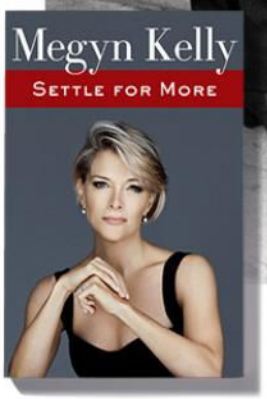
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# NOV

**NOVEMBER 12**
The Rolling Stones open their private vault for *Exhibitionism*, a show at NYC's Industria that features sequined coats, Telecasters, and everything in between.

**NOVEMBER 4**
Tumblr prince Benedict Cumberbatch stars in Marvel's *Doctor Strange* as a neurosurgeon turned reality-bending mystic-arts master.

**NOVEMBER 15**
Megyn Kelly, Fox News's *The Kelly File* host, releases her candid memoir, *Settle for More*, which reveals never-before-heard details about that controversial Republican debate.




**NOVEMBER 15**
Moving between London and West Africa, Zadie Smith's novel *Swing Time* traces a friendship between two girls through its abrupt end in their twenties.




**NOVEMBER 20**
Dominic West and Ruth Wilson star in Showtime's *The Affair*, about the fallout from an extramarital relationship (and a murder). The show continues to live up to the steamy, soapy drama its title suggests in its third season, premiering tonight.




**NOVEMBER 21**
In TBS's very millennial half-hour comedy *Search Party*, the ever-superb Alia Shawkat plays a personal assistant whose purposeless life becomes the opposite when a friend goes missing.

**NOVEMBER 22**
*Moonglow*, by Michael Chabon, is framed around a grandfather's deathbed confession and billed as fictional nonfiction. Make of that what you will.

**NOVEMBER 23**
The WWII thriller *Allied* mines the complications that ensue when spies fall in love; it stars Marion Cotillard and Brad Pitt (who clearly learned nothing from *Mr. & Mrs. Smith*).









Clockwise from top: Philip Townsend/Camera Press/Redux; Astrid Stawiarz/Getty Images; Chris Jackson/Getty Images; courtesy of Harper, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers; Doane Gregory/courtesy of Paramount Pictures; courtesy of TBS; XPX/Star Max/GC Images; courtesy of Harper, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers




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# THE MONTH IN FASHION



## NOVEMBER 5

We all know Gigi Hadid is a knockout. Now watch her throw her best punch in a James Franco–directed short spotlighting the Gigi—a croc-embossed leather combat bootie that the supe created with Stuart Weitzman—shot at Brooklyn's iconic Gleason's Gym, once home to prizefighters Roberto Duran and Jake LaMotta. Somehow, we think they'd approve.



## NOVEMBER 1

In a true test of your partygoing stamina, Red Bull Sound Select presents 30 Days in L.A., a monthlong music fest with performances from more than 40 artists, including Haim, Charli XCX, and AlunaGeorge. Our pick: psychedelic rock trio Sunflower Bean, fronted by Hedi Slimane muse Julia Cumming (6).





## NOVEMBER 2

Heidi Klum pours her learnings from countless teeny-bikini beach shoots into a new swimwear collection (4), launching tonight with a shopping event at Bloomingdale's in NYC.

## NOVEMBER 3

Revisit the house of Medusa with Donatella's *Versace* (Rizzoli) (3), full of candid family moments, backstage snaps, and, yes, *that* J.Lo Grammy dress.

## NOVEMBER 8

Drop by Ralph Lauren's (1) newly renovated Rodeo Drive flagship for an interactive handbag experience: Shoppers can personalize the classic Ricky bag in more than a million variations.

## NOVEMBER 17

Zana Bayne—the leather guru behind Beyoncé's *Lemonade* bullet bra—joins forces with & Other Stories on a collection including strappy accoutrements (7) that, worn *over* clothing, will inject considerable edge into your wardrobe.

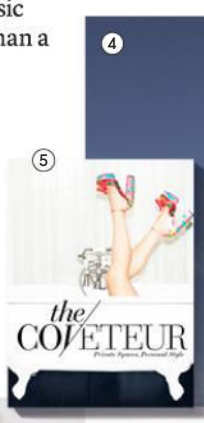



## NOVEMBER 22

Pick up *The Coveteur: Private Spaces, Personal Style* (Abrams) (5) for a jolt of the voyeuristic thrills—Jessica Alba's Chanel-decked garden gnome; Karlie Kloss's Muscle Milk stash—that put the interiors/fashion site on the map.

## NOVEMBER 28

For the perfect touch of silver-screen glam, "frost" yourself like the stars of our Women in Hollywood portfolio (page 249) with Hearts on Fire's first-ever designer collaboration, White Kites—a 36-piece range of diamond cocktail rings, chandelier earrings (2), and more, crafted by British fine jeweler Stephen Webster.








Clockwise from top left: courtesy of Stuart Weitzman; courtesy of the designer; Rankin; YouTube.com; courtesy of the designer; Victor Virgile/Gamma-Rapho via Getty Images




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(This page) Madelyn sweater, $89. Kelsey skirt, $89. Carmilla bootie, $139.99.
(Opposite page) Coco kimono, $119. Belle blouse, $79. Blanche pant, $79.


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*November 2016*

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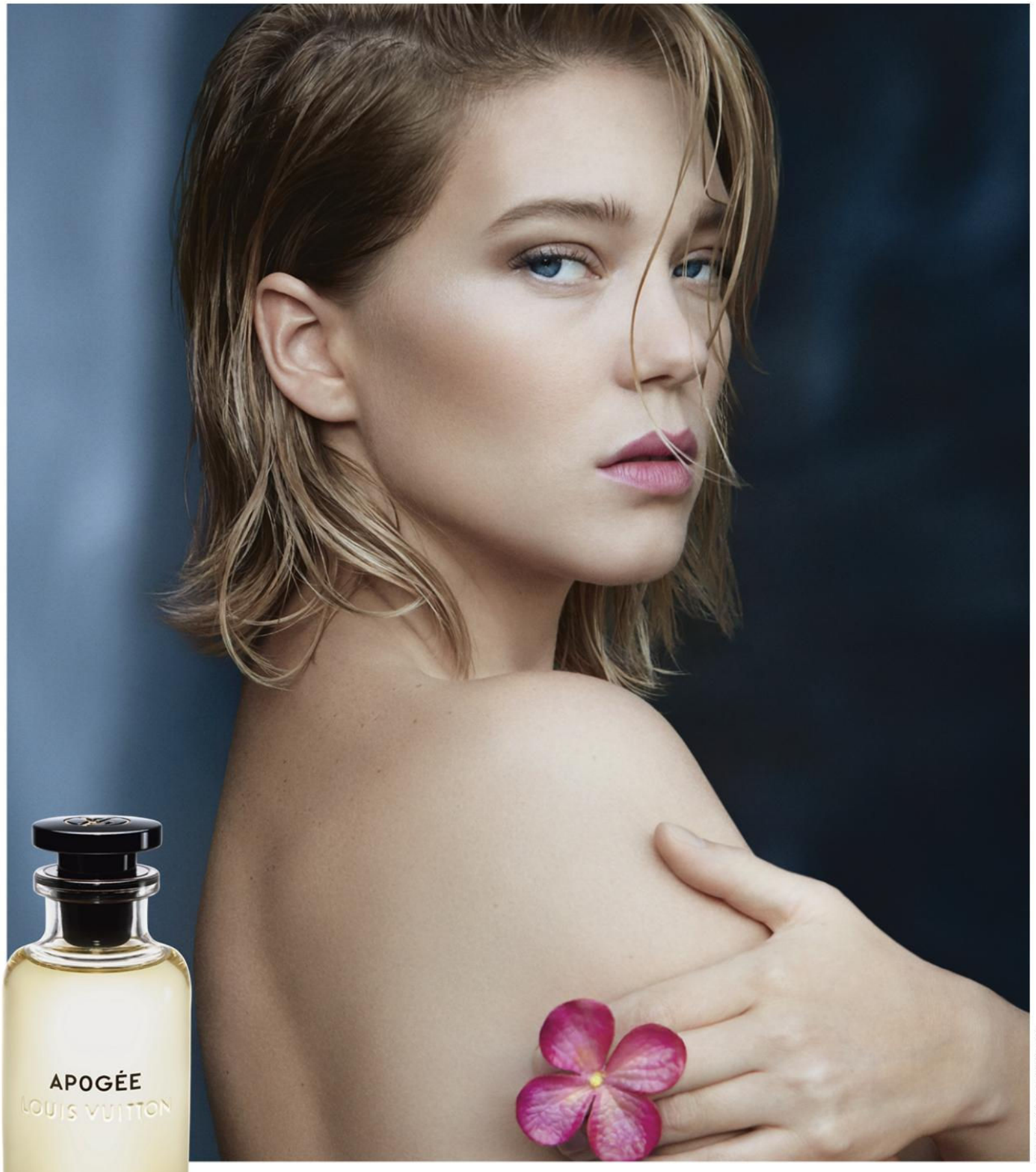
**214**
THE MEASURED LIFE
We're tracking every step, sleep, and beat of our lives. How much does Silicon Valley know about us—and how will all that data help us?


*Want to watch our exclusive* **WOMEN IN HOLLYWOOD** *behind-the-scenes video—right this second?! Just download the* ELLENow app, *scan the cover of this issue, and enjoy.*

Silk georgette dress, DIOR, $7,700, at Dior boutiques nationwide. Gold, platinum, and diamond ear clips, gold and sapphire ring, all, VERDURA, prices on request. Diamond and gold ring, $25,000, pavé diamond and platinum ring, $16,625, both, TIFFANY & CO. For details, see Shopping Guide.


VOLUME XXXII
NUMBER 3 NO. 375


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By Alison S. Cohn




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## ON THE COVERS

**KRISTEN STEWART** wears dress and watch, Chanel. To get Stewart's makeup look, try Le Volume de Chanel mascara in Noir, Les 4 Ombres eye shadow palette in Tissé Smoky, Joues Contraste powder blush in Angélique, and Rouge Coco Stylo lipstick in Conte. All, Chanel. **LUPITA NYONG'O** wears jumpsuit, Dolce & Gabbana, earrings, Hearts On Fire, and bracelet, Chopard. To get Nyong'o's makeup look, try Défenicils mascara in Deep Black, Color Design 5 Pan Eyeshadow Palette in Gris Fumee, Blush Subtil Cushion in Cerise Givree, and Lip Lover in Casse-Noisette. All, Lancôme. **AMY ADAMS** wears dress, Calvin Klein Collection, necklace and bracelets, Bulgari, and ring, Hearts On Fire. To get Adams's makeup look, try Voluminous Original Mascara in Blackest Black, Dual Effects eye shadow in Perpetual Nude, True Match Lumi Powder Glow Illuminator in Golden, and Colour Riche Lipcolour in Raisin Rapture. All, L'Oréal Paris. **ANNA KENDRICK** wears sweater, Calvin Klein, jeans, Calvin Klein Jeans, earrings, Anita Ko, and bracelets, Hearts On Fire, Tiffany & Co. Out of Retirement, Tiffany & Co., and Shay Fine Jewelry. To get Kendrick's makeup look, try Voluminous Original Mascara in Blackest Black, Colour Riche La Palette Nude Intense eye shadow, True Match Lumi Powder Glow Illuminator in Golden, and Colour Riche La Lacque Lip Pen in Lacque and Roll. All, L'Oréal Paris. **AJA NAOMI KING** wears dress, Calvin Klein Collection, earring, Tiffany & Co., and bracelets, De Beers, Pomellato, and Hearts On Fire. To get King's makeup look, try Voluminous Superstar Mascara in Blackest Black, Colour Riche La Palette Nude Intense eye shadow, and Colour Riche Lipcolour in Brazil Nut. All, L'Oréal Paris. **FELICITY JONES** wears shirt, Burberry, trousers, Dolce & Gabbana, earring, Hearts On Fire by Stephen Webster, bracelet, Hearts On Fire, and pumps, Jimmy Choo. To get Jones's makeup look, try Voluminous Butterfly Mascara in Blackest Black, Colour Riche La Palette Nude eye shadow, True Match Lumi Powder Glow Illuminator in Rose, and Colour Riche Lipcolour in Fairest Nude. All, L'Oréal Paris. **HELEN MIRREN** wears trench coat, Trademark, and earrings, David Webb. To get Mirren's makeup look, try Brow Stylist Sculptor in Brunette, Voluminous Original Mascara in Blackest Black, Infallible Never Fail Eyeliner in Black, Visible Lift Blur Blush in Soft Peach, and Colour Riche La Lacque Lip Pen in Lacque-y Charm. All, L'Oréal Paris. **KATHY BATES** wears blouse, Akris, and earrings, De Grisogono. To get Bates's makeup look, try Brow Stylist Sculptor in Brunette, Voluminous Original Mascara in Black, True Match Super-Blendable Compact Makeup, and Infallible Le Rouge lipstick in Persistent Plum. All, L'Oréal Paris. Photographed by Dan Martensen; styled by Samira Nasr (Nyong'o, Kendrick, King, Jones, Mirren, Bates) and Barbara Baumel (Stewart, Adams); hair by Giannandrea at Starworks Artists (Stewart, Adams), Vernon François at Jed Root (Nyong'o), Kevin Ryan (Kendrick, King, Jones, Bates), and Peter Butler at Tracey Mattingly (Mirren); makeup by Mai Quynh at Starworks Artists (Stewart), Romy Soleimani at Tim Howard Management (Nyong'o, Jones), Hung Vanngo at the Wall Group (Adams), Lisa Storey at the Wall Group (Kendrick, King, Bates), and Robin Fredriksz at Tracey Mattingly (Mirren); manicures by Ashlie Johnson at the Wall Group (Stewart, Adams), Elle at Tracey Mattingly (Nyong'o, Jones), Emi Kudo at Opus Beauty (Kendrick, King, Bates), and Gina Edwards at Kate Ryan Inc. (Mirren); produced by Tommy Romersa at Joy Asbury Productions (Stewart, Adams, Kendrick, King, Bates) and Cat Lewis at M.A.P (Nyong'o, Jones, Mirren); fashion assistants: Yashua Simmons (Nyong'o, Kendrick, King, Jones, Bates), Kia Goosby (Mirren), and Mark-Paul Barro (Adams, Kendrick).

Clockwise from top left: Paola Kudacki; Jon Paterson/Studio D; courtesy of the designer (2); David Burton



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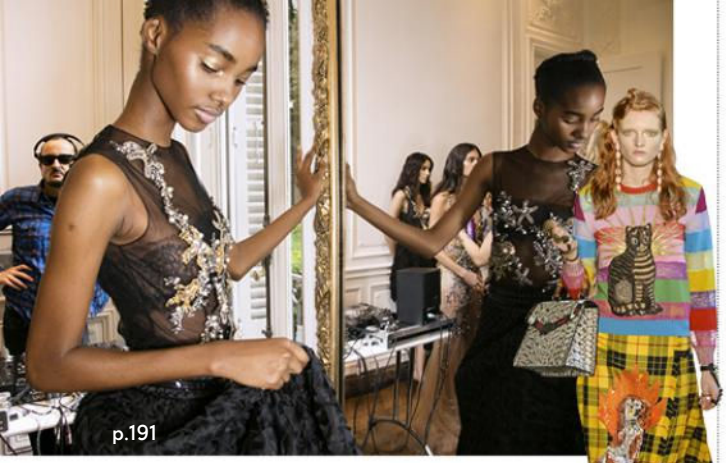
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SHOPS
## GOLDYN
2040 West 30th Avenue, Denver, CO 80211; *720-489-0580*; *shopgoldyn.com*

WHAT'S THERE: Located in Denver's buzzed-about LoHi district, the five-year-old brick-and-mortar store (formerly online only) stocks cult brands like Jérôme Dreyfuss and Black Crane and hosts regular trunk shows, concerts, and art exhibits.

PROJECTED WAIT-LIST ITEMS: Alpaca Capote coats from Lauren Manoogian, Miranda Bennett's party-ready silk Muse dresses, and black diamond earrings from Anna Sheffield



**129**
ACCESSORIES
## OVER THE RAINBOW
Effy's richly hued 18K white gold necklace makes a splash with a total of 557 vibrant gemstones.



White gold, diamond, and multicolor gemstone necklace, EFFY HEMATIAN NEW YORK, price on request, call 877-ASK-EFFY. For details, see Shopping Guide.

**175**
INTEL
## GIRL NEXT DOOR

Joining the ranks of actress/authors you want to be friends with (see: Mindy Kaling and Amy Schumer) comes ELLE Woman in Hollywood Anna Kendrick with her first book, *Scrappy Little Nobody* (Touchstone), which chronicles her childhood on Broadway through her early twenties in L.A. Kendrick includes just enough Hollywood juice to remind the reader of her massive star power (cutting-room–floor scenes from *Into the Woods*; an anecdote about making out with Orlando Bloom), but the real meat comes in her deeply relatable coming-of-age tales of making friends (or not) and dating upon first moving to the West Coast. Dispensing self-deprecation and advice with her trademark sardonic wit, Kendrick deftly straddles the tricky line in celebrity memoir between being both everygirl and poster girl.
—*Cotton Codinha*


## MOVIE NIGHT...ON US!
It's prime time for a good old-fashioned night out. In honor of our Women in Hollywood Issue, we're giving away 100 pairs of Fandango movie tickets! Enter now for your chance to win: *ELLE.com/fandango*.


Clockwise from top left: Antonello Trio/Imaxtree.com; Gucci; courtesy of Goldyn; courtesy of the designer; Devon Jarvis/Studio D




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# MOVING PICTURES

## Want to see our Women in Hollywood in *action*? Go to ELLE.com/WIH2016

Who would your favorite actress want to play her in a biopic? What's her all-time favorite love story? Her dream role? In our exclusive behind-the-scenes short, ELLE's eight Women in Hollywood honorees—Amy Adams, Kathy Bates, Felicity Jones, Anna Kendrick, Aja Naomi King, Helen Mirren, Lupita Nyong'o, and Kristen Stewart—weigh in on what it's like to be a successful woman in the film biz today, both onscreen and off.

**DECISION NOW!** As you leaf through these pages, America will be choosing its next leader. Bookmark **ELLE.com/Election2016** for up-to-the-second analysis and commentary on one of the most unpredictable—and divisive—races of all time. And while you're there, get to know the female advocates, advisers, change makers, and rainmakers who are willing to work for our nation—regardless of who's calling the shots.



## LUKE WARM

Catch up with 37-year-old actor Luke Evans, who makes the big screen shudder as murder suspect Scott Hipwell in this fall's adaptation of the 2015 best-seller *The Girl on the Train*, over Aperol spritzes at New York's Le Bain. Read the full exchange at ELLE.com/LukeEvans.

**YOU WENT PLATINUM FOR AN UPCOMING PROJECT. YOU LIKE BEING BLOND?**

It's nice to do something different. When you're an actor, you have the license to do that. And then if you look weird, you can blame the role. I think most of the fans like it.

**YOU MEAN THE "LUKETEERS"?**

[*Laughs*] Yeah. I first realized my fans had unionized when we went to South Korea for the *Fast & Furious 6* premiere. I came through the [airport] doors with my luggage, and there were 60 fans with banners that said, "We're Your Career Luketeers."

**WERE YOU FLATTERED TO BE CAST AS DEVASTATINGLY HANDSOME GASTON IN THE UPCOMING LIVE-ACTION *BEAUTY AND THE BEAST*?**

Gaston, while a delight to play, is equal parts handsome and devastatingly dimwitted.

# LOUD AND PROUD

## Meet the new femmes fatales—those who aren't so much guy-chasing sirens as they are whip-smart women who speak their minds

This month, ELLE.com is celebrating Keke Palmer, Ariel Winter, and more girls on fire—all of whom are carving out their own niches in Hollywood. What they do have in common: fierce feminism and a commitment to letting it shine—on social media as well as in their work. For exclusive interviews and photos of the new guard, visit ELLE.com/NextGen.



Palmer

Clockwise from top right: Tyler Joe; Kimberly White/Getty Images

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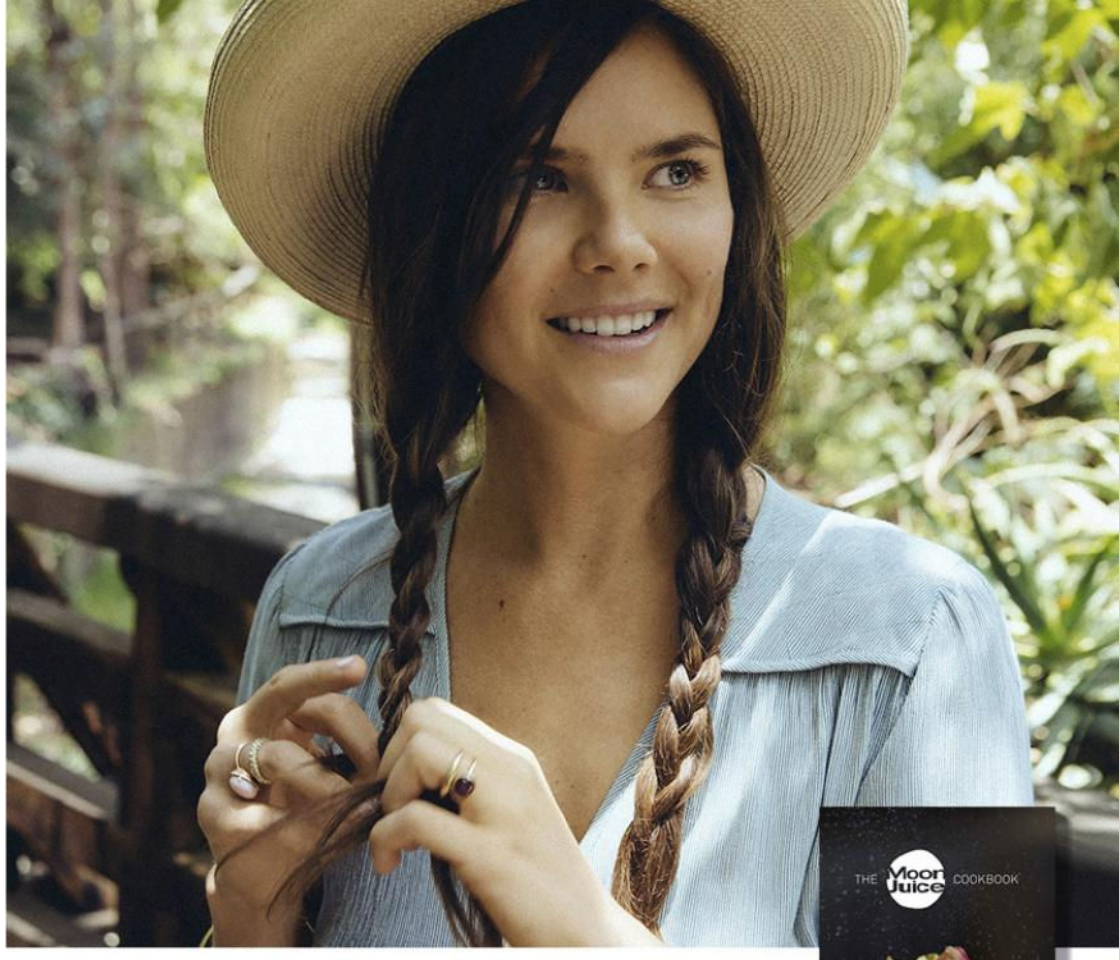
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# ELLE.COM COACH OF THE MONTH: AMANDA CHANTAL BACON




This California wellness pioneer's eating routines are so feel-good, you could almost call them out of this world. This month, they're on ELLE.com

"I'm nerding out way hard to ashwagandha farmers right now," says Amanda Chantal Bacon, which sounds perfectly rational coming, as it does, from the mind (and muscle) behind Moon Juice, the L.A. cold-press mecca, and the author of hot-off-the-press *The Moon Juice Cookbook: Cosmic Alchemy for a Thriving Body, Beauty, and Consciousness*. "Now it's, 'You have a juice bar. Of course. Fabulous,'" Bacon says. But seven years ago, when she told friends about her plans for a store that sold "moon milks," as she calls them, "It was like, 'Girl, you're crazy.'"

Bacon's devotion to ashwagandha and its ilk (for the record, it's a plant commonly used in Ayurvedic medicine to treat everything from inflammation to fertility trouble) stems from her own health issues, including severe childhood respiratory problems and Hashimoto's, a thyroid-attacking autoimmune disease that she attributes to "the uppers, the downers, the mood stabilizers" she was prescribed while attending middle and high school in Manhattan. Symptom alleviation came not from meds, but from monitoring her diet. "Western diagnosis had not taken into account what I was eating," she says. When she cut out white sugar, wheat, and cow's milk, she felt good. When she started juicing fruits and vegetables, she felt better. As soon as she finished high school, she decamped to Italy (and then New Zealand and South America), living "out of a backpack," working a string of odd jobs, and immersing herself in Eastern medicine and nutrition for the next seven years.

Landing in L.A. in 2005, Bacon threw herself into the farm-to-table movement, working with acclaimed chef Suzanne Goin and Alice Waters and moving toward opening her own restaurant in the vein of Chez Panisse. "I had investors lined up," she says. "The path seemed so clear." But she couldn't shake a pervasive pull toward a different kind of edible experience, albeit one that was, as she says, "not so much of an appealing idea" to her prospective investors. At this point, she was catering in the evening and "writing crazy smoothie recipes" in the morning, "calling my favorite weird vendors and asking them how much matcha cost by the kilo." After locking in investments from family and friends in 2011, Bacon signed a lease on a space in Venice, California. The next day, she found out she was pregnant.




Five years, one baby, and a second brick-and-mortar opening later, Bacon's nascent venture, Moon Juice—which quickly expanded to carry supplement mixes called Dusts, tonics, and snacks that range from activated dulse–and-vinegar almonds to chocolate chaga doughnuts—has amassed a near-religious following, both local and far-flung. ("Do you ship to Oz?" queried one of the shop's 70,000-plus Instagram followers on a photo of their fan-favorite Beauty Dust. So far: Yes, everything but the perishables.) Now Bacon is working with national suppliers to make her celestial provisions even easier to get hold of, and there's an NYC Moon Juice location in the pipeline for 2017. In the meantime, Bacon's coming right to your desktop with exclusive lessons in cosmic culinary skills all November, only on ELLE.com.—*Keziah Weir*

## ACTIVATION STATION

These nutritional boosts work for everyone, whether your pantry is already stocked with reishi and pearl dust, or you're more of an apple-a-day kind of gal

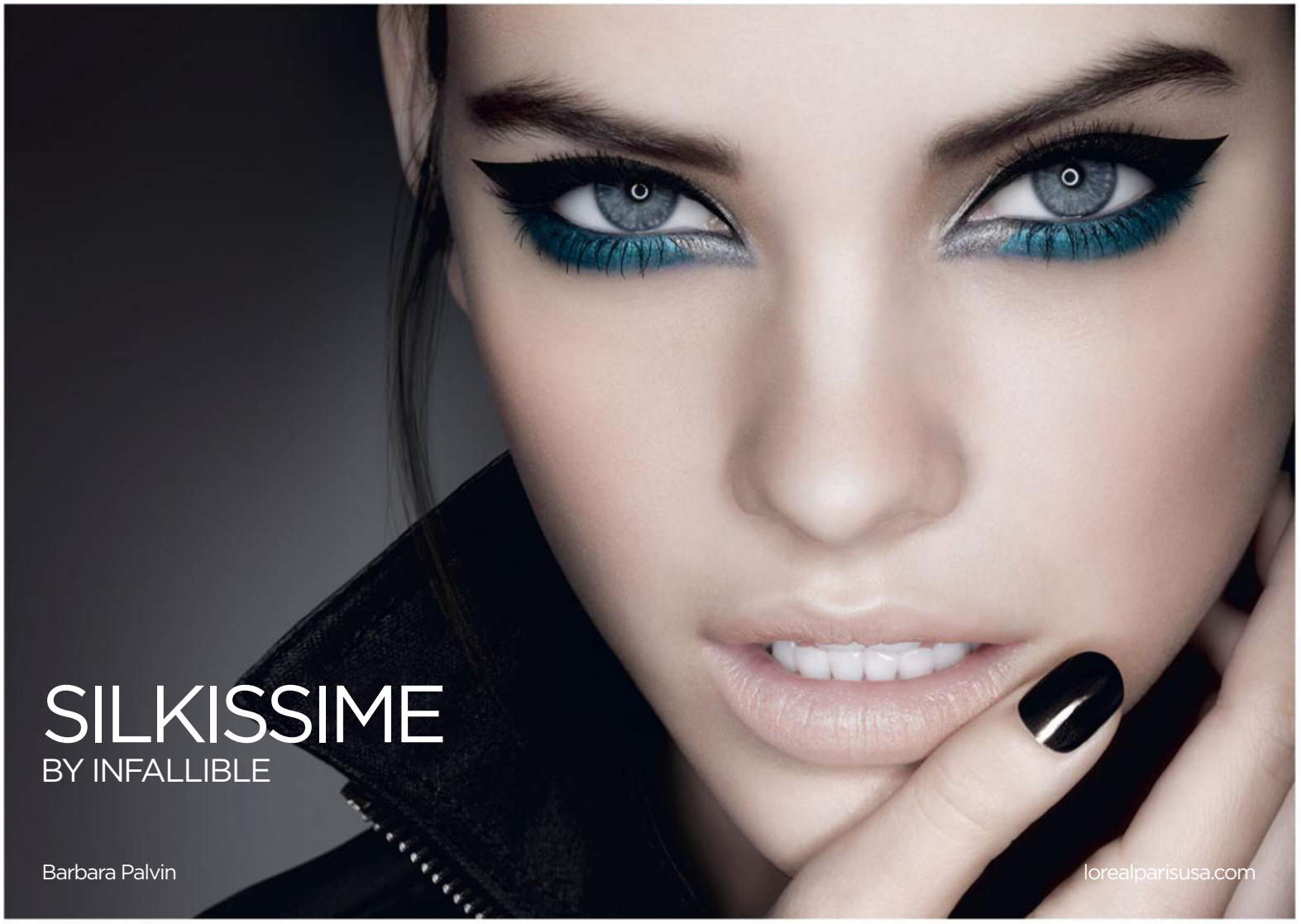
**1. FIRST THINGS FIRST**
**November 7**
Bacon's crash course in need-to-know superfood ingredients, from walnuts to Schisandra (plus ways to make them work for your budget), will have your kitchen Moon Juice–approved in no time.

**2. SKIN DEEP**
**November 14**
A photo-ready complexion starts on the inside. Stock up on aloe now (grab leaves from your local grocery store, or buy a plant and grow your own!), and come December, kiss your Instagram filters good-bye.

**3. BRAIN FOOD**
**November 21**
These three recipes will get you firing on all cylinders without the 2 P.M. sleepies or postsnack slumps. First up, Bacon suggests mixing your morning coffee with fresh-made walnut milk and antioxidant-rich Mucuna.

**4. HIGH SPIRIT**
**November 28**
Now that your mind and body are happy and healthy, take some time to work on your spirit. For starters, a magnesium-spiked moisturizer will soothe those early-winter blues.

James Branaman; courtesy of Moon Juice (3)







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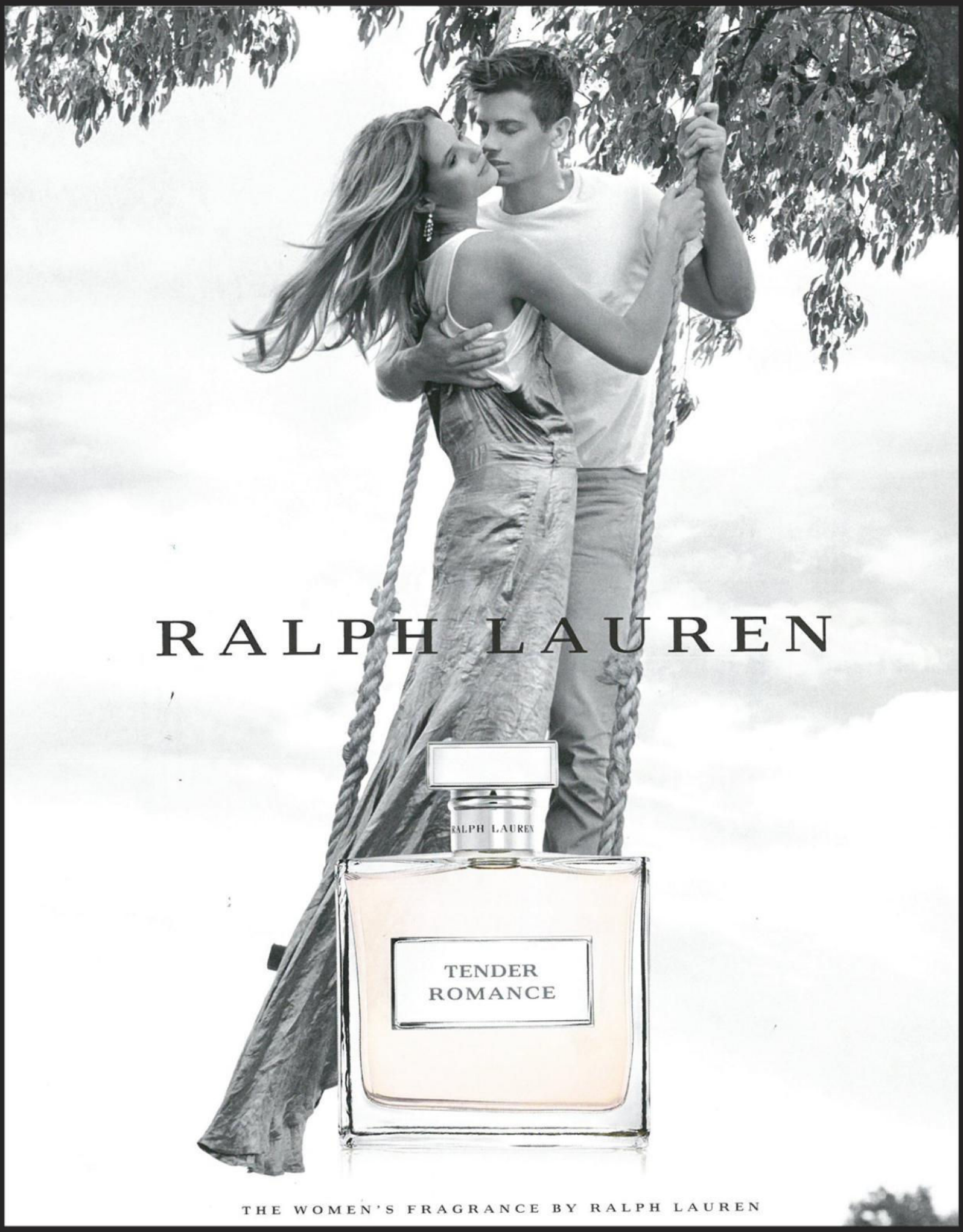


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# The Big Question?

Long before Jonathan Lipnicki stole everyone's hearts in *Jerry Maguire* as the whiz kid who was a font of endless random facts and questions ("Jerry, Jerry...do you know that the human head weighs eight pounds?"), there was my little brother, Adam, who as a precocious six-year-old followed us around with the *Guinness Book of World Records* and various encyclopedias: "Did you know the world's largest diamond was discovered in 1905?" (A record that still stands, btw.) "Did you know that a guy named Roy Sullivan survived being struck by lightning seven different times? Did you know that the world's longest fashion show was 24 hours and 28 seconds long?" He grew up to get his master's degree in history and become a newspaper reporter; I grew up equally fascinated by facts—you know, the tricky things—that succinctly capture our world. Here's one: Did you know that 92 percent of all purchases are made in brick-and-mortar stores—i.e., not online? More on that in our January issue, when we'll look at which shopping habits die hard, the psychology of why we buy, how the see now/buy now phenomenon in fashion is going to change everything, and what it means to be chic in 2017.

And here's another fact for you: Did you know that the part of the electorate with the highest-percentage turnout at the polls is African American women? In this election, when pollsters and prognosticators have been wringing their hands over just where and how the older white male will vote, the fact that African American women over 18—a whopping 82 percent of whom voted in 2012, more than any other demo—could decide this election has been all but overlooked. In this issue, we examine why African American women are such reliable voters, and get superpundit Donna Brazile's take on Hillary Clinton's presidential bona fides. Writer Salamishah Tillet, a University of Pennsylvania professor of English and Africana studies, also weighs in, with a thoughtful, fact-based(!) essay chronicling how she came to trust her candidate's intentions, and policies, despite initial reservations. And to figure out how to fulfill your civic responsibility—and learn fascinating, useful facts (just can't get enough of them) about voting—check out Senior Editor Amanda FitzSimons's "Elle-ection Day Special Edition."

It's November, so we have an election of sorts of our own: Who will we honor this month in our annual (going on its twenty-third year!) Women in Hollywood Issue—and at the star-studded yet still intimate event at the Four Seasons in Beverly Hills? Our ballot is brimming with female film talent, from our Women in Hollywood Power List, chockablock with writers, producers, editors, agents—and more—to the eight actresses who are reinvigorating, reshaping, and entirely reimagining what women look like on and off screen: Amy Adams, Kathy Bates, Felicity Jones, Anna Kendrick, Aja Naomi King, Helen Mirren, Lupita Nyong'o, and Kristen Stewart.

So here's another fact: Did you know that for you, ELLE women, anxiety peaks on Thursdays? That you likely bought your first eye cream at the age of 29? Or that 43 percent of you between the ages of 20 and 45 have elevated blood-marker levels of cortisol, the hormone related to stress? This month we look at all of the ways that we can self-quantify—from activity trackers to at-home microbiome testing to genetic fitness tests—and explore just what that data collection can yield, now and in the future. What do "they" know about us? And how is this tech revolution fundamentally going to change the way we live—and, we hope, help us bring down those cortisol levels so we can lead longer, healthier lives? The truth is, they know a lot, but for now a precise answer is hard to get out of them. Maybe it's five years away; maybe it's five months. Maybe I should ask my brother.





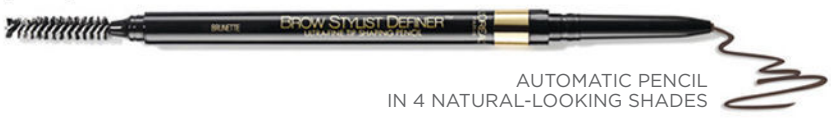



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# THE GREAT EIGHT

For our twenty-third Women in Hollywood Issue, we're joined by eight of the industry's most compelling and consistently charming actresses. Another thing about them: They have a lot to say. (See their cover stories on page 249.)




## KRISTEN STEWART

**ON CELEBRITY CULTURE:**

"The romanticized approach to viewing celebrities has been perforated. Now we're all super real, not on this weird pedestal. It's better that we're not pretending people are anything more than human."




## AMY ADAMS

**ON CHOOSING ROLES:**

"For me, it all comes down to the character. Have I played a character like that before? Is there something I can communicate through this person? I always want to try to do something that I haven't done before."




## ANNA KENDRICK

**ON GETTING A SCENE RIGHT:**

"I don't mean to be unnecessarily crass, but it's a little like sex. You couldn't explain to someone what makes it good and what makes it bad, but you know it when it's happening."




## AJA NAOMI KING

**ON PREPARING FOR A ROLE:**

"I don't like to fully discuss things with the other actors that I'm working with. As human beings, we don't know what's happening internally in someone else's mind. The mystery of that is important; it's important to guess at those things."




## HELEN MIRREN

**ON THE BENEFITS OF AGING IN HOLLYWOOD:**

"Very often the roles get more nuanced as you get older, because when you're older, you've done more stuff. That's just the reality of life. So inevitably your roles get more interesting."




## LUPITA NYONG'O

**ON KEEPING IT REAL:**

"If you take yourself too seriously, it becomes too scary to fail. I think what is most valuable to me is to always allow the chance that I will make a fool of myself."




## FELICITY JONES

**ON STRONG FEMALE CHARACTERS:**

"There's a demand for leading action heroines, like Daisy Ridley in *The Force Awakens* and Jennifer Lawrence in *The Hunger Games*, and long may it continue. It should be the norm. There's absolutely an appetite for it."




## KATHY BATES

**ON STAGE-TRAINED ACTORS:**

"There's a different aura, there's more authority. I had dinner with Ian McKellen last year, and I said, 'I will never get there.' It takes years of honing craft to go on a screen and have buttoning a button mean something. That's the kind of work that I really love."

Dan Martensen


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focus
take two
up
up
up
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# SCORPIO

♏ OCT 23–NOV 21


Shailene Woodley, November 15

Flex those influencer skills. November is Scorpio season, which means people will readily march to the beat of your drum. Your tenacity will be celebrated as profits roll in during the month's final quarter. Warrior Mars camps out in your domestic sector on the 8th, making "Give me shelter!" your battle cry. Turn your home into an oasis, reconfiguring rooms (or roommates) if need be. The 14th's full moon brings a milestone moment for love. Then Venus merges with your ruler, Pluto, on the 25th—another key day in 2016 for locking a relationship into a steady groove.

♐ SAGITTARIUS (NOV 22–DEC 21) As November dawns, you've reached max capacity. Schedule spa treatments or start a daily meditation practice. Cosmic creatrix Venus hovers in Sagittarius until the 11th, followed by expressive Mercury from the 12th on. Translation? Quieting your "monkey mind" will make room for brilliant ideas. Birthday season begins on the 21st, restoring your bon vivant vibes. Make those 2017 resolutions a month early with the Sagittarius new moon on the 29th. Romantically, Mars makes you ultraflirty and fickle all month. You'll need your space, but don't let a good one slip away!

♑ CAPRICORN (DEC 22–JAN 19) The stars give you a breather from some recent heavy responsibility. With daring Mars in Capricorn until the 8th, push the envelope, crossing something wild off your bucket list. An amorous spell erupts on the 11th, when Venus makes an annual stopover in Capricorn. Be selective: It's better to have no one than the wrong one. The 14th's full moon could bring a proposal, pregnancy, or promising right swipe. Money rains in near the 25th, when Venus and savvy Pluto align in your sign. Treat yourself—but invest the rest.

♒ AQUARIUS (JAN 20–FEB 18) The planets are conspiring for your success; there's zero room to slack. Until the 21st, the Sun is powering through Scorpio and your ambitious tenth house. Better still? Go-getter Mars makes his biennial visit to Aquarius from the 8th until December 19th, helping crown 2016 with gold. Female mentors will light the way to the top, especially near the 14th's full moon. Adopt a collaborative approach and tap into technology. With Mars in your sign this month, you're a sexy sultaness. Remember: Getting down doesn't have to mean settling down.

♓ PISCES (FEB 19–MAR 20) Peripatetic Pisces, the Sun, and Mars stoke your nomadic nature this November. Choose your own adventure: The farther from home base—with an entourage in tow—the better, especially near the 14th's full moon. Your ruler, divinely inspired Neptune, awakens from a five-month retrograde on the 19th, and you're ready for a rebrand. (Think: polished, with a pinch of punk.) On the 25th, a Venus-Pluto merger puts a relationship to the test. No more waffling; either it's on or it's off. Deliver an ultimatum if you must—but be prepared to make good on your word.

♈ ARIES (MAR 21–APR 19) With the Sun shimmering overhead until the 21st, you're in your erotic element. One intense connection will deepen, but no need to make it Instagram official; just enjoy this sultry secret. With Venus in your career corner from the 11th on, you could find love at a work function or start a business venture with your SO. Fiery Mars cruises into your collaboration corner on the 8th—network away! A dream team is the way to boost profits. Wanderlust strikes when the Sun zips into Sagittarius on the 21st: How about celebrating Thanksgiving on the other side of the equator?

♉ TAURUS (APR 20–MAY 20) Odd couple or mod couple? In November, your heart's GPS could lead you to someone rather unconventional—scrap traditionalism! With Venus moving into your worldly ninth house on the 11th, sparks may fly with a sexy expat. Coupled? A preholiday getaway will arouse your artistic and romantic impulses. Your indie spirit makes a cameo on the 14th, when 2016's only full moon in Taurus shuttles you into the spotlight. Promote your talents—to hell with modesty! On the 25th, a mash-up of magnetic Pluto and your ruler, Venus, helps you resolve a touchy topic with clarity and grace.

♊ GEMINI (MAY 21–JUNE 21) Prepare for a phoenixlike ascent, Gemini. But before you can rise from the ashes, figure out what you need to set ablaze. It could be an unhealthy vice or a limiting belief. Your shift could even include a long-distance move, as Mars stokes your restless nature from the 8th onward. But certain attachments will hold firm as romantic Venus simmers in your playing-for-keeps eighth house after the 11th. When the Sun blazes into Sagittarius on the 21st, lay out clear terms for partnerships. The 29th's new moon serves up a soul mate or reveals next steps with a long-term amour.

♋ CANCER (JUNE 22–JULY 22) November's opulent star map sets the stage for celebration and romance. Invest in a confidence-boosting style update while the Sun swings through Scorpio until the 21st. Your efforts won't be lost on Cupid! With Mars in your relationship houses all month, chemistry goes exothermic. But there will also be lovers' quarrels—oh, that thin line! Diplomatic Venus rushes to the rescue on the 11th, revealing creative compromises. The Sagittarius Sun sparks an inconveniently timed, monthlong health kick on the 21st. Ramp up fitness to balance holiday hedonism before work gets interesting from the 29th's new moon forward.

♌ LEO (JULY 23–AUG 22) Signed, sealed, delivered...but now what? With rebellious Mars opposing your Sun, November will test your commitments. Don't be surprised if it gets a little chilly; any apprehensions will pass, Leo, if you bolster your support circle. Thankfully, the Scorpio Sun sends you powerful women who can talk you down from the tree. On the 14th, a career-catapulting full moon will launch you into the big leagues. Those moonbeams could also bring resolution with an important man in your life. When the Sun sails into Sagittarius on the 21st, take the lead in love and get a romantic revival underway!

♍ VIRGO (Aug 23–SEPT 22) In November, apply your erudite might to a writing project or a small business venture. (How about a script for a Web-series pilot or a pop-up vintage-denim bar? Hmm.) Motivator Mars fuels productivity from the 8th on, but pace yourself! This buzzy energy can ramp up stress. Venus floats into your true-love zone on the 11th, bringing heavenly developments. Vague labels, begone! Neptune's positive pivot on the 17th helps you clarify a relationship's status. The Sagittarius Sun heightens your nesting instincts on the 21st, so consider hosting 2016's Thanksgiving feast.

♎ LIBRA (SEPT 23–OCT 22) *Budget* is November's unfortunate *b* word, so fixate on your income column first. The Scorpio Sun illuminates stellar work opportunities through the 21st, and an investment will pay off handsomely near the 14th's full moon. On the romance front, lusty Mars delivers high volumes of action after the 8th. Date adventurously, as an unexpected type could draw you in. Coupled Libras will benefit from sharing glamorous playtime—and cohosting Thanksgiving could be an epic bonding experience. Near the 25th, you'll be faced with an important decision about your living situation. Compromise, but don't sacrifice your needs.

For your daily reading from the AstroTwins, go to ELLE.com/horoscopes.

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EMMA ROBERTS



# UNDER AFRICAN SKIES

For her one-year wedding anniversary, designer **Michelle Ochs** journeyed east to Tanzania with a camera (and husband) in tow. By Brianna Kovan

Since Michelle Ochs, 32, and Carly Cushnie founded Cushnie et Ochs in 2008, the two Parsons-educated designers have taken their clean, chic silhouettes all the way to the White House. (In 2011, Michelle Obama donned a green crepe Cushnie et Ochs evening dress for a "Christmas in Washington" television special.) In July 2015, Ochs married attorney Matthew Kopko atop a floating pool deck overlooking Jamaica's Montego Bay, and this past summer the couple celebrated their first anniversary with equal aplomb: glamping across Tanzania. The 10-day trip led them to national parks, a coffee plantation, and the Machweo Wellness Retreat, ending with three glorious Zanzibar beach days.



**VISIT:** The world's largest unflooded volcanic caldera, the 115-square-mile Ngorongoro Crater sits less than three hours west of Arusha by car. "It was a volcano whose core imploded and top collapsed in, and it created its own entirely self-functioning ecosystem," Ochs says. On their full-day drive through the wildlife refuge, the couple picnicked by a lake alongside thirsty zebras, five bathing hippos, and thousands of flamingos. "It was really nice to be engulfed in nature," Ochs says. A UNESCO World Heritage site, Ngorongoro boasts the world's densest lion population and is home to the endangered (and often elusive) black rhino.









Clockwise from top left: A view from the Serengeti; snapping a selfie on a safari; a drive through the Ngorongoro Crater; with husband Matthew Kopko; a Sayari Camp canvas tent; Ochs in New York

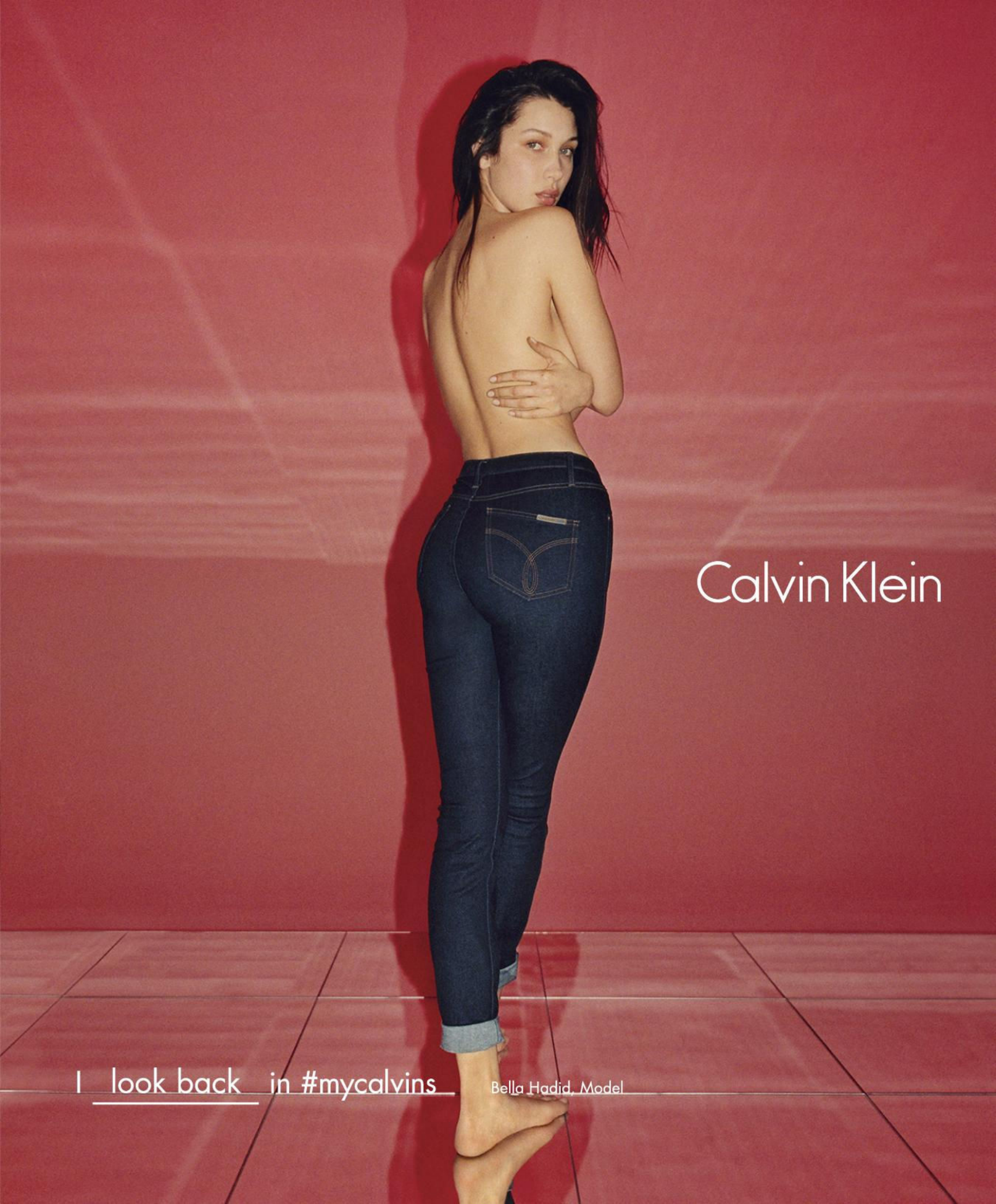
**STAY:** Ochs and Kopko spent the final leg of their Tanzania mainland tour at Sayari Camp in the northern Serengeti. The lavish year-round camp, which includes 15 canvas tents, each outfitted with teakwood floors, safari-friendly decor, and en suite bathrooms, is located near the Mara River at a picture-perfect spot for viewing wildebeests on their annual 600-mile migration. "On the first night, it was dead silent at first, pitch black, and then you started hearing all the nocturnal animals passing by the tents to get to the river," Ochs says. During the day, the camp offers open-vehicle and hot-air-balloon safaris, as well as an infinity pool with views of the seemingly endless plains. On guided safaris, Ochs and Kopko tallied up cheetahs, leopards, 12 lions, and a herd of elephants. "We stayed really quiet, and all 15 elephants passed us," Ochs says. "I could have reached out with my hand and touched one."

**PACK:** "A light jacket wasn't enough for me," says Ochs of Tanzania's cool nights, which can drop into the mid-50s. "A good cashmere sweater would've gone a long way." To break up the monotony of khaki safari garb, the designer added a few fun pieces, like custom-made glitter-gold sunglasses from Oliver Goldsmith (see above) and an easy, breezy Cushnie et Ochs knit dress from the resort 2017 collection. "After a couple of days in sneakers and khaki, I thought, I'm just going full glam for the rest of the day."

Clockwise from top left: Getty Images (2); courtesy of Michelle Ochs; UIG via Getty Images; Getty Images (2); courtesy of Michelle Ochs; courtesy of Sayari Camp; Rabbani and Solimene Photography/Getty Images


Calvin Klein
I am nocturnal in #mycalvins
Kate Moss, Icon


Calvin Klein
I build castles in #mycalvins
Margot Robbie, Actor


Calvin Klein
I look back in #mycalvins
Bella Hadid, Model


calvinklein.com
Calvin Klein
I predict in #mycalvins
Anna Ewers, Model



## NARCISO RODRIGUEZ: AN EXERCISE IN MINIMALISM

*Oct 9, 2016 – Jan 8, 2017*

The Patricia & Phillip Frost Art Museum at Florida International University in Miami presents *Narciso Rodriguez: An Exercise in Minimalism*, the first solo museum exhibition of the designer's work. This debut couture exhibition at the museum will present 50 designs from Rodriguez's lines created under his label. The exhibition will also include works of art that complement and have inspired Rodriguez and illustrate the close ties that his designs have to the visual arts.

Visit frost.fiu.edu for more information.



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# ELLE-ECTION DAY SPECIAL EDITION

Ever-changing voter ID laws, complicated registration procedures, polling places that are only open on a workday: Having the right to vote is not the same as having a way to vote. Here, our step-by-step guide to getting registered—and then exercising that right on November 8. **By Amanda FitzSimons**

## ARE YOU REGISTERED TO VOTE?*

### NO

One word: Brexit.

**WHY NOT?**

- DONALD TRUMP'S NOT ACTUALLY GOING TO WIN
- WHY BOTHER? MY VOTE DOESN'T COUNT
- I HATE EVERYONE RUNNING

### I DON'T KNOW

**GO TO ROCK THEVOTE.COM,** where you can check your registration status, register online, and look up the address of your assigned polling place. Other helpful resources include vote.org, head count.org, and usa.gov/voting, which has a thorough FAQ section.

### YES

**DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR POLLING PLACE IS?**

- NO
- YES

**OKAY, YOU'RE ALL SIGNED UP AND KNOW WHERE TO GO. BUT DON'T GET SMUG!** According to a Harvard study of the 2009 New Jersey general election, fewer than half of voters who said they intended to vote actually made it to the polls.

**AU CONTRAIRE** Assuming you don't live in a swing state,* consider the following:

- **If you vote, the victor—even if not your pick—is more likely to serve your needs.** "It's not just about who wins," says John Aldrich, a professor at Duke and an expert on voter turnout. "If [a politician] knows there are a bunch of people on the other side, they'll respond to that when in office." Why? They want to get reelected.
- **Which could be great for millennials,** who will outnumber boomers for the first time in a presidential election. "If millennial women turned out at the same rate as their older counterparts, politicians would have no choice but to listen to them," says Denise Feriozzi of EMILY's List.
- **Voting is a habit.** There's a wealth of evidence that when it comes to voting, the best predictor of future behavior is past behavior. Start now, so you'll be a pro if you relocate or if your district becomes a swing area in the future.
- **And a privilege.** "When people say men died to get us the vote, that's not just hyperbole," says Joy Behar, cohost of *The View*.
- **And a way to feel connected to your fellow man.** "I do the wave at a sports stadium even though I don't think my engaging in it is going to be pivotal," says Jason Brennan, a philosophy professor at Georgetown and author of *The Ethics of Voting*.

*Colorado, Florida, Iowa, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Wisconsin, and—in this topsy-turvy year—red-state strongholds Arizona, Georgia, and Utah, and true-blues like Maine.

**SUCK IT UP!** With record-breaking negative favorability ratings for both major candidates, apathy may be enticing. But Jon Krosnick, a professor of political science at Stanford, recommends that those who feel there are no good options consider what psychologists call "anticipatory regret": "Accept the fact that we are going to have a president in 2017. So if you prefer one over the others—even slightly—and don't vote, you may end up kicking yourself."

**I'LL BE AWAY!** Don't sweat it! Almost a third of voters didn't cast their ballots on Election Day proper in 2012. Alternative voting options vary by state but include:
**EARLY VOTING:** Permitted by 34 states; you vote in person at a local municipal office or other designated location up to 45 days before Election Day.
**ABSENTEE:** You cast a ballot by mail; some states require an official reason for doing this (e.g., travel plans, disability), others let anyone do it. (Colorado, Washington, and Oregon now hold mail-only elections.)

**I MISSED THE DEADLINE!** Even though an increasing number of states are offering the chance to register on Election Day, it's still only a fraction. You are SOL, but there are ways you can perform civic service for this election, like volunteering to canvass to urge others to vote. Both major candidates give directions on how to sign up on their websites.

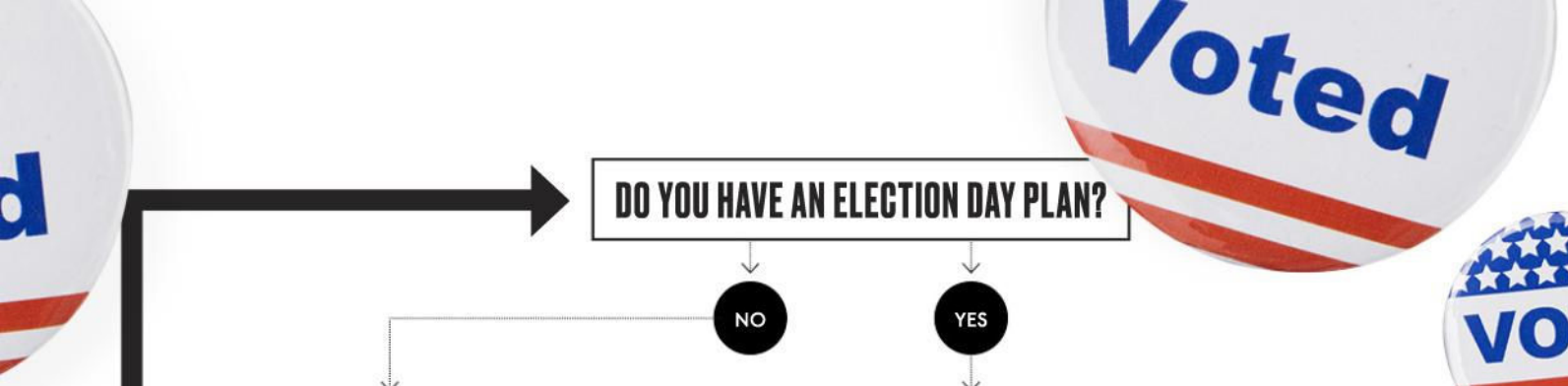



* Not all our experts think simply casting a ballot is virtuous in itself. "From the point of view of good governance, it's good for people to vote only if they're informed," Krosnick says. "Voting involves the obligation of being prepared."

**WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO OUR ORIGINAL QUESTION...**


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FLOWERBOMB VIKTOR&ROLF
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FLOWERBOMB VIKTOR&ROLF
FLOWERBOMB VIKTOR&ROLF
V&R
THE FIRST PERFUME BY
VIKTOR&ROLF
NORDSTROM, BLOOMINGDALE'S, SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, NEIMAN MARCUS AND SEPHORA
LIFT HERE
TO EXPERIENCE
FLOWERBOMB







## DO YOU HAVE AN ELECTION DAY PLAN?

NO

YES

**WELL, MAKE ONE!** According to a Harvard study of voter turnout in the 2008 primaries, recipients of polling calls were twice as likely to show up when they were asked the following questions by their pollster: When would they vote? Where would they be coming from? How would they get there? Consider us your pesky pollster.

**MAY WE SUGGEST THAT PLAN INCLUDE A DRINK?** People who are more adept at delayed gratification are more likely to vote, according to a 2006 study published in *Political Behavior*. (Voting, the researchers concluded, is a classic example of delayed gratification—an hour-or-so hassle for which benefits are only felt months or even years afterward.) If you're like us and crave a more immediate reward, knowing there's a frosty glass of pinot grigio waiting for you after you pull the lever might help ensure you actually get to the polls.

**I WON'T GET OUT OF WORK IN TIME!** Yes, you will: Many states have laws mandating that employers allow time off to vote. In Arizona, for example, you're entitled to paid time off if your typical shift begins more than three hours before polls open and ends less than three hours before polls close.

**YOU'VE MADE IT THIS FAR—DON'T MESS UP NOW. BRING A PHOTO ID:** Controversial voter ID requirements vary wildly by state. Some require little more than a signature; some require not only a state-issued ID but one with a photo; most fall somewhere in between. If you have a driver's license or a passport, bring it.

DO YOU HAVE YOUR ID?

NO

YES

DO YOU NEED SOMETHING TO READ WHILE WAITING IN LINE?

NO, I'LL BE INSTAGRAM-MING

YES

**NO, YOU WON'T!** It's a brave new world we're living in, and the legislation on this is murky, but making or keeping any memorandum of what occurs inside the voting booth—which includes so-called ballot selfies—is punishable by fine in a number of states, including Pennsylvania and Vermont, and even considered a felony in Wisconsin. In Michigan and North Carolina, it's illegal to use your phone for recording or pictures once you've merely entered the polling station.

**AND DO SOME RESEARCH ON DOWN BALLOT CANDIDATES:** Historic victories for women might not be limited to the presidential level. If Lisa Blunt Rochester (D) wins the race for Delaware's at-large district, she will be the first female and person of color whom the state has sent to Washington. (Only two other states haven't been represented by a woman in the House or Senate: Mississippi and Vermont.)

Also, Utah and Colorado might be the first states to send a transgender politician to Washington with Misty Snow (D; running for Senate) and Misty Plowright (D; running for the House), respectively. They'd also be Congress's first Mistys.

**DOWNLOAD A SAMPLE BALLOT ON YOUR PHONE** States typically make these available ahead of time. Ballotpedia has handy software that helps you find yours. Go to ballotpedia.org/Sample_Ballot_Lookup

EVERYTHING COOL AT YOUR POLLING PLACE?

NO

YES

**NOT EVEN A QUICK SELFIE WITH MY HILLARY PIN?** Especially not with your Hillary pin! Laws against "passive electioneering"—which can extend to political T-shirts, hats, etc.—vary by state and are often left to the prerogative of polling-place workers (some may turn a blind eye; a real stickler may ask you to go home and change). Play it safe and wait until you've left.







**SAY SOMETHING** You've been wrongfully turned away from your polling place. Or the polls opened late, closed early, ran out of ballots—or you've experienced anything that has made voting difficult or confusing. First, try speaking to an on-site election official. If that doesn't work, there are a number of resources; try the Civil Rights Division of the U.S. Department of Justice at 800-253-3931 or the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, which has a hotline, 866-OUR-VOTE, staffed with live operators all day on November 8. (You may not get immediate results, but at least you're creating a record if voting outcomes are contested later.)

## CONGRATS! YOU VOTED.

*Now* it's time to take to social media: Researchers at the University of California, San Diego, estimated that 340,000 additional votes were cast in the 2010 midterms thanks to users feeling social pressure from friends who advertised their trip to the polls on their feeds.

# SINGING THE RED CARPET BLUES

When a new celebrity fashion sighting blazes across the social media universe every .0001 seconds, can a single dress survive in our mind's eye long enough to become legendary?

**By Hal Rubenstein**



Noam Galai/MTV1617/Getty Images for MTV

Beyoncé (in Francesco Scognamiglio) and four-year-old Blue Ivy (in Mischka Aoki) sparkle at the 2016 VMAs

**IN 1976, A VERY BRONZED** and svelte-again Elizabeth Taylor strode down the onstage staircase at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion to close the forty-eighth annual Academy Awards with a sincerely loopy salute to our nation's Bicentennial that ended with her beseeching the bewildered audience to join her in a sing-along of "America the Beautiful." All that saved this bizarre finale from ranking as an All-Time Awkward Oscar Moment—right up there with Rob Lowe's legendary 1989 duet with Snow White to the tune of "Proud Mary"—was that Taylor looked sensational. Her brilliant poppy-red strapless gown, designed by her new best friend, Halston, showcased the streamlined allure of the 1970s' most influential, and perhaps revolutionary, American designer.

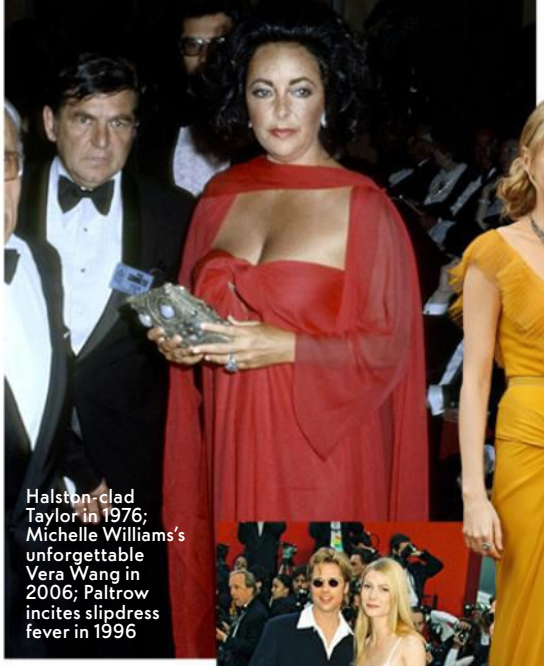
Burned as it was into my brain for decades, the gown would have been a prime candidate for my 2011 book, *100 Unforgettable Dresses* (Harper Design). But a six-month search produced no usable photos. We found grainy




EMPORIO ARMANI

stills and onstage shots, but where was the full-length photo we now routinely see posted within seconds of any star air-kissing Ryan Seacrest? There weren't any. The "red carpet" as we know it—as we love, crave, and diss it—didn't exist in 1976.

Sounds as inconceivable as a world without Spanx, right? Oscar night, that annual armchair pilgrimage to fashion Mecca—with its arrhythmic, occasionally rapture-inducing procession of gowns, jewels, and shoes—has ignited trends, sparked careers for designers as well as stars, and launched magazines, syndicated TV programs, and even networks. This year's telecast alone attracted more than 34.4 million viewers worldwide and generated 3.9 billion "tweet impressions" within 48 hours—roughly one for every two people on earth. It's no wonder that with appetites that voracious, the traditional red-carpet season that stretched from the Emmys to the Golden Globes to the Grammys and ended with the Academy Awards has expanded to include the People's Choice Awards (what are those for, again?), not to mention all those acronyms—VMAs, CMAs, SAGs, BAFTAs. Add to that the daily sartorial fix provided by celebrity Starbucks runs, courthouse appearances, and morning-show drop-ins (the red carpet, it seems, is neither red nor a carpet anymore), and you have a nearly nonstop parade of heavily documented and disseminated fashion moments. Question is, what effect does all that muchness have on the impact of a single, stunning dress? Will women still sigh for, crush on, and memorize (let alone *buy*) a truly killer gown—when they know there are endless options coming down the pike?





Halston-clad Taylor in 1976; Michelle Williams's unforgettable Vera Wang in 2006; Paltrow incites slipdress fever in 1996



"The candy store doesn't open for everyone," McDaniel says. "Do you have a relationship with us? Do you fit the brand?"

**WHEN THE ACADEMY OF** Motion Picture Arts and Sciences began unrolling a red runner in 1961, its presence simply marked a direct path to the ceremony. Photos of awards-show arrivals at the time were still mostly black and white (the first in-color Oscar telecast wasn't until 1966). With the exception of Audrey Hepburn's lifelong friendship with Hubert de Givenchy, most fashion designers courted society doyennes, not actors. Indeed, it was common for stars to be dressed for events by their movie studio's costume designers. The aquamarine satin gown Grace Kelly wore to accept her statuette in 1955—deemed by many, including Ralph Lauren, the best Oscar dress ever—was created by Paramount costumer Edith Head. The only reason there are great photos of Kelly wearing it is that *Life* shot her in it days *after* the ceremony.

It wasn't until 1989 that a representative for Giorgio Armani approached 30-year-old Michelle Pfeiffer, then fresh off *Dangerous Liaisons*, about dressing her for the Oscars. Pfeiffer has said her initial reaction was, "Why do I want someone to dress me? I can dress myself. And who is Giorgio Armani?" Nevertheless, the charming designer prevailed. Pfeiffer did wear Armani—not that there are any photos of her, either. "Back then, the red carpet wasn't even wide enough to get a full head-to-toe shot," says Wanda McDaniel, Armani's longtime EVP of Entertainment Industry Communications.

Nevertheless, with actors now freed from studio contracts, Armani's idea proved prescient. The designer tapped into Hollywood's collective revaluation of stardom: Actors were choosing "clothing that enhanced...not costumes," he noted in one interview—"exactly the type of revolution I was endorsing in the fashion world." Armani had a hunch that the public would relate better to his "real" clothes on these "real" folks, as opposed to models. "Big talent agencies like CAA didn't have brand divisions as they do now," McDaniel says. "Stylists didn't even exist. Stars sent assistants to pick up clothes, or they'd show up in person at the store." Recruitment was swift and impressive: Anjelica Huston, Jodie Foster, Annette Bening, and Julia Roberts got on board, as did countless producers, directors, and agents. So many people sported the maestro's label to the 1990 Oscars that *Women's Wear Daily* proclaimed it the "Armani Awards."

One thing's for sure in fashion: No matter who comes up with a flash-point idea, sole ownership doesn't last long. The following year, Armani's rival, Gianni Versace, staked his claim on wowza sex appeal when one of his favorite supers, Cindy Crawford, accompanied then-beau Richard Gere to the ceremony in a fresh-from-the-runway red gown that plunged navelward in front and slit up past her thigh in back. This, plus Liz Hurley's subsequent traffic-stopping safety-pin gown, confirmed Versace as the decade's go-to man for provocative ready-to-wear.

The red carpet's influence became even more obvious when one glance at an ethereal Uma Thurman aswirl in lavender chiffon in 1995 (abetted by an endless gush from Joan Rivers, making her Oscars preshow debut on E!) suddenly alerted millions of "civilians" to the fact that Prada made more than cute nylon knapsacks. A year later, Calvin Klein successfully shifted his brand image from saucy jeans and underwear campaigns—and undermined the carpet's penchant for excess—by sliding a simple, supple pink beaded slip over the swan neck of the town's new golden girl, Gwyneth Paltrow (handily accessorized by the town's new golden boy, Brad Pitt). Presto, slipdresses became an instant Calvin trademark and the most knocked-off dress of the season.

Which is why, when Vera Wang wanted to put her business on the map, she did so not at New York Fashion Week, but by embarking on a fabled association with Sharon Stone, who famously paired a Gap button-down with a Wang ball skirt in 1998. "I didn't have the money to do fashion shows at the time," Wang says, "but I saw Armani, Ver-

From top: Ron Galella/WireImage; SGranitz/WireImage; BEI/Shutterstock


Chloé
NEW YORK BAL HARBOUR LOS ANGELES SOUTH COAST PLAZA LAS VEGAS
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sace, and Dolce being defined by who they were dressing. So I put my budgets into dressing a few stars."

But it was John Galliano who irrevocably upped the ante. Before the 1997 Oscars, Nicole Kidman was the tall, titian-tressed Aussie overshadowed by her shorter supernova husband, Tom Cruise. But in Galliano's streamlined explosion of shimmering chartreuse chinoiserie—embossed with hours' worth of hand-stitched floral embroidery and a latticed back of hand-strung crystals—she commanded the night's brightest spotlight. Every designer got in line to dress her, and the carpet got a new benchmark: the exclusivity of haute couture.

It was no longer enough for a star to wear something pretty. Now she needed to have what no one else had. Cate Blanchett upgraded from Armani to Armani Privé; Jennifer Lopez persuaded Valentino to re-create a gown once made for Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. But not every actress was deemed worth the 200-odd hours it takes to craft a one-of-a-kind gown. An unofficial caste system emerged—all stars are not paraded equal. "With couture, the candy store doesn't open for everyone," McDaniel says. "Do you have a relationship with us? Are you friends with Armani? Do you fit the brand?" But while exclusivity ensured a singular moment on the red carpet, it also had its drawbacks. Clothing that out of reach is eye candy but, as opposed to the ready-to-wear dresses of years past, less real-life relevant to a fashion-loving viewer. "I've made some amazing gowns for A-listers, but even I couldn't think of where I would ever wear them," Wang admits. "The dress becomes an end in itself, a fantasy piece, but I don't think such fantasies make anyone want to go shopping."

To be sure, there are still plenty of instances like the time Megan Fox, a sultry if not super star, showed up for the 2009 Berlin premiere of the second *Transformers* film in a scarlet Roberto Cavalli gown with a sizable midriff cutout at the waist. To quote the grand old ladies' man himself, "Within three days, there wasn't one red Cavalli dress to be had anywhere in the world."

Take note. Fox walked a carpet at an untelevised Sunday night event *in Berlin*. So how did a global buying frenzy ensue? In less than a decade, social media had forged two seismic and irreversible changes in carpet coverage: (1) It gave us the ability to instantly view activity anywhere in the world. (2) It magnified our appetite for content—now, even with a red carpet somewhere on the planet every night of the week, we're never satiated. Whereas several years ago, "Best-Dressed" Oscars lineups lived on in magazine pages and readers' imaginations for months, today those picks are posted, perused, shared, and archived within two days. "Social media is about continuous eyeballs: How many? How fast? How often?" says star stylist Elizabeth Stewart. "For me, the 'red carpet' now refers to anytime I have to dress an actress. If Jessica [Chastain] or Cate [Blanchett] is publicizing a film with buzz, I'll be putting her into between 150 and 200 outfits a season. Under those circumstances, any woman would need a stylist—it's insane! And each one of those looks will get time on social media—it's the great equalizer."

How much can a dress resonate, when there's the "Dress of the Day," a "Best of the Week," and "10 Picks for Tuesday?" It's fun, but superlatives can be numbing, reminding us how we once felt watching the never-ending slide show of a relative's vacation snaps on a carousel projector that seemed to have an infinity wheel. Remember this past August, when Taylor Swift reported for jury duty in a low-key black jumpsuit by L'Agence? That look generated the same Instagram fervor as Rihanna's champagne-colored silk Alexandre Vauthier gown, one of the four looks she wore at the VMAs the night before. "People have never been able to see as much," Stewart says, "and while that can be great for instantly raising a young designer's profile, the clothes become a fabulous blur when every appearance has equal importance."

Social media is perhaps the most important brand-awareness builder today. But not a single designer, stylist, or retail executive interviewed for this story could offer proof that millions of social media hits increase actual *sales*. Off the record, many wonder if the "Next!" mentality that eschews lingering on a look hasn't dulled the sheer fashion impact of main-stage red-carpet events like the Oscars and the Golden Globes. One fashion director of a luxury department store confessed that his best customer recently dismissed his recommendation of a much-anticipated fall arrival, saying, "I'm sure it's new, but I've seen it on everyone already. What else have you got?"

A few days before I interviewed McDaniel, a stylist had called her, frantic to dress a young actress in something "memorable, wonderful, and immediate." Had an awards show moved up a date? Were George and Amal renewing their vows and allowing in press? No. It was for a budding star's first appearance on *Jimmy Kimmel Live!* The star has a huge Twitter following. For now, Oscars can wait.

## POSTER GIRLS

Frank Spadafora, founder of NYC-based social media networking firm D'Marie Analytics, is in the business of translating Instagram posts into dollar signs. "We rank who's the most beneficial for a brand," says Spadafora, based on "their reach, their engagement, their click-through capabilities"—24 variables that add up, he says, to an influencer's "ad value." That's "not necessarily how much they get paid" to post a picture of themselves brandishing specific wares, but it does give a sense of how much free (or #sponsored) advertising a brand gets from each post. D'Marie can even discern that Kim's optimal posting time is 7:00–7:30 P.M. and that Margot gets more likes in red than in blue. Spadafora won't divulge the ad value of specific celebs, but he will drop this nugget: A single post shared across Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram by the female musician currently topping D'Marie's influencer list is valued at $598,000.



**KYLIE JENNER** @kyliejenner
**Total followers (Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram):** 107,200,175
**Average engagement (likes, retweets, comments, etc.) per post:** 434,380
**Percentage of followers expected to engage with post:** 0.41%
**Best time to publish an image:** 10:30–11:00 A.M. EST
**Best garment types:** Dress, suit
**Best colors:** Black, red



**SELENA GOMEZ** @selenagomez
**Total followers:** 204,000,408
**Average engagement per post:** 2,974,681
**Percentage of followers expected to engage with post:** 0.71%
**Best time to publish an image:** 7:30–8:00 A.M. EST
**Best garment type:** Dress
**Best colors:** Dark blue/black, white/cream



**RIHANNA** @badgalriri
**Total followers:** 189,878,994
**Average engagement per post:** 287,866
**Percentage of followers expected to engage with post:** 0.15%
**Best time to publish an image:** 5:30–6:00 A.M. EST
**Best garment types:** Jumpsuit, suit
**Best colors:** White, brown

Instagram (3)


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From left: Megan Ellison, Patty Jenkins, Jennifer Lawrence, Ava DuVernay, Alicia Vikander

## WOMEN IN HOLLYWOOD 2016:

# THE POWER LIST

It's official: Industry clout now goes hand in hand with fighting for and alongside other women in show biz. Here, we present our annual examination of who's got the juice today—and who's next. **By Caryn James**

Hollywood's heroines are in the midst of a paradigm shift. Take Jennifer Lawrence, for instance. Sure, she'll always be our Katniss, and yes, she's still the screen darling du jour with another award-buzzy movie on deck—*Passengers*, with Chris Pratt. And she once again topped *Forbes*'s list of the highest-paid actresses.* But here's why she's a real-life heroine: A year ago, she wrote her now-famous Lenny Letter essay asking "Why Do I Make Less Than My Male Co-Stars?" and galvanized a notable, encouraging trend in Hollywood that's seeing women in the industry use their influence and position to finally battle oppression against and open doors for other women. Which is why ELLE is using the occasion of our annual Women in Hollywood Power List to celebrate the female insiders who are creating such change: the budding actresses not only commanding substantial roles but—like the Melissa McCarthys and Sandra Bullocks before them—starting production companies to create more of them; the directors making big, beautiful films (with, finally, big, beautiful budgets); the writers inventing fierce, flawed, believably real, and sometimes superhuman characters; the editors and cinematographers proving that sports and outer space are realms ripe for a woman's point of view; and, last but not least, the wealth of new faces and fresh voices who are following their luminous predecessors in driving the conversation of equality in Hollywood not just forward, but at warp speed—no capes needed.

## THE NEW CLASS OF ACTRESSES WHO DO MORE

**AS DIRECTORS, PRODUCERS, AND WRITERS, THESE SCREEN STARS ARE OPENING DOORS FOR EVERYONE**

### BRIE LARSON

That Best Actress Oscar for *Room* was only the beginning. In 2017's *Kong: Skull Island* she plays not The Girl, but an intrepid photographer. Then Larson becomes Captain Marvel herself in the first Marvel movie to be led by a woman. She's also set to realize a pre-*Room* dream: directing her first film, *Unicorn Store*, a quirky comedy-fantasy about a woman who moves back in with her parents.



Larson

### ALICIA VIKANDER

After a breakthrough 2015, the Best Supporting Actress Oscar winner (*The Danish Girl*) nailed both the quintessential action flick, *Jason Bourne*, and the serious drama, *The Light Between Oceans*, in 2016. Vikander soon takes up Angelina Jolie's mantle when she becomes Lara Croft in the *Tomb Raider* reboot. On the production front, her new company, Vikarious Productions, says that its mission is to make women-friendly films, like *Euphoria*, which reteams Vikander with her *Pure* director, Lisa Langseth.

### LUPITA NYONG'O

See page 252 for what's making this Oscar winner a burgeoning force of nature.

### AMY SCHUMER

The actress, producer, director, stand-up comic, and writer

Clockwise from top left: Corbis Documentary/Getty Images; Jon Kopaloff/FilmMagic; Clay Enos/Warner Bros.; Julian Parker/UK Press via Getty Images; Michael Kovac/Getty Images; Kristy Sparow/WireImage; Jamie McCarthy/WireImage; Alberto E. Rodriguez/Getty Images for Disney

*STAT CHECK: Lawrence banked $46M in 2016. The highest-earning male actor? Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson, at $64.5M.


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# MIND THE GENDER GAP

Amazon's New Original Series, "**Good Girls Revolt**" depicts the cultural revolution that swept through the free world in 1969. Among the cultural revolution, there was still one place that refused to change with the times: newsrooms. Inspired by real events, the series follows a group of young female researchers at "News of the Week," who ask to be treated fairly. Their revolutionary request sparks convulsive changes and upends marriages, careers, sex lives, love lives, and friendships. **Stream exclusively on Amazon Prime Video on October 28th.**

Here, show creator **Dana Calvo** shares inside intel on the series and insight on the underlying conversation about gender roles in the industry that continue to be relevant today.

**Q :** *Tell us about your new show* ***"Good Girls Revolt"*** *on Amazon.*
**A :** "Good Girls Revolt" is about a group of accidental revolutionaries who, in asking to be treated fairly at work, launch a dramatic awakening in their emotional and sexual lives.

**Q :** *What is it about a newsroom in the 60s that is so emblematic about the gender conversation during that period?*
**A :** So many things have changed for the better since women were called "honey," and the reward for a job well done was a pat on the ass and a wink. In 1969, when our show starts, we didn't possess the language to describe sexual harassment. If you wanted to keep your job, and your boss was demanding – or even insinuating – that you had to have an erotic relationship with him as a quid pro quo, you had little recourse. But even as we talk about this, obviously, we are seeing this in news stories about newsrooms today...

**Q :** *What are the principal themes of the show and how does the topic of gender discrimination work as a thread throughout them?*
**A :** The show is about living the best and most free version of yourself. We all have a right to live as richly and vibrantly as we want. Let's start from that assumption instead of: how can we, as women, take up the smallest footprint and not inconvenience anyone?

**Q :** *What advice would you give to women who are entering the film industry now?*
**A :** Don't ever let anyone tell you you're not talented, or not "right" for certain gigs. Just keep doing what you love because you love it and you can't imagine not doing it. If you're committed to telling stories, you will find a way to do that.

**Q :** ***"Good Girls Revolt"*** *deals with women being competitive with one another in the workplace. How would you advise other women to handle it?*
**A :** There is plenty of room at the top, plus it's more fun if you have a tribe cheering you on. One of the things women can do that men, in general, don't do as well or as often, is multitask. We can nurture our creative projects, cultivate professional relationships, and draw boundaries -- all within the same phone call. And we have to.

**Q :** *How do you overcome the challenges of work/life balance with such an incredibly successful career?*
**A :** Sleep, self-care, and getting outside with people I love because that's the best way for me to reconnect in meaningful ways.

**Q :** *What's exciting for women entering a career in the arts and entertainment today?*
**A :** There's so much esprit de corps in Hollywood. Women networking, helping one another, encouraging each other. The barriers we encounter are the same we've always encountered: can we do as much as men, as effectively, without being made to feel guilty or isolated? If we share our stories with one another, I think we can.






GOOD GIRLS REVOLT
AN AMAZON ORIGINAL SERIES
OCT 28
STREAM WITH PRIME
amazon

follows *Trainwreck* with her yet-to-be-titled mother-daughter action comedy starring Goldie Hawn, as Schumer's mom, and written by Schumer, her sister, Kim Caramele, and power writer Katie Dippold (yep, she's on our list, too). Meanwhile, there's her best-selling book of comic essays, *The Girl With the Lower Back Tattoo*.



## THE DIRECTORS

**WITH PROJECTS THAT BRING IN AWARDS—AND MAJOR DOLLARS—THEY'RE CRACKING HOLLYWOOD'S TOUGHEST GLASS CEILING***

### KATHRYN BIGELOW

*The Hurt Locker* (2008) made her the only woman ever to win a Best Director Oscar (still!), and she's at last readying her follow-up to 2012's gritty, emotionally tough *Zero Dark Thirty*: an as-yet-untitled crime drama set in 1960s Detroit, slated for 2017.



### AVA DuVERNAY

With her upcoming *A Wrinkle in Time*, the *Selma* director becomes the third woman—and the first woman of color—to land a movie with a $100M-plus budget. Her documentary about the American prison system, *The 13th*, opened the New York Film Festival and is now streaming on Netflix. She also joined forces with Oprah herself to executive produce the OWN family drama *Queen Sugar*. Array, the distribution collective DuVernay started in 2010, promotes films by women and people of color.



Newt Gingrich and Ava DuVernay in *The 13th*

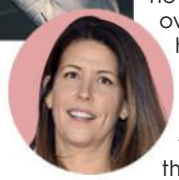


Gal Gadot in *Wonder Woman*

## THE DIRECTOR SHAKING UP THE BOYS' CLUB

With 2017's *Wonder Woman*, **Patty Jenkins** aims for a box-office win *and* the critical praise that's so far eluded the DC Comics universe

After the success of director Patty Jenkins's first film, 2003's *Monster*—which earned Charlize Theron a Best Actress Oscar—she was asked by Warner Brothers which of their properties she was interested in. Her response was immediate: *Wonder Woman*. "She was the superhero of my youth!" Jenkins says. It took 12 years, but now she's finally getting her chance. The movie—set during World War II and starring Gal Gadot and Chris Pine—arrives next summer and marks the first DC Comics blockbuster starring and directed by a woman. It also makes Jenkins one of only five female directors, along with fellow Power Listers Ava DuVernay and Kathryn Bigelow, as well as Lilly and Lana Wachowski, to helm a $100 million live-action film. Wonder woman, indeed.—*Molly Langmuir*



**ELLE:** How do you think things are going in regard to the discrepancy between female and male directors in Hollywood?

**PATTY JENKINS:** In my opinion, the issue is less about there being fewer women directors and more about there being fewer stories of all kinds. Women are the biggest movie audience in the world right now.* I'm baffled that you can hear that over and over, but Hollywood still has a hard time going after them.

**ELLE:** How does your movie bring Wonder Woman into the modern age?

**PJ:** I didn't struggle with that because the spirit of Wonder Woman has been the same since the beginning—she's kind, confident, strong, beautiful. The biggest mistake would be to think she's somehow different now—to make her harder or meaner.

**ELLE:** It's funny to see Chris Pine play this secondary boyfriend role—was that intentional?

**PJ:** It could look like we purposely put him in what's typically a female role, but we didn't go out of our way to get retribution. The love story is unbelievably important. I can't wait to read what people think we're doing on purpose, but that are actually just true of any love-interest story line.

**ELLE:** Do you think *Wonder Woman* could have been directed by a man?

**PJ:** I do. I don't think women's stories have to be directed by women—I think anybody can direct anything. I do think bringing a woman's point of view to this story will be different and interesting, but it's a story about anyone, male or female, coming of age, wanting to be a hero and learning what that truly means. That was what Superman was. That's what Wonder Woman is. It's universal.

### ELIZABETH BANKS

She plays Rita Repulsa in next year's *Power Rangers* movie, but Banks is making her biggest waves as a director. Her *Pitch Perfect 2* earned nearly $300 million worldwide, and she's signed on to direct the *Charlie's Angels* reboot (about time a woman took that one on) before reportedly lining up a big-screen adaptation of the YA fantasy novel *Red Queen*.

## THE CHANGE AGENTS

**PUTTING RESOURCES BEHIND IDEAS—AND SHAKING UP THE HOLLYWOOD SYSTEM**

### KERI PUTNAM

**Executive Director of the Sundance Institute**

Dedicated to helping women filmmakers sustain long careers, this year Putnam and Sundance partnered with Women in Film for the Systemic Project, which urges execs to make good on pledges to, among other things, put women's names on every single list of possible creatives behind new projects.



Banks

### CATHY SCHULMAN

**President of Women in Film**

In teaming up with women like Putnam, her game is practical change; as a producer/studio exec herself, most recently head of production at STX, she takes action. She shepherded the hit comedy *Bad Moms* and the Hailee Steinfeld coming-of-age comedy *The Edge of Seventeen*, from first-time director Kelly Fremon Craig.

## THE PRODUCERS

**BANKROLLING MOVIES (NOT TO MENTION MAKING THEM BETTER AND SMARTER)**

### MEGAN ELLISON

Her Annapurna Pictures (*American Hustle*, *Foxcatcher*) helps back films that prove money and taste make a great combo. Current projects: the Mike Mills–directed *20th Century Women*, with Annette Bening, and the aforementioned Kathryn Bigelow crime drama.

### DEDE GARDNER



Plan B Entertainment is known as Brad Pitt's production company, but Gardner is the real hands-on executive. She ably managed *12 Years a Slave* and *The Big Short*; next are adventure-drama *The Lost City of Z*, and *War Machine*, a military satire—and Netflix's biggest-budget movie to date—starring Pitt and Tilda Swinton.

*STAT CHECK: For 2015's 250 highest-grossing domestic films, only 9 percent of directors were female.
*STAT CHECK: According to the Motion Picture Association of America, women have comprised 51 percent of all moviegoers for the last five years.

Clockwise from top left: George Pimentel/WireImage; Clay Enos/Warner Bros./DC Comics; Karwai Tang/WireImage; Jason Merritt/Getty Images; Jason LaVeris/FilmMagic; courtesy of Netflix; Unique Nicole/Getty Images

## THE SUPER POWERS

THE STUDIO EXECS THRIVING IN HOLLYWOOD'S MALE-DOMINATED SYSTEM*

### KATHLEEN KENNEDY

**President of Lucasfilm**

Last year's *Star Wars: The Force Awakens* raked in more than $1 billion. December's *Rogue One: A Star Wars Story* should make it a winning streak.



The cast of *Rogue One: A Star Wars Story*

### DONNA LANGLEY

**Chairman of Universal Pictures**

She's the longest-reigning female studio head greenlighting billion-dollar franchises (*Fast & Furious*), animated hits (*The Secret Life of Pets*), and buzzy adaptations (*The Girl on the Train*). In 2017: *Fifty Shades Darker*, *Fast 8*, and *The Mummy*, starring Tom Cruise.

### STACEY SNIDER



**CEO and Chairman of 20th Century Fox**

After hits like *Deadpool* and *The Revenant*, this year the former cochair of the studio took the top job—and immediately appointed a woman, Pamela Levine, as president of worldwide theatrical marketing. Up next on Snider's list of probable hits: *Rules Don't Apply* and *Assassin's Creed*, starring Michael Fassbender.

### NANCY UTLEY

**Co-President of Fox Searchlight**

Always with a Best Picture contender—from winner *12 Years a Slave* to *Brooklyn*—Utley further proved her mettle by winning Sundance prize horse *The Birth of a Nation*, which she acquired for a record $17.5M—$2.5M less than what Netflix offered.

### TERRY PRESS

**President of CBS Films**

In just five years, Press built up the company from also-ran to success story. The Chris Pine–starring *Hell or High Water* was an indie hit with critics *and* at the box office. January brings *Patriots Day* with Mark Wahlberg, about the Boston Marathon bombings.

## THE BEHIND-THE-SCENES CREATIVES

THEY'RE THE KEEN EYES CALLED UPON BY THE MOST DISCERNING DIRECTORS

### THE EDITORS



**MARYANN BRANDON**

Before December's Jennifer Lawrence–led *Passengers*, Brandon's long collaboration with editor Mary Jo Markey has included *Star Wars: The Force Awakens* and *Star Trek Into Darkness*.

**MARY JO MARKEY**

Along with the *Stars–Wars* and *Trek*–Markey coedited 2017's Matt Damon epic *The Great Wall*.

### THE CINEMATOGRAPHERS

**MARYSE ALBERTI**

She's taken on typically male subjects in hits like *Creed* and *The Wrestler*. Her latest is December's *Collateral Beauty*, with Will Smith, Helen Mirren, and Keira Knightley.

**CHARLOTTE BRUUS CHRISTENSEN**

She visualized the sumptuous *Far From the Madding Crowd* before *The Girl on the Train* and Denzel Washington's holiday release, *Fences*.

### THE CASTING DIRECTORS

**TAMARA HUNTER**

Before leaving Fox this year, Hunter cast *Hidden Figures* with Taraji P. Henson and Octavia Spencer as part of NASA's 1960s brain trust. Now she's VP of casting at Sony, a role created expressly for her.

**FIONA WEIR**

Weir cast the last five *Harry Potter* movies, as well as Rowlings's latest, *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them*. Last year's credits include *Brooklyn*, *Room*, and *Suffragette*.



Queally

### THE AGENT

**HYLDA QUEALLY, CAA**

Longtime client Cate Blanchett recently called Queally "one of the greatest creative forces in the industry." Jessica Chastain, Marion Cotillard, Lupita Nyong'o, and Kate Winslet are just a few of the women who trust her with their careers.

## THE WRITERS

THEY'RE CREATING MODERN HEROINES THAT PROVE WOMEN-LED FILMS MAKE MONEY

### KATIE DIPPOLD

The go-to screenwriter for women's comedy, she wrote *The Heat* and cowrote *Ghostbusters* with director Paul Feig. Next up: *The Heat 2* and the new Amy Schumer/Goldie Hawn mother-daughter movie.

### ERIN CRESSIDA WILSON



More than a decade after writing 2002's erotic dark comedy *Secretary*, she's hot again with the book-to-film job everybody wanted, *The Girl on the Train*. Her next adaptation: literary thriller *Eileen* for Scott Rudin and Fox Searchlight.

### MEG LEFAUVE

Oscar-nominated as a writer of the dazzling Pixar film *Inside Out*—which, remember, literally took us inside a girl's brain—LeFauve is one of two women (along with Nicole Perlman) bringing *Captain Marvel* to life as a high-flying female.

## THE INDUSTRY MAVEN MOVING THE NEEDLE



#OscarsSoWhite? **Cheryl Boone Isaacs** on what the Academy is doing to avoid a repeat

After the uproar surrounding the lack of diversity in the acting categories at last year's Oscars, Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences President Cheryl Boone Isaacs launched the A2020 initiative seeking to increase inclusion efforts throughout the nearly 7,000-member Academy. Of this year's 683 new invitees—more than double last year's 322—46 percent were female and 41 percent people of color. Isaacs admits "we're farther down the road than we used to be," but she also knows there's a lot of work to do to get beyond what she says is "a place I never thought we'd still be in the second decade of the twenty-first century."—*Seth Plattner*

**ELLE:** Throughout your career as a woman in Hollywood, have you felt pressure or discrimination?

**CHERYL BOONE ISAACS:** I would just say that growing up as a female African American, there were things about society you just knew. My mother would say, You have to be better than, because equal doesn't mean equal. It may not be fair, but you have to get above it.

**ELLE:** Have your goals at AMPAS changed since you became president in 2013?

**CBI:** They've intensified. As this entire industry evolves, we have to evolve with it, and a big part of that evolution is inclusion.

**ELLE:** What are you doing specifically to ensure that?

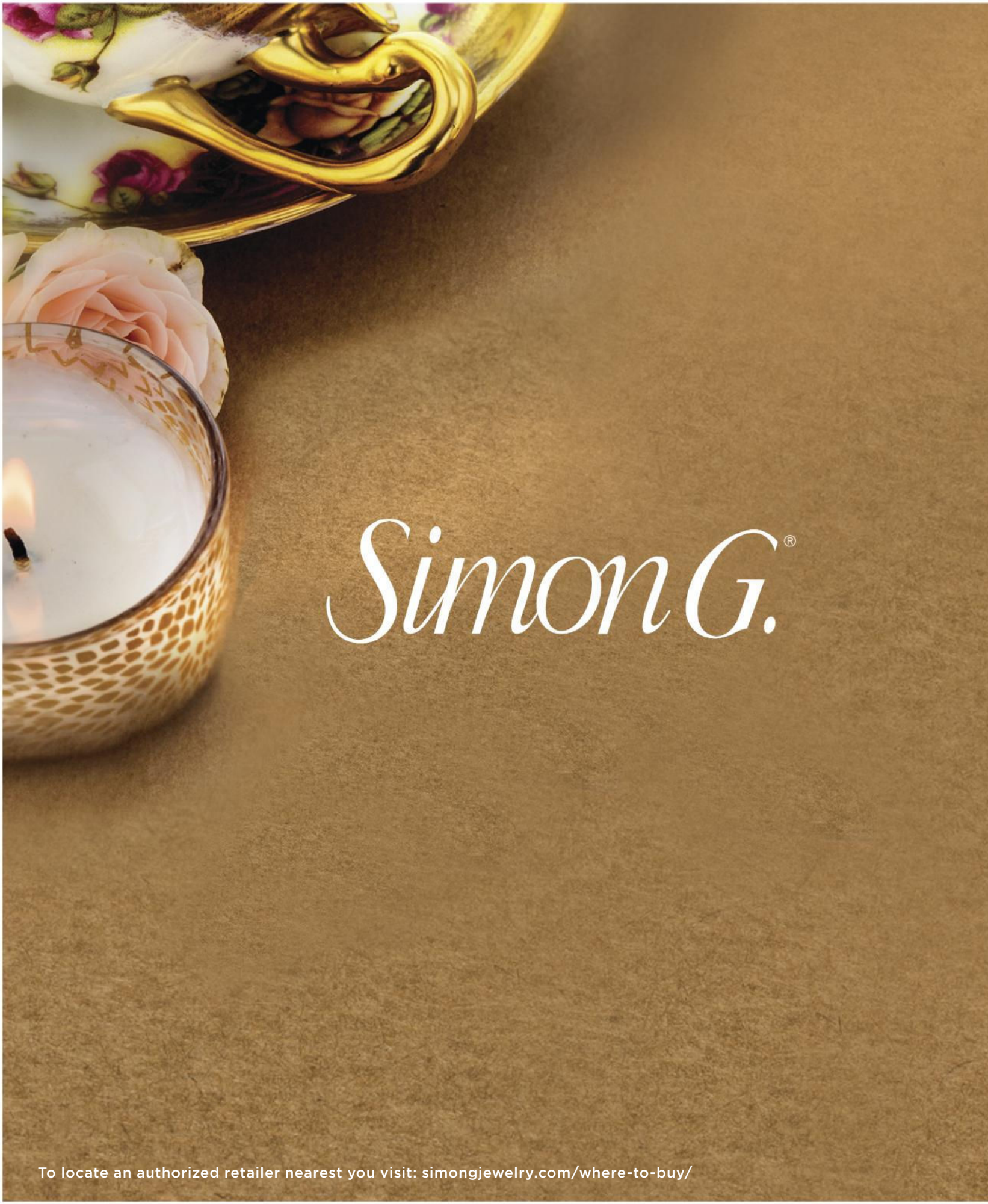
**CBI:** The interest in the Oscar world meant that when it came up, it was talked about worldwide—which it should be! However—and this was frustrating on our end—what the public didn't know was that we were already addressing the issue, which is why it seemed like, Oh! They worked so fast! Well, not really, because we'd been discussing solutions for a while.

**ELLE:** What *aren't* we doing to reach equal representation in Hollywood?

**CBI:** Everybody wants results, and our membership this year certainly made a big statement, but unfortunately we are in a world of numbers, and to actually quantify inclusion—that's not what it's really about. Ultimately it's about not just *saying* goals need to be established but rather establishing real goals, meeting them, and realizing that doesn't mean it's over. It's just a marker on a long journey.

*STAT CHECK: Of the "Big Six" studios, only 20th Century Fox had a 50/50 ratio of women to men at the executive level of creative decision-making. Universal has just one female, Donna Langley.

Clockwise from top left: Jonathan Olley/Lucasfilm; Amanda Edwards/WireImage; David Crotty/Patrick McMullan/Getty Images; Jason LaVeris/FilmMagic; Gregg DeGuire/Getty Images; Jon Kopaloff/FilmMagic


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# THE NEXT-TO-KNOW MOVIE MAKERS

BE THE FIRST TO NAME-DROP THESE UP-AND-COMING HEAVY HITTERS


Lily Collins in *Rules Don't Apply*

## AMMA ASANTE

**Director**

Her movies appeal to the head, heart, and conscience. In 2013's *Belle*, Gugu Mbatha-Raw played a mixed-race woman among the eighteenth-century aristocracy. Asante's new film, *A United Kingdom*, is a fact-based interracial romance set in the 1940s, with David Oyelowo as a prince from Botswana who marries Englishwoman Rosamund Pike.



## TESSA THOMPSON

**Actress**

A standout in *Creed* as Michael B. Jordan's girlfriend, Thompson is in demand with parts in *Thor: Ragnarok* and *Annihilation*, from *Ex Machina* director Alex Garland. On TV, catch her in HBO's *Westworld*, opposite Evan Rachel Wood and Anthony Hopkins.


Thompson

## SOPHIE WATTS

**Studio Executive**

She's the president of STX Entertainment, the two-year-old upstart studio whose first release was Joel Edgerton's sleeper thriller, *The Gift*. A recent newsmaking infusion of money from Chinese investors expands the company's multimedia possibilities.

## TEYONAH PARRIS

**Actress**

Parris was volatile and sexy as Lysistrata in Spike Lee's underrated musical *Chi-Raq*; she'll bring that vivacity to next year's *Buffalo Soldier Girl*, directed by Christine Swanson, as a woman who poses as a man to enlist in the army during the Reconstruction era.

## REED MORANO

**Director**



The admired cinematographer (*Frozen River*, *The Skeleton Twins*) now directs, too. Olivia Wilde starred in Morano's wrenching *Meadowland*. Next: Hulu's adaptation of Margaret Atwood's novel *The Handmaid's Tale*.

## LILY COLLINS

**Actress**

In a star-making turn in this month's *Rules Don't Apply*, directed by and starring Warren Beatty, she more than holds her own opposite Beatty himself as a wholesome starlet under contract to Howard Hughes in 1958. In 2017: the Netflix sci-fi extravaganza *Okja* with Jake Gyllenhaal.

## REBECCA THOMAS

**Director**

The 31-year-old—who directed her first movie, the 2012 fest fave *Electrick Children*, while still in Columbia film school—is in line to direct the live-action *The Little Mermaid*, starring Chloë Grace Moretz. She's also on the short list (happily comprised of all women) to helm *Captain Marvel*.

## LOLA KIRKE

**Actress**

She won raves as a classical musician in the Amazon series *Mozart in the Jungle* and as Greta Gerwig's stepsister in *Mistress America*. Next year Kirke will star alongside Tom Cruise in director Doug Liman's CIA/drug cartel thriller, *American Made*.

## GILLIAN ROBESPIERRE

**Director**

The writer and director of 2014's *Obvious Child*—a touchingly honest comedy starring Jenny Slate as a woman who has an abortion—is ready with her follow-up, *Landline*, about a teen in '90s Manhattan who learns that Dad (John Turturro) is cheating on Mom (Edie Falco).

# THE PRODUCER WHO'S GOT HOLLYWOOD BUZZING WITH JUST ONE FILM

Is **Kimberly Steward** the next Megan Ellison?



With her inaugural project, the Sundance hit *Manchester by the Sea*,* 35-year-old producer Kimberly Steward is proving her prowess among the A-list. The movie, coproduced by Matt Damon and directed by Kenneth Lonergan, stars Casey Affleck as a Boston handyman who, after the death of his brother, returns to his seaside hometown to care for his nephew and confront lingering emotional scars with his ex-wife (Michelle Williams). Steward, the daughter of billionaire tech businessman David L. Steward, is a Webster University grad who started her first business (a bridal events company) at 19 and then, postcollege, worked as an assistant at *Women's Wear Daily* before founding the Kess Agency for makeup artists and photographers. There she met former ad exec Lauren Beck, with whom Steward formed K Period Media, a rising player in the producing world that's pulling in sought-after scripts—and positioning Steward as the next billionaire's-daughter–turned-producing-wunderkind.—*S.P.*

**ELLE:** You had a roundabout way of getting into producing. How did all your various experiences lead you to where you are?

**KIMBERLY STEWARD:** I don't want to go totally Deepak Chopra on you, but when I started to get into film, it felt like the sum of all these parts. Each of my jobs gave me a new set of skills. Once I got on a film, it just felt like home.

**ELLE:** What was it about K Period that attracted names like Kenneth's, Matt's, and Casey's?

**KS:** One thing Kenny said to me that I hope I can take with me for 20 films is that "you let me make my film." When someone is spending millions of dollars [financing a movie], they think they have a big say in the filmmaking process. But you don't. You're in service to your director.

**ELLE:** How did you even get in the door with a project like this, on your first go at producing?

**KS:** Our head of development got his hands on the script and sent it to me, and I sat on my bathroom floor and read it in an hour and a half. I called him and said, "This is happening." Then you just get a feel for the other producers who might be attached—and you kind of date them, right? You get to know them as people, and convince them that, say, when you have a snowstorm in New England and production shuts down, you won't be culture-shocked. You'll get through it.

**ELLE:** Was it intimidating working with Matt?

**KS:** I was terrified! But he is so down-to-earth and kind. And despite all the e-mails he must get, he was totally responsive and in the game.

**ELLE:** What's next for K Period?

**KS:** We're always reading, always looking. I'm drawn to auteurs and elevated material, but you can't be dazzled by all that gets thrown at you after you have success. We're forging ahead with material and filmmakers that bring new life and perspective to the screen. We've got to clean out some cobwebs.

Clockwise from top right: Francois Duhamel/20th Century Fox; Steve Mack/FilmMagic; Jim Spellman/WireImage; Mike Marsland/WireImage; Ben Gabbe/Getty Images



*STAT CHECK: Amazon bought *Manchester by the Sea* for a cool $10M, the second-highest Sundance 2016 acquisition after *The Birth of a Nation*.

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# DRESSED TO KILT

From the moors of the Scottish Highlands to the streets of Manhattan, the kilt is taking the world by storm. **By Naomi Rougeau**

As one of the quirkier trends for fall, the kilt is having quite a moment. To what do we owe this Scottish staple's resurgence? Well, the BBC kicked things off in January by declaring an end to "Scottish Cringe," the postindustrial sense of inferiority that had long plagued the northern half of the United Kingdom. Those negative feelings were most eloquently summed up by Ewan McGregor's character in the 1996 cult classic *Trainspotting*: "It's shite being Scottish." At the time, the outlook *was* pretty bleak; unemployment was high, and expressions of cultural identity were often met with embarrassment.

Two decades later, Scots are once again embracing their national identity, both at the polls (hello, independence referendum!) and on the runway. The renewed sense of pride and far-reaching influence are particularly palpable on this side of the pond, thanks not only to current fashion (we haven't been this excited since Marc Jacobs sported pleated plaid), but in large part to the hit TV series *Outlander*.

Starz's atmospheric drama (windswept moors, looming castles, torrid sex scenes) about time-traveling WWII nurse Claire Randall Fraser (Caitriona Balfe) and her hunky Highlander, Jamie Fraser (Sam Heughan), has held the attention of about 5 million Americans per episode. The show, based on the eight-novel series written by PhD ecologist–cum–romance novelist Diana Gabaldon, casts Claire as a feminist heroine and was recently renewed through season four.

For me, though, *Outlander*'s lure is strictly sartorial. I'm partial to pleats—during years of donning Catholic school uniforms, the biggest fashion decision I had to make was, Knife pleats or box pleats? Navy, khaki, or Black Watch? Forget the show's thickly accented, hunky men; the real star of this series is the kilt. Call it kismet that *Outlander*'s success coincides with a crop of Scottish designers who are bringing Caledonian influences back to fashion's main stage—from Samantha McCoach's Le Kilt to Scottish model Stella Tennant's heirloom-worthy collection of cashmere sweaters and tweed skirts for Holland & Holland. Even Alessandro Michele took up the cause by sending highly decorated kilts down the runway for Gucci's resort 2017 collection, shown at Westminster Abbey in June in an elaborate exercise of that classic British fashion trope: mumsy eccentric.



Stella Tennant in the Prince of Wales check A-line skirt she and Isabella Cawdor designed for Holland & Holland; a fall 2016 look (left) from Le Kilt



A month earlier, during Tartan Week in New York, Saks Fifth Avenue had decorated its parade-facing windows in full Scot style as thousands of Scots and Scotophiles marched and piped their way through Manhattan, led by Heughan. In the crowd was young Scottish designer Siobhan Mackenzie. Upon eyeing Mackenzie's alternating tartan-and-solid-color kilt (one of her signature designs, £450), a stylish New Yorker approached and "wanted to buy it right off me," the designer says. Unwilling to disrobe on the streets of Midtown, Mackenzie arranged to meet later with the eager customer, who ordered two bespoke kilts.

When I saw Mackenzie in New York, she was quick to point out that a kilt is so much more than just a pleated skirt. Dating to the sixteenth century, when it was worn by soldiers who needed to be able to move quickly and wade through water with ease, the garment requires some eight yards of tartan fabric (different patterns distinguish between military regiments and clans) and can weigh up to 20 pounds in its traditional form. Mackenzie was inspired to take up kilt design during an internship with a master kiltmaker in her senior year at Manchester Metropolitan University in England. Her own deep Highland roots—her clan, Mackenzie, was an inspiration for Gabaldon's series and can trace its roots to the twelfth century; its seat, Castle Leod in Strathpeffer, was the author's model for the fictional Castle Leoch—also had something to do with it. She launched her eponymous company, Siobhan Mackenzie Ltd., only five

From top: Holland & Holland; Imaxtree.com


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days after graduation with the aim of bringing kilts into the twenty-first century and supporting Scottish industry. She did so by lightening up and using a combination of nontraditional fabrics, such as sequined panels, leather, and ultralight wool for warmer climes. "I needed to understand it inside and out before beginning to tweak the construction," the designer says. When she suggested I visit her in Scotland to see the castle and surrounding mills, I wasted no time booking my ticket.



Designer Siobhan Mackenzie at Castle Leod in her signature kilt. Photo by Tommy Cairns.

I SPENT MOST of the overnight train ride from London to Inverness last May happily dressed in my schoolgirl Barbour jacket and L.L.Bean boots, with my trusty kilt (a surprise from Siobhan) safely tucked away in my carryall. The clash of cultures in the dining car was something to behold: floppy-haired English boys with cut-glass accents heading back to university in Edinburgh, retirees on walking holidays, and a group of 12 rowdy Scotsmen (who depleted the haggis stores within an hour) returning home after a stag party in London. Daybreak revealed a blazing sun and a quiltlike green countryside punctuated by bold yellow patches, thanks to gorse and oilseed in full bloom. It was easy to imagine where the early weavers got their inspiration.



GUCCI RESORT 2017

After being greeted at the Inverness train station by Mackenzie and her friend, photographer Tommy Cairns—who, it turns out, is a bit of a Scottish street-style star and once modeled for one of the country's oldest bespoke tailors—we headed to nearby Strathpeffer to be presented to clan chief John Ruaridh Grant Mackenzie, Fifth Earl of Cromartie, and his wife, Eve, Countess of Cromartie, at their home, Castle Leod. Lord Cromartie answered the back door, suited and booted and looking every bit the part in a bespoke Siobhan Mackenzie kilt with alternating panels of Harris tweed and the Mackenzie tartan (£950), complete with sporran (the leather or fur bag traditionally worn by men wearing kilts, which have no pockets) and a lively spaniel at his side.

The red sandstone castle dates to the fifteenth century and boasts a Spanish chestnut tree planted in 1550 in honor of Mary Queen of Scots' mother, Mary of Guise; I can see how the majestic surroundings might inspire more than a few intrigues. I headed back to reality with a visit to Johnstons of Elgin, the more than 200-year-old mill that manufactures knits for Hermès and Burberry, with whom Mackenzie is producing a capsule collection. "There is so much craftsmanship and heritage in Scotland," Mackenzie says. "It's really exciting to bring it up to date, yet it still has a place as a classic piece in a woman's wardrobe that can be dressed up or down."

Royal College of Art grad Samantha McCoach was inspired to rethink the classic as well. The young founder of Le Kilt grew up in Edinburgh watching her grandmother, who has been a traditional kiltmaker for 40 years, expertly pleat and sew the traditional tartan garments. "There were mills and kilt factories everywhere," McCoach says. "Sadly, many have given way to tourist shops selling cheap kilts made abroad." Wanting to appropriate the style for her own wardrobe, McCoach decided to punk up the kilt, piecing together a mix of bold tartans. When the requests started flooding in, she launched Le Kilt in 2014, named after a popular tartan-wrapped 1980s-era club in London's Soho neighborhood that played host to Vivienne Westwood & Co. (around the same time that ELLE was featuring Jean Paul Gaultier's sporty take on the Scot classic). Shortly after, Dover Street Market came calling, then Harvey Nichols; now McCoach's London Fashion Week presentations are quite the hot ticket. (You may have spotted her designs on the Duchess of Cambridge.) For fall, McCoach added metal-studded waistbands (£500) and longer styles accented with shearling panels (£460). She's also introduced "tam tam" hats and her own chunky-soled take on ghillies. McCoach produces only in the UK, using British fabrics.

Also flying the flag for British textiles are friends Stella Tennant and former fashion editor Isabella Cawdor, who recently took the helm of Holland & Holland as co–creative directors. Though it is now owned by Chanel (as is one of the country's most esteemed mills, Barrie), the thoroughly British firm has kept the hunting, shooting, and fishing set outfitted in the finest tweeds and handmade rifles since 1835. The duo's debut collection has brought the aesthetic to town, thanks to the designers having one foot in the fashion world and the other firmly in the moors. Case in point: herringbone pleated culottes (£1,350) that offer the look of a kilt with the ease of trousers. "Everything should have a function," says Tennant, whose own practical, slightly androgynous personal style has made her a fashion icon. "Holland & Holland aspires to both use and beauty."

So just what about this traditional, history-steeped garment could manage to transcend class, age, gender, and five centuries of history—and attract spike-haired punks, Tilda Swinton, the Prince of Wales, and everyone in between? The kilt is as much a reflection of the dramatic land in which it was born as of the people who wear it: resilient, fiercely independent, and unapologetic. Who wouldn't want to buy into that?

From top: Tommy Cairns; Gucci (2)



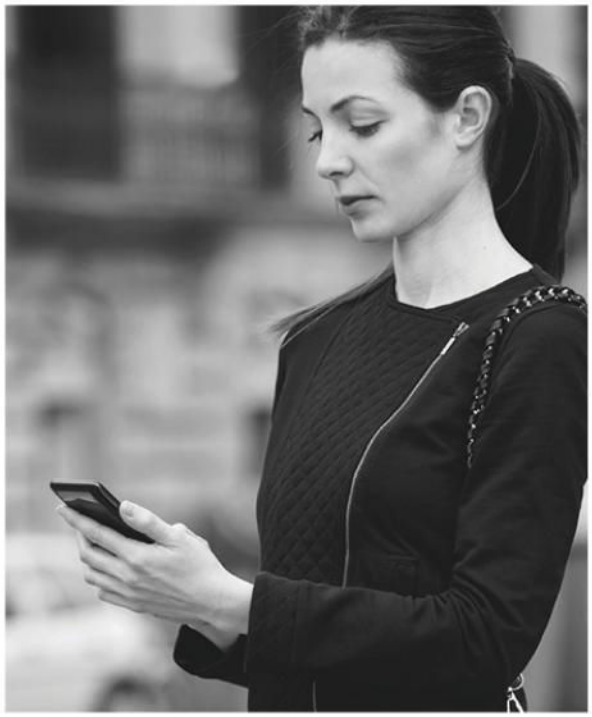

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# THE FASHIONISTA WHO FELL TO EARTH

## R. J. Hernández's passion for fashion knew no bounds, but then he got a job in the business—and with that, an unsentimental education



Hernández at the Waldorf Astoria, New York

Ally Lindsay

This past August, I was in a state of euphoria from the publication of my first novel, *An Innocent Fashion*, when a text message from a friend jolted me back to reality. "Stop what you're doing. Google your name." I did, and my hand flew to my mouth.

My book is the drama of a small-town boy of modest means, not unlike me, who struggles to make it at a prestigious fashion magazine. I'd been buoyed by initial reviews, which cited its "poetic precision" and generously compared it to the coming-of-age tales of Salinger, Plath, and Fitzgerald. Yet now I was discovering that a notorious New York gossip column had received a tip that a former fashion "minion" had written a sensational fashion-industry takedown à la *The Devil Wears Prada*. It supposedly had my former colleagues up in arms (though none of them ever contacted me), and within an hour of the story hitting the Internet, a succession of fashion blogs had picked it up, like dominoes falling. I'd known comparisons to *Prada* were inevitable, but sucked into the online maw, the two books had become indistinguishable. Completely lost, for example, was the fact that my main character was a person of color, queer, and the opposite of rich—factors that had allowed exploration of social themes that mattered to me.

I grew up in an unprepossessing suburb of South Miami, a palm-studded cluster of dilapidated malls and grime-wreathed swimming pools, a place where the beating sun combined with the constant hum of a thousand air conditioners to create a sense of indolent stasis. My father was an airplane mechanic, my mother a public school teacher. In our Cuban neighborhood, white tank tops and jersey knit sheaths were the wardrobe, while my own clothes were culled from the sale rack at Kmart: ill-fitting plaid workmen's shirts, cargo shorts, Skecher knock-offs.

Hopelessly unathletic, I was always lost in a book or staring into space, as if I was hoping something exciting might suddenly materialize. It was during a trip to the nail salon with my mother that fashion entered my consciousness. While she had her nails polished, I perused fantastical couture spreads in wrinkled old magazines, the goddesses in their pages aswirl in otherworldly color and texture. The richness of the fabrics, the opulence of the settings, was unlike anything I'd ever seen.

Weekly salon visits were my frugal mother's single indulgence, and after a time, mine as well. I didn't dare tell anyone how much I loved those glorious magazines: Machismo reigned in my milieu, and so I resigned myself to a subscription to *Esquire*, the men's alternative, full of gray suits and boardroom-appropriate neckties. When during my junior year I dared to push a sartorial limit by wearing a pink polo shirt to school—I had my first girlfriend and was feeling uncommonly secure in my manliness—the blowback was swift. Although I'd yet to truly begin questioning my sexuality and was a long way from coming out, the word *faggot* followed me all day. I never wore that shirt again.

The movie version of *Prada* came out right before my senior year, when my sole preoccupation was getting into college—I was hellbent on being the first from my high school to attend an Ivy. I watched in awe as Miranda Priestly ran the fictional *Runway* magazine with more authority in the subtle purse of her lips than a general bellowing out

commands. I was incredulous that someone like her existed to champion the values I held dear: beauty and glamour, the expectation of greatness—all of it underscored by the clatter of those fantastic stilettos, so unlike the sluggish thwack of plastic sandals in the soundtrack of my own youth. Somewhere far away from me, people were moving forward—fast!

Acceptance to Yale was the first step to achieving my dream. By that time I'd come out as gay, and among my liberal-minded classmates I finally felt free to develop my personal style. That I was on a scholarship, with a limited allowance from my parents, didn't stop me from amassing an impressive new wardrobe from the local thrift store. The clothes I bought were cheap—I drew the line at $10 and shopped on Wednesdays, when everything was half price—but priceless to me: cherry-red leather loafers with brass horse-shaped buckles; an oversize mustard-yellow cashmere cardigan with tortoiseshell buttons; belts and neckties studded with embroidered little boats and whales and prep-school coats of arms. They were hand-me-downs from the Connecticut WASP grandparents I never had. More than anything, I loved uncommonly hued suit jackets—pink and turquoise and forest green—because they made me feel like I took myself seriously but not seriously at all. I wore them to class and parties alike; I also grew out my wavy brown hair and acquired round tortoiseshell glasses—looking, in the end, like a Wes Anderson character.

Despite this welcome shift in my identity, I noticed that even at Yale, I perceived fashion quite differently from others. While I wasn't persecuted for my choices, I was half-affectionately/half-condescendingly dubbed a hopeless romantic by my J.Crew-clad classmates bound for law school or Goldman Sachs. My professors, too, were unimpressed. One told me that a series of fashion-oriented photographs I'd taken didn't qualify as "serious" art; another deemed designing dresses for a sculpture class "frivolous."

The rejection only made me more determined to follow my own course. I switched from majoring in political science to art; wrote a dozen papers on the historical/philosophical/artistic significance of costume and adornment; started my own fashion magazine; and, when graduation neared, applied for a dozen publishing internships, landing one at a prestigious fashion magazine.

I moved to New York with all the enthusiasm of a young Candide, for whom this new world would be "the best of all possible worlds." I was prepared to work hard, but also to discover a place where others were as exhilarated as I was by the promise of fashion. In anticipation of my first day on the job, I'd splurged on a trio of three-piece custom suits. As much as I loved my thrift pieces, I couldn't exactly parade around in them in one of the most glamorous offices in New York City. I spent the bulk of my savings on garments made of toile and Oriental silk.

Spectacularly, my introduction to fashion came from a living icon, a thundering editor-at-large who was living the vague fantasy that I entertained for myself. I didn't know what I wanted to become—a photographer or a writer or a stylist—but I knew I wanted what he had: a life filled with photo shoots and fashion shows, swooshing through the world's most beautiful set pieces, amid its most celebrated personalities.

Given his notoriety, I hardly expected this man to even look my way, yet he immediately took a liking to me. While he kept me busy with an endless crush of intern-level tasks like transcribing interviews (the editor always hailed me over to "fix" his hulk of a computer: "How do I print? Can you make the font bigger? Smaller? Bigger?"), other times he just wanted to comment on my latest outfit. He flung opinions into the air like petals off a lily, musing as exuberantly as a modern Oscar Wilde about society swans with soigné and the genius of Oscar de la Renta. Not that he couldn't be terrifying. When, during my first Fashion Week, I made an error on his schedule, he looked me up and down dismissively and sputtered: "*Fashion isn't just about the right look! Fashion is about hard work!*" Then: "What are you doing later? Would you like to meet Carolina Herrera backstage at her show?"

While he was mercurial, his bold, larger-than-life character was the exception around that office. No one was dumb (do people still really write off fashion lovers like that?). To the contrary, everybody seemed smart, businesslike, intensely focused on the task at hand. Cubicle after cubicle of silence: The scene conjured kids taking the SATs. Where was the beauty and the art? The passion? Andy Sachs had been seduced; I was more than a little bored.

At the very least, though, working at a fashion magazine gave me an excuse to experiment with what I wore. Or so I thought. The conflict between my mundane day-to-day existence and my glamorous ambitions became clear when an assistant confronted me about my fantastical custom suits. She reminded me that I was an intern and told me that if I wished to continue working there, I should reconsider my peacockish wardrobe—and personality: "Consider it a warning." I was perplexed, but after a halfhearted attempt to "tone it down," I doubled down instead: I began to wear women's heels with my suits, an idea I'd gotten when *androgyny* became that summer's biggest buzzword and every other fashion story featured a dude in a dress. It was an act of defiance, yes: That boy who got himself out of suburban Florida was nothing if not set on doing things his own way. When I was let go not long after, I couldn't help but think that my footwear had something to do with it.

"If I wanted to keep my job, I was told to reconsider my peacockish wardrobe."




On the subway platform during his magazine internship in 2011; graduation day at Yale University in 2011; Hernández's novel

Continued on page 280

Courtesy of the author (2)



From left: Designer Gaul and CEO Marchionni with a model in Canvas's polished new look

# HIGHER GROUND

Lands' End is bringing a more elevated aesthetic to its upmarket label, Canvas. American women, rejoice! **By Alison S. Cohn**

When I look back at photos from my Midwestern childhood, I can tell the year by the color of my Lands' End Squall jacket. In fourth grade, I had this thing for cherry red. The next year, it was all about deep blue. Although the color of my jacket may have changed, my loyalty to that particular piece of fleece-lined nylon outerwear—with its rib-knit cuffs and hem and signature navy label with white block lettering adorning the left chest—was unvarying. Which is exactly how a lot of Americans feel about the mail-order purveyor known for its casual basics, sturdy outerwear, and unconditional return policy ("If you're not satisfied with any item, simply return it to us at any time for an exchange or refund of its purchase price. Guaranteed. Period.").

So I can't help but think I'm a long way from Dodge (or, rather, the company's Dodgeville, Wisconsin, corporate HQ) when I arrive at the Manhattan design studio of the newly revamped Canvas by Lands' End, the brand's premium collection. On the twenty-seventh floor of this Garment District skyscraper, sleek furniture made from reclaimed Wisconsin barn wood is featured prominently, along with a Mario Testino–lensed poster of Emma Roberts wearing a black-and-white-striped dress with a downtown-prep vibe from the current campaign, the brand's first ever to boast a celebrity. This is one example of how Canvas women's designer Hilary Gaul and CEO Federica Marchionni—a former Dolce & Gabbana and Ferrari exec, tapped last year to boost flagging sales at the $1.4 billion American stalwart—are luring fashion-centric shoppers to their customer base.

The ultrapolished Marchionni, in her fitted LBD and towering stilettos, may seem an exotic choice for the company founded by Lake Michigan sailing enthusiast Gary Comer in 1963, but it turns out that she shares both the founder's passion for boats and for old-fashioned values. As for her Italian origins? Marchionni considers her outsider's perspective an asset. "The best designer is one who listens, understands, observes, and adapts," she says, citing Canvas's relocation to New York as a way to attract top design talent such as Gaul, who spent nearly a decade as VP of women's design at Polo Ralph Lauren. Together they've homed in on Canvas's target: younger urban women. "Thousands of American families shop with us for their kids, but moms aren't really finding anything they like for themselves," Marchionni says. Why call it Canvas? "There's a double meaning of being an artist and being free to create."

Priced 20 percent higher than the main line (the dress at right is $195), Canvas's not-so-basic basics for holiday include a sporty bronze-shimmer puffer vest, plus mix-and-match separates—a blazer in a metallic jacquard; a bomber and pencil skirt in a vintage floral-print satin—the majority of which are made from fabrics sourced in Marchionni's native Italy. For spring, the Canvas moodboard is a vision of "nautical history skewed through the lens of abstract expressionism, with hints of cobalt blue, coral, and sunny yellow," Gaul says. "Even though Canvas is the newer line, it still needs to leverage our rich DNA and emotional connection, but morph it into more modern silhouettes, colors, and patterns."

This past summer, Lands' End brought the Great Lakes to the East Coast with a pop-up shop in Southampton, New York, that featured the Canvas line (now with a sleeker logo) interspersed with Lands' End standbys, a pairing meant to encourage new customers to shop from both. Refined design tweaks are also visible in the core range: Classic chinos are enzyme washed to achieve subtly soft colors; side-zip pants and Capris have a slimming, streamlined fit. "You can buy something from core and mix it and create your own look," Gaul says. "Gary's whole thing was quality and functionality, and there's an element of that we're maintaining and building." Adds Marchionni, "Perfection doesn't exist, but we need to strive to reach excellence—it's a journey that's never complete."



Model, top left, wears: jacket, pants, Canvas by Lands' End. Bangle, Established Jewelry. Pumps, Bally. Alexander Neumann (styled by Yashua Simmons; hair by Shinya Nakagawa at Artist NY for Kérastase; makeup by Christian McCulloch at Tim Howard Management for Dolce & Gabbana Beauty; casting by Violet Xie for Zan Casting; model Senait at IMG Models; fashion assistant Christina Holevas). Runway: courtesy of Lands' End. For details, see Shopping Guide


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# THE TAKEAWAY

Just as you hit your stride in fall, we bring you 10 superfresh—and totally real-world wearable—ideas from the 2017 resort collections

EDITED BY JOANN PAILEY PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEROME CORPUZ

Styled by Yashua Simmons; hair by Shinya Nakagawa at ArtList NY for Kérastase; makeup by Suzy Gerstein at Honey Artists for Chanel; manicure by Maki Sakamoto at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel; casting by Paul Brickman for Zan Casting; model: Eliza Hartmann at Fusion Models); for details, see Shopping Guide

Leather jacket, $6,800, cotton hoodie, $4,500, stretch-wool pants, $1,400, all, GUCCI, at select Gucci stores nationwide. Nylon spandex tights, FOGAL, $40. Suede pumps, $695, crystal, pearl, and metal clips, $395–$595 each, all, JIMMY CHOO.

# MIXED MESSAGES

Leather and lace, the ultimate hard/soft duo, re-upped for the season in chiaroscuro hues



Leather jacket, $3,195, lace skirt, $1,195, both, ALTUZARRA, at select Barneys New York stores nationwide. Leather belt, $180, sterling silver buckle, $660, both, PAT AREIAS. White gold and diamond necklace, PALOMA PICASSO FOR TIFFANY & CO., $3,100. Black lacquer-coated wooden bangle, ELSA PERETTI FOR TIFFANY & CO., $450. Crocodile handbag, GUCCI, price on request.

**STYLIST'S TIP**
A wide belt gives this hip-length leather jacket a nipped silhouette.

## +WEAR IT WITH



**An easygoing moto you can throw on like a sweater**
Leather and wool jacket, REBECCA MINKOFF, $498, at Rebecca Minkoff stores nationwide



**A two-tone lace pencil skirt begging to be taken out of good-girl context**
Lace skirt, MARCIANO, $168, visit marciano.com



**A streamlined biker that's just tough enough**
Calfskin ankle boot, THE FRYE COMPANY, $348, visit thefryecompany.com

Jerome Corpuz (styled by Yashua Simmons; hair by Shinya Nakagawa at Artlist NY for Kérastase; makeup by Suzy Gerstein at Honey Artists for Chanel; manicure by Maki Sakamoto at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel; casting by Paul Brickman for Zan Casting; model: Eliza Hartmann at Fusion Models); for details, see Shopping Guide

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# HIGH CAMP

## Basic-training dressing goes haute with luxe artisanal details

Cotton gabardine jacket, CHANEL, $7,550, at Chanel boutiques nationwide. Cotton twill pants, ROSIE ASSOULIN, $1,732. Leather belt, NINA RICCI, price on request. Silver brooch, FALLON, $190. Rose gold, kunzite, diamond, and pink sapphire earring, JOHN HARDY, $13,000 (for pair). Ultralight watch on NATO strap, RADO, $2,850.

**STYLIST'S TIP**
Add a refined brooch for a touch of sparkle that's anything but standard issue.

+WEAR IT WITH



**A neutral carryall loaded with texture**
Toile patchwork handbag, CHANEL, $3,400, at Chanel boutiques nationwide



**A military jacket that says, "Make love, not war"**
Belted cotton jacket, CREATURES OF THE WIND, $4,995, collection at farfetch.com



**A gilded hiking boot fit for glamping**
Lambskin and canvas ankle boot, DIOR, $1,250, call 800-929-DIOR

Jerome Corpuz (styled by Yashua Simmons; hair by Shinya Nakagawa at Artlist NY for Kérastase; makeup by Suzy Gerstein at Honey Artists for Chanel; manicure by Maki Sakamoto at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel; casting by Paul Brickman for Zan Casting; model: Eliza Hartmann at Fusion Models); for details, see Shopping Guide


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# PUMP UP THE VOLUME

## Dramatic cinched-cuff doublet sleeves take jeans-and-heels to new dimensions



**STYLIST'S TIP**
This look is a study in contrasts: The more voluminous the top, the skinnier the jean.

Cotton poplin top, DIOR, $1,875, at Dior boutiques nationwide. Beaded wool top, CHRISTOPHER KANE, $1,095. Vintage Levi's jeans, LEVI'S c/o OFF-WHITE, $813. Gold hoop earrings, $1,595, gold and orange sapphire bangles, $2,995–$6,495 each, all, IPPOLITA. Suede pumps, CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN, $675.

### +WEAR IT WITH



**When your blouse makes a major statement, sleek bangles are all you need**
Rose gold and brown diamond bracelet, rose gold and white diamond bracelet, both, POMELLATO, $3,300 each, visit pomellato.com

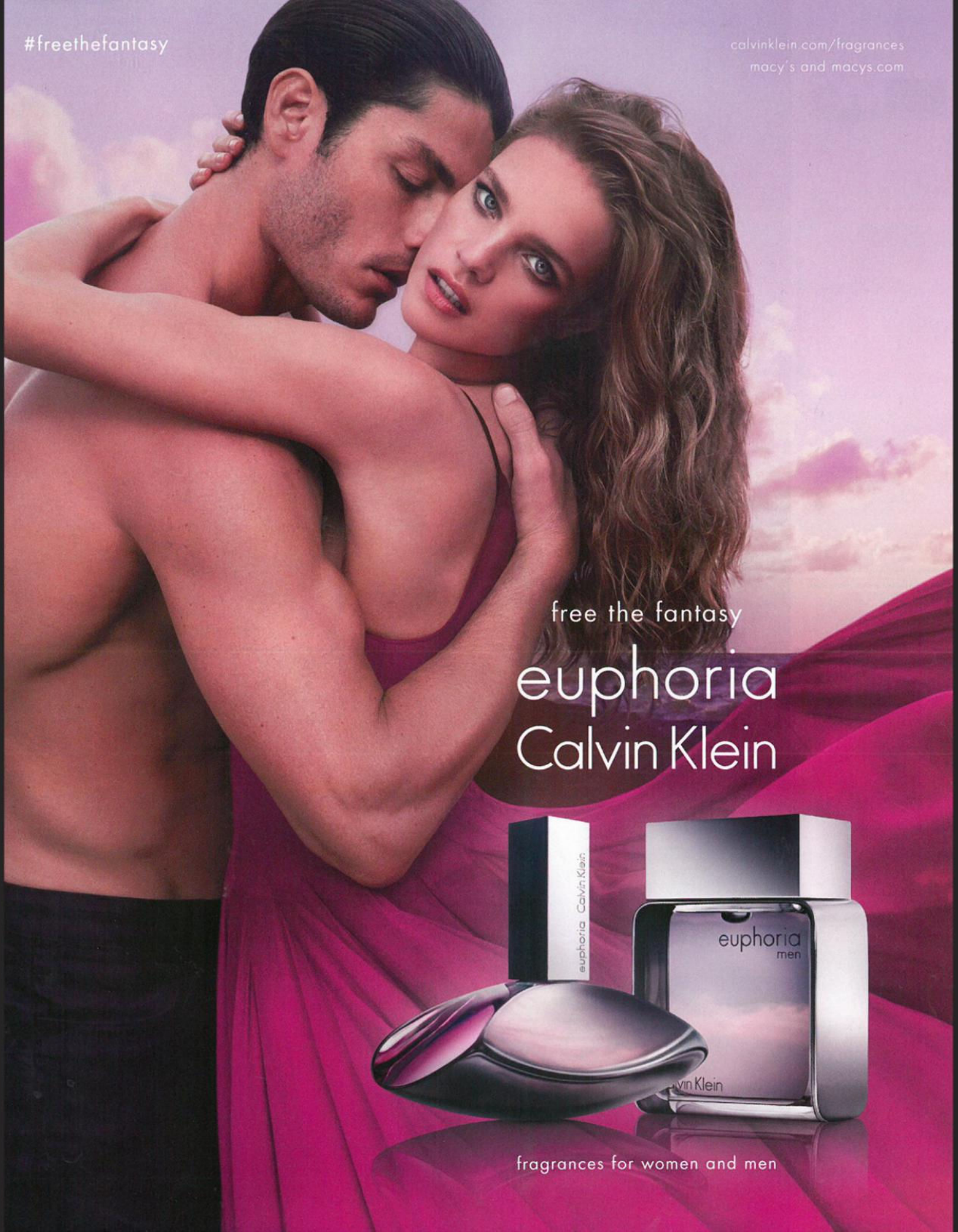


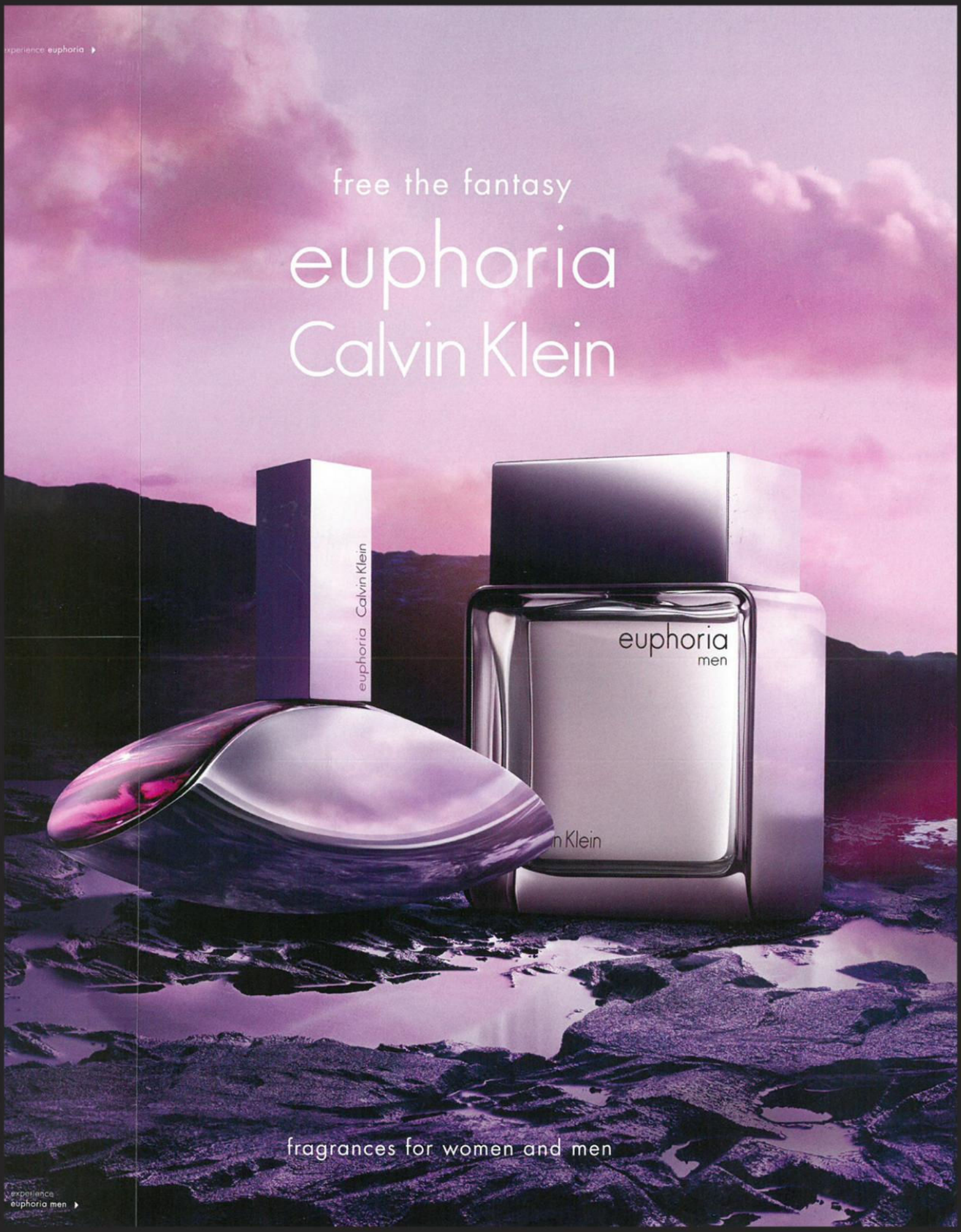
**The new skinny: ultralong, higher-waisted, supersexy**
Cotton-blend jeans, RAG & BONE/JEAN, $225, visit rag-bone.com



**A metallic heel puts an evening spin on off-duty light-wash jeans**
Leather sandal, CASADEI, $820, visit casadei.com

Jerome Corpuz (styled by Yashua Simmons; hair by Shinya Nakagawa at Artlist NY for Kérastase; makeup by Suzy Gerstein at Honey Artists for Chanel; manicure by Maki Sakamoto at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel; casting by Paul Brickman for Zan Casting; model: Eliza Hartmann at Fusion Models); for details, see Shopping Guide


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# THE WAIST LAND

## Who knew the easiest way to get an hourglass silhouette was with super-cinched menswear?

**STYLIST'S TIP**
Go long! The double-breasted overcoat is an ideal partner for everything from jeans to gowns.

Wool gabardine coat, price on request, trousers, $1,990, both, CÉLINE, similar styles at Céline, NYC. Cotton tank, HANES, $12 (for pack of three). Gold and black jade ring, VERDURA, $7,500. Stylist's own pin.

Jerome Corpuz (styled by Yashua Simmons; hair by Shinya Nakagawa at Artist NY for Kérastase; makeup by Suzy Gerstein at Honey Artists for Chanel; manicure by Maki Sakamoto at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel; casting by Paul Brickman for Zan Casting; model: Eliza Hartmann at Fusion Models); for details, see Shopping Guide

### +WEAR IT WITH



**Houndstooth, for foolproof Savile Row savoir faire**
Cotton-blend blazer, L.K.BENNETT, $425, at L.K.Bennett, NYC



**If basic black just isn't your thing, consider asymmetry**
Cotton jacquard jacket, PROENZA SCHOULER, $2,490, visit proenzaschouler.com



**The classic season-in, season-out option**
Stretch-wool jacket, RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION, $1,690, at select Ralph Lauren stores nationwide

# BLOCK PARTY

## Go back to the future in a luxe reimagining of '80s staples

Nylon jacket, $8,448, jersey top, $704, viscose shorts, $1,664, leather and brass ring, $365, calfskin boombox bag, $3,400, ankle boots, $1,541, all, LOUIS VUITTON, visit louisvuitton.com. Black rhodium silver hoop earring, LYNN BAN, $500 (for pair).



**GRAB YOUR MIXTAPES!** Meet the Boombox bag: Louis Vuitton's tongue-in-cheek trunk hybrid carries essentials *and* plays tunes

### +WEAR IT WITH



**A sporty-sleek watch with Bluetooth connectivity**
Stainless steel and ion-plated smart watch on silicone strap, MOVADO, $695, visit movado.com



**A color-block mackintosh for a go-faster finish**
Nylon raincoat, PRADA, $1,700, at select Prada boutiques nationwide



**Space-age booties with unexpected cutouts**
Leather ankle boot, 3.1 PHILLIP LIM, $695, similar styles at 31philliplim.com

Jerome Corpuz (styled by Yashua Simmons; hair by Shinya Nakagawa at Artlist NY for Kérastase; makeup by Suzy Gerstein at Honey Artists for Chanel; manicure by Maki Sakamoto at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel; casting by Paul Brickman for Zan Casting; model: Eliza Hartmann at Fusion Models); for details, see Shopping Guide

# SLEEPING BEAUTY

## Silk pajamas get all dressed up for the other 16 hours of the day

**STYLIST'S TIP**
A jacket in a utilitarian fabric adds just enough heft to cut the sweetness.



Stretch-cotton shirt, $1,295, tulle top, $650, cotton and silk satin trousers, $995, studded-leather belt, $650, all, BURBERRY X BARNEYS NEW YORK, exclusively at select Barneys New York stores nationwide. Gold and diamond earrings, IPPOLITA, $24,500. Woven calfskin pumps, CÉLINE, price on request.

### +WEAR IT WITH



**Start with a hit of office-appropriate Victoriana**
Cotton blouse, ANN TAYLOR, $80, visit anntaylor.com



**Add soft, loose trousers—sex appeal has never been so comfortable**
Silk trousers, YOLKE, $230, collection at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC



**Polish it off with backless loafers: menswear with a relaxed vibe**
Embossed snakeskin leather mule, PIERRE HARDY, $1,095, visit pierrehardy.com

Jerome Corpuz (styled by Yashua Simmons; hair by Shinya Nakagawa at Artlist NY for Kérastase; makeup by Suzy Gerstein at Honey Artists for Chanel; manicure by Maki Sakamoto at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel; casting by Paul Brickman for Zan Casting; model: Eliza Hartmann at Fusion Models); for details, see Shopping Guide

# GETAWAY PLAN

Whether staged in far-flung locales or inspired by them, the resort collections offer round-the-world journeys

## UNITED KINGDOM

For Gucci's latest explosion of eccentric chic, Alessandro Michele mined Union Jacks and natty plaids. Where better to debut his collection than London's millennium-old Westminster Abbey?




Leather jacket, DIESEL, price on request, similar styles at diesel.com





Gold and diamond earrings, MARIE-HÉLÈNE DE TAILLAC, $1,350, at Marie-Hélène de Taillac, NYC



Wool top, DIOR, $1,000, at Dior boutiques nationwide



Leather loafer, GUCCI, $795, visit gucci.com




Screen-printed and embroidered-lambskin handbag, PRECIOUSLY PARIS, $2,659, visit preciously paris.com

## CUBA

Valentino's Maria Grazia Chiuri (now helming Dior) and Pierpaolo Piccioli whisked us away—mentally, at least—to the Pearl of the Antilles with washed pastels and island textures.




Straw and grosgrain hat, $1,275, metal brooches, $350–$525 each, all, CHANEL, call 800-550-0005




Cotton T-shirt, CHANEL, $850, at Chanel boutiques nationwide




Gold and enamel ring, FOUNDRAE, $2,850, collection at ylang23.com



Embroidered-leather handbag, VALENTINO GARAVANI, $3,095, visit valentino.com

## BRAZIL

Nicolas Ghesquière's Louis Vuitton sport-infused collection—showcased at Oscar Niemeyer's Niterói Contemporary Art Museum—keeps Rio fever burning bright.




Multicolor sapphire, garnet, tourmaline, spinel, ebony, diamond, and gold earrings, VAN CLEEF & ARPELS, price on request, visit vancleef arpels.com



Wool sweater, LOUIS VUITTON, price on request, visit louisvuitton.com



Nylon and leather backpack, PRADA, $1,850, at select Prada boutiques nationwide




Polyamide and elastane swimsuit, SOLID & STRIPED, $158, visit solidandstriped.com



Glitter, leather, and rubber sandal, MARNI, $590, at Marni boutiques nationwide

Runway: courtesy of the designers (3); city scenes, from left: Getty Images (2); Getty Images/Hemis.fr RM; Chanel hat and brooches, Chanel T-shirt, and Louis Vuitton sweater: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (prop styling by Anita Salerno for R.J. Bennett Represents); Diesel jacket and Dior top: Ryan Roberts/Studio D (styled by Jill Telesnicki for R.J. Bennett Represents); remaining stills: courtesy of the designers


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# RICH FOLK

## More is more where exotic skins are concerned—and colorful patchwork lends a haute artisanal touch

EDITED BY MARIA DUEÑAS JACOBS AND JENNIFER GACH



Lizard, crocodile, and calfskin ankle boot, DIOR, $1,500, at Dior boutiques nationwide

Snakeskin handbag, BOTTEGA VENETA, $3,200, call 800-845-6790

Svend Lindbaek (prop styling by Beverley Hyde for Art Department)



# BLOOMING LOVELY

Fendi's floral-embroidered top-handle offers an instant wardrobe update—no green thumb required

Embroidered-velvet handbag, FENDI, $12,500, visit fendi.com

Diamond, sapphire, garnet, spinel, onyx, and white gold clips, both, VAN CLEEF & ARPELS, price on request, call 877-VAN-CLEEF

Svend Lindbaek (prop styling by Peter Tran for Art Department)


I dont Love...
lightly
half-heartedly
passively
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JUICY
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# RUBBER SOUL

The latest überbasic to benefit from a serious fashion makeover: the desert boot, now elevated with of-the-moment platforms



Suede boot, ALEXANDER WANG, $495, at Alexander Wang, NYC

Studded-suede boot, GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN, $975, visit giuseppezanottidesign.com

Suede boot, PIERRE HARDY, $855, visit pierrehardy.com

Svend Lindbaek (prop styling by Beverley Hyde for Art Department)

# EXIT STRATEGY

## Leave them wanting more in the season's party-in-the-back stilettos



Leather sandal, ROGER VIVIER, $1,395, visit rogervivier.com

Leather pump, SAINT LAURENT, $995, at Saint Laurent, NYC

Leather, brass, and crystal pump, DOLCE & GABBANA, $2,675, at select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide

Svend Lindbaek (prop styling by Peter Tran for Art Department)



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NEW YORK

# BACK IN THE SADDLE

## Ralph Lauren channels the best of the West in boots and bags fit for the free-spirited city slicker



Studded-calfskin handbag, RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION, $2,950, at select Ralph Lauren stores nationwide

Calfskin boot, RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION, $1,350, visit ralphlauren.com

Svend Lindbaek (prop styling by Megan Terry for Apostrophe)

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# GOODNIGHT MOON

## The latest constellation of lunar-inspired watches twinkle like the night sky

White gold and diamond watch on alligator strap, VAN CLEEF & ARPELS, price on request, visit vancleef arpels.com

White gold and diamond watch on alligator strap, PIAGET, price on request, call 877-8PIAGET

White gold and diamond watch on alligator strap, CARTIER, price on request, available by appointment at select Cartier boutiques nationwide

White gold and diamond watch on satin strap, JAEGER-LECOULTRE, price on request, visit jaeger-lecoultre.com

Stainless steel and diamond watch on leather strap, IWC, $8,650, visit iwc.com

Svend Lindbaek (prop styling by Beverley Hyde or Art Department)


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# IT TAKES TWO

Take your wardrobe to the next level with towering flatforms and the season's must-have conversation piece: the intricate patchwork bag

## WALK TALL



Patent leather platform loafer, KATE SPADE NEW YORK, $250, visit katespade.com



Leather platform sneaker, GUCCI, $950, at select Gucci stores nationwide

**STYLIST'S TIP**
The sturdy silhouette lends tomboy charm to even the frilliest of frocks.



Leather platform oxford, TOD'S, $745, at Tod's boutiques nationwide

## QUILT GUILD



Snakeskin patchwork handbag, CHLOÉ, $3,970, at Chloé boutiques nationwide



Snakeskin and suede handbag, BURBERRY, $2,495, visit burberry.com



Embellished-leather handbag, COACH 1941, $1,200, at select Coach stores nationwide

Courtesy of the designers (6)

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# ALL IN THE WRIST

Hermès has a long history of marrying artisanal craftsmanship and cutting-edge technology. In 1922, the Parisian house was granted the exclusive European rights to use zippers in leather goods. So revolutionary was the mechanism that it became known in France as "the Hermès fastener." Nearly a century later, the tech wizards at Apple—another world-beating brand with a very particular way of doing things—saw an ally in the most old-school of luxury *maisons*, teaming up with the skilled hands at Hermès on a series of überexclusive straps for the Apple Watch. The latest addition, this Double Buckle Cuff, was inspired by a sandal that Pierre Hardy, Hermès's creative director of footwear and jewelry, first designed in 1997 (the shoe took its design cues from the hypercolorful geometric Ndebele houses of South Africa) and comes in three hues—Etoupe, Rose Jaipur, and Bleu Agate. We'll be sporting ours in true ELLE fashion, of course, by doubling up.




Stainless steel watches, APPLE WATCH, from $549, visit apple.com. Leather cuff watchbands, APPLE WATCH HERMÈS, $689 each, shown in Rose Jaipur and Etoupe. iPhone 6s Plus, APPLE, from $749. For details, see Shopping Guide.

Svend Lindbaek (prop styling by Beverley Hyde for Art Department; manicure by Gina Edwards for Dior Vernis; model: Veronica at Parts Models)

# YOUNG AT HEART

Playfully mismatched stones and shakable charms add up to the season's most original fine jewelry

## SHAKER MAKER



Diamond and rose gold necklace, CHOPARD, $6,080, at Chopard boutiques nationwide



Gold, multicolor sapphire, and diamond charm locket on gold chain, LOQUET LONDON, starting at $2,647, visit loquetlondon.com



Gold, sapphire glass, and multicolor sapphire medallion necklace, AURÉLIE BIDERMANN, $7,095, at Aurélie Bidermann, NYC

## UNLIKELY ALLIES



Sapphire, gold, and tsavorite earrings, BOWENNYC, $2,490, visit bowennyc.com



Gold and diamond earrings, ANA KHOURI, $6,538, collection at Barneys New York



Gold, amethyst, blue topaz, citrine quartz, pink tourmaline, and diamond earrings, BULGARI, $6,200, call 800-BULGARI

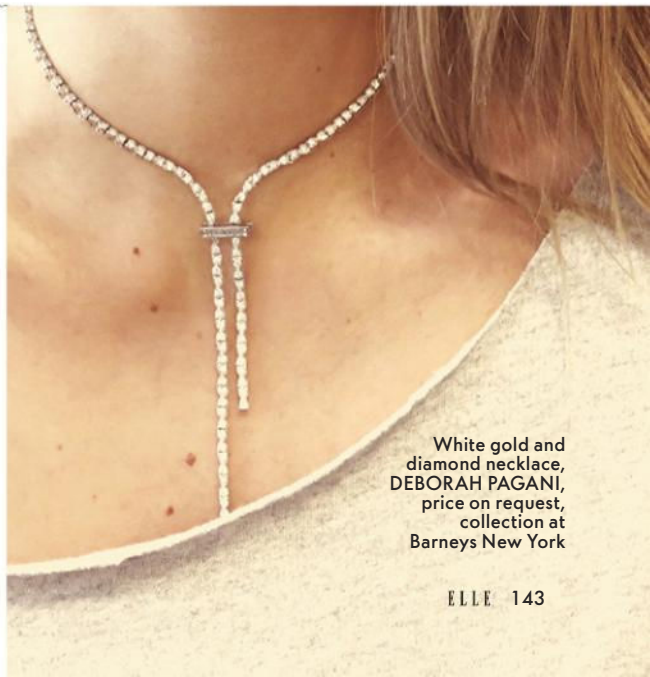
## ROPED AND TIED



Gold and pavé diamond necklace, TACORI, $1,490, visit tacori.com

Silver bonded platinum and Lassaire diamond necklace, LAFONN, $160, visit lafonn.com

Rose gold and diamond necklace, PIAGET, $9,000, visit piaget.com



White gold and diamond necklace, DEBORAH PAGANI, price on request, collection at Barneys New York

Courtesy of the designers (10)



Hilary Swank, photographed in Los Angeles. Nylon jacket, $425, recycled polyamide and elastane bra, $145, leggings, $195, all, MISSION STATEMENT, visit missionstatement.com. Sneakers, NIKE, $80.

# LEAP OF FAITH

After a two-year acting hiatus, Hilary Swank is leaping back into public life—this time at the helm of a luxe activewear line she calls Mission Statement.
**By Nick Axelrod**

"When I was in my twenties and thirties, I felt so alone in my insecurities," Hilary Swank says. "When you hit 40, you're like, Oh, we all have our insecurities. You just feel less alone in them." Two years after that landmark birthday, with her trademark blinding smile and perfectly shiny chestnut hair—her skin free of both makeup and, the actress suspects, sunscreen (did she put it on this morning? She can't recall)—Swank still exudes the athletic physicality and dash of aw-shucks earnestness that, onscreen, enables her to disappear into gritty, often glamour-free roles (including her two Oscar-winning turns, in 1999's *Boys Don't Cry* and 2004's *Million Dollar Baby*).

Sitting knock-kneed on a pool chair at her pal Chelsea Handler's sleek Bel-Air home, Swank is discussing the realizations she arrived at over the last two years, during which she hit pause on acting to be with her father, Stephen, during his successful recovery from a lung transplant. "While I was with my dad in the hospital, there was a lot of quiet space," she says. But quiet space isn't really her thing. "To be able to just sit down sometimes and allow an hour to pass, even just sitting in nature...." Swank wishes she were better at that. "This is probably where I could use work," she admits.

Instead, Swank spent her downtime—if tending to an ailing parent really qualifies as such, which it doesn't—building her charity, the Hilaroo Foundation, which pairs at-risk youth with rescue dogs at an ongoing series of L.A.-area day camps. She was also plotting a new enterprise: a luxury athleisure collection, Mission Statement—something she'd contemplated before but had never had the time or mental resources to see through.

Her new role as a designer and entrepreneur, she says, is not a total departure from moviemaking. "You start with an idea, a story, and you have to find the right people to write it, create it, produce it, manufacture it—it's a perfect parallel." In this sense, fashion was, as she says, "a natural progression, into that collaborative spirit." She was the sole fi-



Above, left: Wool and cashmere jacket, $795, recycled polyamide and elastane bra, $175, lambskin leggings, $900. Center: Lambskin jacket, $1,150, cotton-blend top, $225, track pants, $225. Right: Cashmere tops, $395–$495 each, cotton-blend track pants, $225, all, MISSION STATEMENT, visit missionstatement.com

Naj Jamal (styled by Sarah Schussheim; hair by Sascha Breuer at Starworks Artists for Wella Professionals; makeup by Sage Maitri at the Wall Group for Charlotte Tilbury; manicure by Michelle Saunders at Forward Artists for Essie)

nancier at the outset (she hopes to complete a round of financing by the end of the year) and enlisted "my crew"—including her cofounder, former Marc by Marc Jacobs president Carolyn Risoli, and codesigner, Dot Keedy—through cold-calling and informal coffees. "I didn't have a group of agents around me to do it," Swank says. "It was all me, on my own."

As for the name, "I called it Mission Statement because, in a day and age when so many women are objectified and trivialized—you have to look a certain way to be loved, you have to act a certain way to be successful—I really want to encourage women to take an hour for themselves every day to figure out what their truest authentic self is and work toward it, whatever that is for them."

This kind of talk could sound almost predictable coming from a Hollywood A-lister, but Swank not only exudes authenticity, she also happens to be well qualified for the role of coach. Born in Lincoln, Nebraska, and raised, by her own description, "in a trailer park, in humble beginnings" in Washington state, she started swimming at age three and by 13 was in the pool five hours a day, training for the Junior Olympics. (She was also a state-ranked gymnast.) At 16, she left the pool to seek an acting career, but fitness remains "like water and food," she says. She works up a sweat four to five days a week, whether through two-hour tennis sessions (her "total obsession" of the last couple of years thanks to an ex-boyfriend, French former tennis pro Ruben Torres), weight lifting, or hiking. The result: one of Hollywood's most undersung hardbodies, now featured prominently in Swank's #FitnessFriday Instagram videos. It's nearly impossible not to think 'I'll have what she's having' after watching the svelte star joyfully pump iron, dive into a lake during her latest triathlon, and leap from a trapeze platform.

Missionstatement.com soon will give her a wider platform from which to inspire. It will not only sell her clothes but also spotlight the inspiring journeys of other women she encounters. "I think one of the pluses of social media," Swank says, "is the ability to see how other people have struggled, like, 'This was my obstacle and this is how I overcame it.'"

Fashion fans will be relieved to learn that Swank not only wants to help us "step into our greatness"—she wants us to look genuinely chic doing it. Unlike other celeb-fronted athleisure brands (Kate Hudson's bright, fun Fabletics; Beyoncé's sexy-sporty Ivy Park), Mission Statement is selling subtlety: muted colors—no trendy photo prints or yoga-esque squiggles here—plus hidden features (headphone slits, retractable thumb holes) and fancy materials that verge on one-percenter luxe—oh, to sweat it out in 100 percent cashmere! These are workout clothes for women like Swank herself: understated, successful, and serious about their recreation. The line ranges from around $125 for an Italian-made sports bra to $1,150 for a stretch-lambskin hooded jacket, with highlights including laser-cut tennis dresses, paper-thin windbreakers, open-backed off-duty jackets, and slim track pants, plus gauzy cashmere layering pieces that you could also confidently wear, say, on the red-eye to New York.

To be clear, Swank has not abandoned her day job entirely. With her dad back at "100 percent," she says, she filmed the true-life drama *55 Steps* in May, playing the lawyer to Helena Bonham Carter's schizophrenic woman battling to control her care, and she's signed on for a starring role in Alejandro González Iñárritu's as-yet-unscheduled Starz dysfunctional-family series, *The One Percent*. Next fall, she'll join Channing Tatum, Riley Keough, Daniel Craig, and Adam Driver in Steven Soderbergh's NASCAR heist, *Logan Lucky*. In choosing her roles now, she still gravitates to dramatic, true-life fare with an inspirational bent and "projects that have a physical aspect to them," says Swank, drawing a neat through-line between her film career and her latest venture.

Credit Mission Statement, or her father's gradual recovery, but offscreen Swank no longer assigns herself a single definition. "I've always said, 'I'm an actress.' And yes, it's what I do, but it was an interesting moment for me, when you say, 'No, right now I'm a person, I'm a daughter, I'm going to be a designer of this line and a founder of this company.' You realize, Oh, I'm a multifaceted person."



Viera-Newton (seated, right) with models in HVN

# CHERRY PICKED

Harley Viera-Newton debuts a lite-brite collection of vintage-inspired frocks. **By Alison S. Cohn**

"I woke up this morning, and I'd been tagged in a ton of photos," says DJ-turned-designer Harley Viera-Newton. Social media fame is nothing new to her, but this time around, she's recounting the fate of a photo not of herself at a celeb-studded party, but rather of hotter-than-hot Margot Robbie. The actress wore a retro cherry-print shawl-collar dress from HVN, Viera-Newton's debut collection of romantic silk and eyelet dresses, to a *Tarzan* press day. This, she says, is a new thrill: "There's no way really to explain seeing your dress on a beautiful stranger." Robbie's silk number, reminiscent of the practical yet glamorous housedresses with piped lapels of the 1940s, is inspired by the vintage frocks that have long been 28-year-old Viera-Newton's own sartorial calling card. "My friends call it 'the Harley Dress,'" the designer says with a laugh. "There's a photo of me at sixth grade graduation wearing a vintage dress that goes in at the waist and poofs out, so I've literally been dressing like this since I was 12. There's been zero style evolution."

It could be argued that such precociously decisive personal style comes naturally when your mother is a former model and the co-founder of the Tom Binns jewelry line, your father is the president of Capitol Music Group (and discoverer of the Spice Girls), and your cousin is shoe designer Charlotte Olympia Dellal. But blue-chip fashion pedigree aside, Viera-Newton, who was born in London and raised in California, developed an "obsession" for old-school silhouettes as a preteen while trolling the dollar bins at Los Angeles–area vintage mainstays American Rag and Hidden Treasures, where she made her selections based on color or print rather than size. "I'd take items into my tailor, and she would say, 'I don't know if this is salvageable—this is either way too small or way too big on you,'" Viera-Newton says. "But we'd always make it work."

Let other It Girls who spin on the international swirl of fashion fetes dress in of-the-moment designer freebies. Viera-Newton was initially inspired to make HVN because she thought it might be nice to have a few designs that fit right straight off the rack, were made of fabric that wasn't old and stiff, and didn't smell. "It's next to impossible to find a vintage dress that has a great print, a great fit, and a nice fabric," she says.

So she took her years of hunting for that specific shade of pink gingham, or that perfect cherry print she saw in her mind's eye, into six perfect styles in luxurious fabrics. In addition to the Harley, they include two slipdresses—one a bit more fitted in the bodice—and a belted pajama dress, all priced between $425 and $675. Collaborating with Band of Outsiders alum Wyatt Hough on custom prints, Viera-Newton spent months researching digital textile archives and worked to inject elements of her personality into her designs. (That effort included hiding a subtle HVN logo in a ditsy floral pattern and modifying a cat print to look like her kitten, a Bengal given to her by her live-in boyfriend, DJ Ross One.)

Natalie Kingham, buying director for Matchesfashion.com, which hosted a launch party at Soho pâtisserie Ladurée, is a believer. "They work well for multiple events and are ideal for travel as they're lightweight, and they're great prices," she says. Viera-Newton's New York pal, musician and filmmaker Tracy Antonopoulos, turned up to the party in an HVN dress with high socks and little saddle shoes; Alexa Chung wore hers with classic heels; for model Martha Hunt, it was combat boots. Seeing your dress on a beautiful stranger is good. Seeing it on your best pals? Sweet indeed.



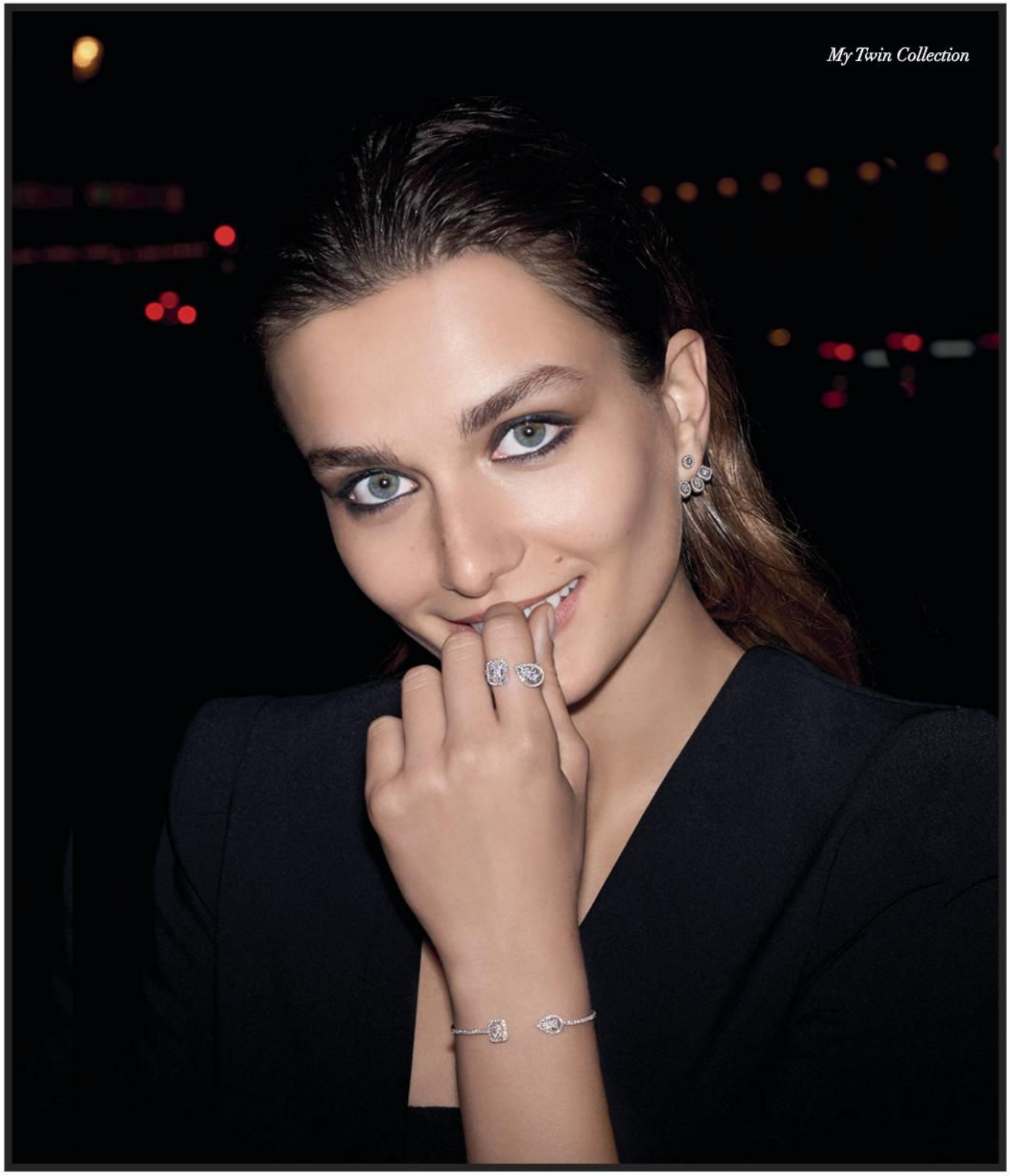


From left: Hunt and Robbie

From top: Sam Deitch/BFA/Rex/Shutterstock (2); Instagram

# MESSIKA

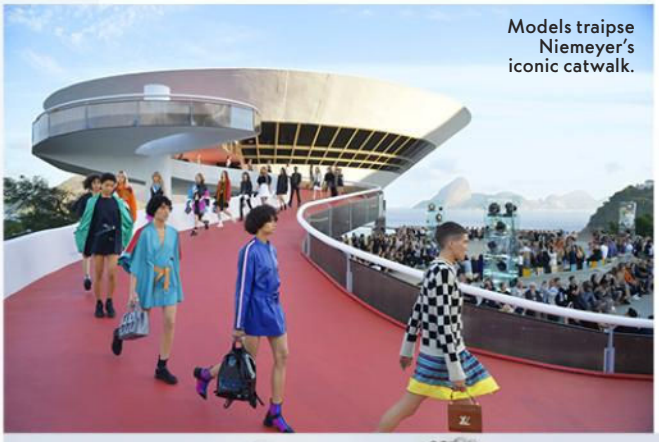
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# RIO'S GOT CURVES



Models traipse Niemeyer's iconic catwalk.



Courtesy of the designer (3)

Louis Vuitton embraces the sensual retro-futurism of Brazilian starchitect Oscar Niemeyer. **By Anne Slowey**

The Olympics opening ceremony reminded us that Brazil is home to Amazonian rain forests, rubber plantations, Carnival, and more dance trends than we can count. Any architecture fan watching closely could also have spotted a reference to one of the country's more cerebral resources, visible in a trail of lights just as Gisele swished offstage: the sketches of architect Oscar Niemeyer. Abandoning the man-made right angles and the ruler-straight lines of his mentor, Le Corbusier, Niemeyer used reinforced concrete to create sweeping, curvilinear shapes and free-form roofs evoking his country's dramatic mountains and sinuous rivers, as well as the sensuality of its beautiful women. The results are among the most futuristic structures of the twentieth century, including Paris's Communist Party headquarters and, on a hillside outside of Rio, the Niterói Contemporary Art Museum—newly renovated thanks in part to a donation from Louis Vuitton and, this past May, the site of Nicolas Ghesquière's resort 2017 show. (Among the highlights: color-blocked windbreakers resembling kites, parachute dresses conjuring images of nautical flags, and paper-thin neoprene dresses in a graphic racing-flag check.)

Long before fashion critics started using the word *catwalk* to describe the runway, it was how theater people referred to the elevated platforms from which lights are hung. Later, architects adopted it to describe the dramatic ramps featured on their buildings. English set designer Es Devlin, who has staged Ghesquière's Vuitton shows since spring 2015, showcased the iconic catwalk that winds around Niemeyer's museum to create, she said, an "observatory to the future."

Indeed, like the architect, Ghesquière is fascinated by futurism. Science fiction has been a dominant theme of his career, resulting in cutting-edge fabrics, construction ideas, and silhouettes. For resort, the designer has said he was taken with Niemeyer's "radicalism" and the Utopian feel of the spaceship-like building: "That's where you see the genius of great architects; they are like illusionists. What I profoundly admire about Niemeyer is the strength of his conviction."

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Gwyneth Paltrow, Creative Director, Makeup






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# FASHION NEWS

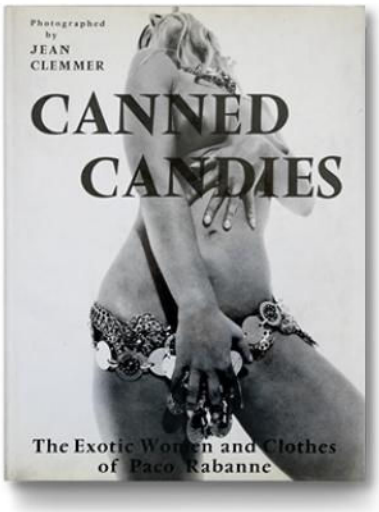



## CRAFT SERVICES

Who do both Alber Elbaz and Jessica Biel call to keep their fetes fabulous? Fashion's most in-demand party-accoutrement maker, Confetti System, led by Nicolas Andersen and Julie Ho. Crafting everything from customized paper blooms to oversize cat-head piñatas, the talented duo is taking papier-mâché to new heights.

## PRECIOUS METAL

To celebrate the fifth anniversary of gallery-esque Hollywood boutique Just One Eye, Paco Rabanne designer Julien Dossena launches a capsule collection this month. Among its offerings: leggings and underwear inspired by *Canned Candies*, the 1969 monograph by French photographer and frequent Salvador Dalí collaborator Jean Clemmer, which features models wearing little more than elaborate chain mail jewelry.




## MOVING IMAGE

The stars of art and cinema align at the sixth annual Gucci-sponsored LACMA Art + Film Gala on October 29—this year honoring Oscar-winning director Kathryn Bigelow and 87-year-old Light and Space movement pioneer Robert Irwin, who recently completed his magnum opus, an illuminative rebuild of an abandoned 1921 army hospital near Marfa, Texas.



Above: Irwin's *Untitled (Four Walls)*, 2006; Gucci's creative director, Alessandro Michele (left), with Asia Chow



## FRENCH CONNECTION

"I found this tattoo shop on Hollywood Boulevard that was the wickedest place I've ever seen," says Paris-based designer Aurélie Larrousse of her first L.A. memory. "I was supposed to stay a few days and ended up staying for three months—I have never felt so free!" Her punk-inspired collection, Beau Souci, unites luxe knits, paillettes, and body jewelry, marrying the chic and understatement of the City of Light with the edge, glamour, and boldness of the City of Angels.

Left: Models wearing Beau Souci, fall 2016

Clockwise from top left: Adam Katz Sinding; courtesy of Opening Ceremony; courtesy of the designer; Getty Images for LACMA; courtesy of LACMA

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# MADE WITH LOVE

Shinola bursts into the world of fine jewelry with the help of cool-girl designer **Pamela Love**, making it easier than ever to do good by looking *great*.
**By Naomi Rougeau**



Love wearing designs from her eponymous collection. Right and below: Pieces from her collection for Shinola



Shinola's Detroit factory







On occasion, CFDA award–winning jewelry designer Pamela Love daydreams about packing up and moving to the red-dust town of Coober Pedy, Australia (pop. 3,500), famed for its subterranean dugout homes—handy in the 100-degree average summer heat—and, since 1915, for its white opals. "It's really hard for me *not* to work with opals," says Love. "I often fantasize about moving there and becoming an expert." Love's favorite piece from her new fine-jewelry collection for Detroit-based brand Shinola is a deceptively simple, 14-karat yellow gold signet ring with the mystical, color-filled stone front and center. "You would not believe the hours spent perfecting that ring," says the designer of the meticulously balanced heirloom-to-be.

Bringing a brand that specializes in handmade leather footballs, road bikes, space pens, and, of course, clean, classic timepieces into the world of fine jewelry takes a clever touch. Working with Shinola's VP of design, Whitney Delgado, Love riffed on the basic shapes of the company's bread-and-butter watches, adding a soupçon of her own bohemian sensibility. The results: Sterling silver and 14-karat yellow gold rings, silver cuffs, and lockets feature the signature grooved-coin edge of Shinola watch bezels. The company's lightning bolt symbol is reframed as a pendant and earrings. Watchbands are reenvisioned as cuffs with functioning buckles (price range: $450 to $8,000). And there's more to come. For Shinola, which previously teamed up with Oscar de la Renta on one-off watch designs and manufactures timepieces sold under the Filson brand, this latest melding of the minds is the start of something bigger. "We're looking to form a partnership that will become a meaningful portion of Shinola's business," says Creative Director Daniel Caudill.

True to the company's mission, the more jewelry the company sells, the more jobs it will create. The brainchild of Fossil founder Tom Kartsotis, Shinola launched in the Motor City in 2011, hiring displaced auto workers whose technical skills translated well to fabricating timepieces and bicycles. Its postrecession success story has become a symbol of American reinvention and resilience. "What started as an unconventional idea with a philanthropic twist has become an incredible vehicle for job creation," says Kartsotis of Shinola, which now boasts 18 stores, including flagships in New York and London. Despite a recent FTC ruling that the company can no longer brand itself "made in America" because of a technicality—though all assembly is done domestically, Swiss and other imported parts go into its jewels and bikes—its impact is undeniable: 530 people (397 in Detroit) are now employed by the brand. That's a major attraction for Love, whose own nine-year-old line is made exclusively in New York and Los Angeles. She notes, "Preserving crafts and creating jobs has always been at the forefront of my business."

Clockwise from top left: Elisabet Davidsdottir/courtesy of Pamela Love; remaining images: courtesy of Shinola

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First up: The '80s strike back with Marc Jacobs's Material Girl in bold hues and blown-up proportions

# GIRLS ON FILM

Grab the popcorn! Dim the lights! In a resort season rich with silver screen–worthy shapes, ELLE cues up a decades-spanning playlist of fashion films

EDITED BY JADE FRAMPTON

Courtesy of the designer

# 1950s

Be the picture of elegance in romantic circle skirts, like the one *true* Hollywood royal, Grace Kelly






Antique white gold and diamond earrings, A. JACOBY & COMPANY, $1,350, visit ajacoby.com



*HIGH SOCIETY* (1956), KELLY'S CINEMATIC SWAN SONG BEFORE MARRYING PRINCE RAINIER III OF MONACO



Silk wool dress, GABRIELA HEARST, $2,795, collection at matchesfashion.com



Silk blouse, MILLY, $275, visit milly.com

Organdy and poplin belted shirt, DELPOZO, $1,400, visit delpozo.com





Suede handbag, MANSUR GAVRIEL, $795, collection at Kirna Zabête, NYC



Cotton skirt, NOVIS, $1,150, collection at Capitol, Charlotte, NC

**STYLIST'S TIP** Tea length is perfectly compatible with heels and flats.



Grosgrain slides, FRANCES VALENTINE, $325, visit francesvalentine.com



Calfskin skirt, BROCK COLLECTION, $2,990, collection at Barneys New York

## AIR MAX You fell hard for off-the-shoulder? Meet its even girlier cousin, the blouson sleeve



Cotton blouse, HELLESSY, $880, collection at shopbop.com



Wool cotton shirt, CO, $895, collection at neimanmarcus.com



Cotton blouse, JILL STUART, $318, at Jill Stuart, NYC




Printed blouse, ASOS, $55, visit asos.com

Film still: Alamy Stock Photo; runway: courtesy of the designer; A. Jacoby & Company, earrings, Delpozo shirt, ASOS blouse, and Mansur Gavriel handbag: courtesy of the designers; Hellessy blouse and Jill Stuart blouse: Jeff Harris/Studio D (prop styling by Jill Telesnicki for R.J. Bennett Represents); remaining images: Jeff Harris/Studio D (prop styling by Anita Salerno for R.J. Bennett Represents); for details, see Shopping Guide

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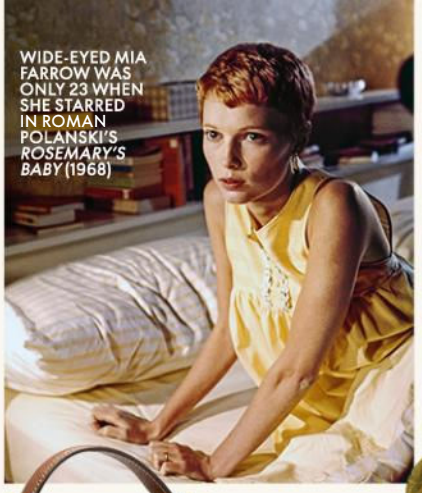
**Ask your eye care professional for complete wear, care and safety information.**

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# 1960s

Thanks to Rosemary Woodhouse, saccharine hues and naïve shapes will always have a whiff of subversion



WIDE-EYED MIA FARROW WAS ONLY 23 WHEN SHE STARRED IN ROMAN POLANSKI'S *ROSEMARY'S BABY* (1968)



Cotton coat, THOM BROWNE. NEW YORK, $3,200, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide



Leather handbag, MARK CROSS, $2,495, collection at Forty Five Ten, Dallas



Silk and cotton sweater, KATE SPADE NEW YORK, $248, visit katespade.com



Wool trousers, J.CREW, $268, visit jcrew.com



Gold and diamond watch on alligator strap, MICHELE, $1,175, visit michele.com

**STYLIST'S TIP** A bow neck puts a sweet finish on lace—no necklace required.



Lace dress, ALICE + OLIVIA BY STACEY BENDET, $395, visit aliceandolivia.com



UNDER $100

Cotton cardigan, LOFT, $50, at Loft stores nationwide



Peach moonstone and rose gold ring, TACORI, $1,230, visit tacori.com




## CAT'S CRADLE A dainty kitten heel, the baby doll's easy-walking companion



UNDER $100

Calfskin pump, ALDO, $90, visit aldoshoes.com



Leather pump, TABITHA SIMMONS, $1,145, visit tabithasimmons.com



Satin pump, OSCAR DE LA RENTA, $650, at Oscar de la Renta boutiques nationwide



UNDER $150

Suede pump, LOUISE ET CIE, $129, visit louiseetcie.com

Film still: Paul Slade/Paris Match via Getty Images; runway: courtesy of the designer; Kate Spade New York sweater and J.Crew trousers: Jeff Harris/Studio D (prop styling by Anita Salerno for R.J. Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide




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Ellen is wearing Simply Ageless Instant Wrinkle Defying Foundation in Creamy Natural

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improves tone



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Sofia is wearing Simply Ageless 3-IN-1 Liquid Foundation in Soft Honey

# 1970s

Nothing says streetwise bohemian like statement boots, a spot of leopard, and a mini *almost* as micro as Jane Fonda's in *Klute*



FONDA WORE HER OWN CLOTHES TO PLAY CALL GIRL BREE DANIEL IN *KLUTE* (1971), FOR WHICH SHE WON HER FIRST OSCAR



PHILOSOPHY DI LORENZO SERAFINI

Velvet pants, MAJE, $240, at Maje stores nationwide



**STYLIST'S TIP** Rethink basic blues with an I ♥ the '70s claret shade.



Mohair beret, MAISON MICHEL, $400, visit michel-paris.com



Cotton lace blouse, VILSHENKO, $770, collection at modaoperandi.com



Shearling coat, SANDRO, $3,245, visit sandro-paris.com



Leather and suede ankle boot, KATE SPADE NEW YORK, $425, visit katespade.com



Lambskin skirt, LONGCHAMP, $985, at Longchamp boutiques nationwide



Viscose-blend top, MILLY, $195, at Milly, NYC

## PONY UP Bold hardware gives the fringed saddle bag a modern spin



Embellished-leather saddle bag, COACH 1941, $450, at select Coach stores nationwide



Lizard-embossed calfskin saddle bag, LITTLE LIFFNER, $410, collection at net-a-porter.com



Leather saddle bag, MICHAEL MICHAEL KORS, $398, visit michaelkors.com



Suede saddle bag, CELINE LEFEBURE, $475, at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide

Film still: Everett Collection; runway: courtesy of the designer; Vilshenko blouse: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (prop styling by Anita Salerno for R.J. Bennett Represents); Milly top: Jeff Harris/Studio D (prop styling by Anita Salerno for R.J. Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide




# THE EVERY DAY HUSTLE

Picture a massive daytime party where energy is electric, good vibes are contagious, and an exhilarating soundtrack brings people together. That's **Everyday People**. Co-founded by tastemaker Saada Ahmed in 2012 as a monthly event, Everyday People has evolved into a nationwide series of immersive cultural experiences that connects partygoers to the best in food, art, travel, wellness, and, of course, music. Here, Saada shares how she became the life of the party.

## PARTY GIRL

Saada's road map to success is refreshingly straightforward.

**TRUST YOURSELF**
I got where I am today by following my instincts.

**NETWORK**
Build and maintain genuine relationships—I couldn't do what I do without help from my friends.

**BE AUTHENTIC**
Integrity is the one thing you can't risk losing.

**KEEP IT SIMPLE**
My motto is, I am everyday people.

## TURN IT UP

Saada's drive to hustle harder is rooted in family and responsibility. "I hustle harder because I have no choice. I am a first-generation American and I want to succeed in order to help others. When I face challenges, I remember the sacrifices my mother made for me and the people before me who paved the way for me to be where I am today."



All Saada-related images courtesy of Brad Ogbonna


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- Available advanced safety features including Rear Cross Traffic Alert, Lane Keep Assist, and Forward Collision Alert
- Up to 40 MPG highway[5]

[1]REQUIRES A COMPATIBLE MOBILE DEVICE, ACTIVE ONSTAR SERVICE, AND DATA PLAN. 4G LTE SERVICE AVAILABLE IN SELECT MARKETS. VISIT ONSTAR.COM FOR COVERAGE MAP, DETAILS, AND SYSTEM LIMITATIONS. DATA PLAN PROVIDED BY AT&T. [2]THE SYSTEM WIRELESSLY CHARGES ONE PMA- OR QI-COMPATIBLE MOBILE DEVICE. SOME DEVICES REQUIRE AN ADAPTER OR BACK COVER. TO CHECK FOR PHONE OR OTHER DEVICE COMPATIBILITY, VISIT MY.CHEVROLET.COM/LEARN FOR DETAILS. [3]MYLINK FUNCTIONALITY VARIES BY MODEL. FULL FUNCTIONALITY REQUIRES COMPATIBLE BLUETOOTH® AND SMARTPHONE, AND USB CONNECTIVITY FOR SOME DEVICES. [4]VEHICLE USER INTERFACES ARE PRODUCTS OF APPLE AND GOOGLE, AND THEIR TERMS AND PRIVACY STATEMENTS APPLY. REQUIRES COMPATIBLE SMARTPHONE, AND DATA PLAN RATES APPLY. [5]CRUZE PREMIER MODEL SHOWN WITH 1.4L 4-CYLINDER ENGINE AND AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION OFFER AN EPA-ESTIMATED 39 MPG HIGHWAY. [6]ALWAYS USE SAFETY BELTS AND CHILD RESTRAINTS. CHILDREN ARE SAFER WHEN PROPERLY SECURED IN A REAR SEAT IN THE APPROPRIATE CHILD RESTRAINT. SEE THE OWNER'S MANUAL FOR MORE INFORMATION.

## CULTURE CLUB

Saada draws inspiration from everyday culture: music, travel, documentaries, and autobiographies of creative people. Current influences include *Vanishing Africa*, by Mirella Ricciardi; *Ebony*, *Essence*, and *Sepia* magazines from the '60s and '70s; and *Soul Train*.



BECAUSE, FOR YOU, IT'S ALWAYS GO TIME. VISIT CHEVROLET.COM/CRUZE.

# 1980s

Live life to the fullest à la Madonna's hard-partying *Desperately Seeking Susan* in a fearless mix of optic checks and blinged-out leather



MARC JACOBS



UNDER $100

Rhodium and crystal earrings, SWAROVSKI, $89, at Swarovski boutiques nationwide



THE QUEEN OF POP AT 26 IN *DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN* (1985), A YEAR AFTER HER BREAKTHROUGH ALBUM, *LIKE A VIRGIN*



Studded-leather jacket, LPA, $1,400, visit lpathelabel.com



Calfskin belt, ISABEL MARANT, $330, at Isabel Marant, NYC

Jacquard skirt, KIMORA LEE SIMMONS, $495, call 855-SHOP-KLS

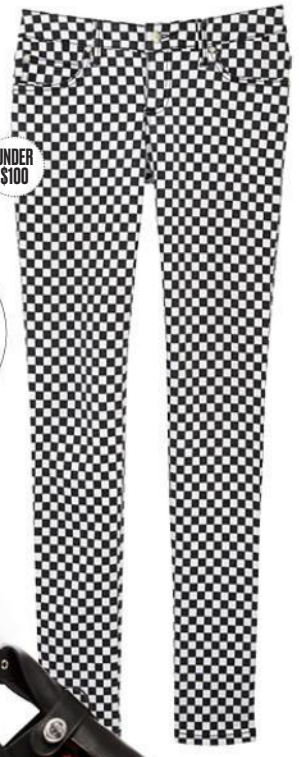




Nylon tulle dress, BILL BLASS, $558, visit billblass.com

Twill pants, DAANG GOODMAN FOR TRIPP NYC, $68, visit trippnyc.com

UNDER $100



**STYLIST'S TIP** How to conjure the '80s: ethereal tulle, punk shoes, serious studs.



UNDER $50

Mesh top, ASOS, $30, visit asos.com



Leather and calf-hair creeper, COACH 1941, $525, visit coach.com

## FULLY STACKED Bracelets? Check. Pile 'em on in a mix of textures, graphics, and glitz



Metal, resin, and strass bracelets, CHANEL, $1,650, at Chanel boutiques nationwide



Silver and sapphire bracelet, JOHN HARDY, $850, visit johnhardy.com



Silverplate and leather bracelet, VITA FEDE, $200, visit vitafede.com



Silver bracelet, VAHAN, $1,065, visit vahanjewelry.com

Film still: Everett Collection; runway: courtesy of designer; LPA jacket and Daang Goodman for Tripp NYC pants: Jeff Harris/Studio D (prop styling by Anita Salerno for R.J. Bennett Representing); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

# 1990s

Find an outlet for youthful angst in distressed denim and twisted florals, like Winona's conflicted cool-girl-forever in *Reality Bites*






Leather jacket, SANDRO, $950, visit sandro-paris.com



UNDER $200

Silver pendant necklace, PANDORA JEWELRY, $150, visit pandora.net

Denim jeans, AYR, $275, visit ayr.com





WINONA RYDER IN THE COMING-OF-AGE FILM *REALITY BITES* (1994)



Wool-blend sweater, FRAME, $295, collection at net-a-porter.com



Suede and leather clog, AQUATALIA, $395, visit aquatalia.com



Cotton shorts, 3.1 PHILLIP LIM, $325, at 3.1 Phillip Lim stores nationwide

**STYLIST'S TIP** The perfect partner for mid- to high-waist jeans? A sleek bodysuit.



Bodysuit, GUESS, $39, visit guess.com

UNDER $50

## LOVE EVERLASTING Extend the shelf life of a baby doll dress with a cozy underpinning



Printed dress, CARVEN, $890, collection at fwrd.com. Stretch-viscose top, DKNY, $298, collection at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide



UNDER $50

Silk dress, COACH 1941, $750, visit coach.com. Spandex-blend top, SIMPLY VERA VERA WANG, $48, collection at Kohl's stores nationwide



UNDER $50

Cotton dress, WARM, $595, collection at barneys.com. Wool and Lyocell top, H&M, $35, visit hm.com



Chiffon dress, ANNA SUI, $398, at Anna Sui, NYC. Wool sweater, VEDA, $338, visit thisisveda.com

Film still: Universal Pictures/courtesy of Neal Peters Collection; runway: courtesy of the designer; Sandro jacket and AYR jeans: Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (prop styling by Gabe Riviera for R.J. Bennett Represents); Frame sweater, Carven dress, Coach 1941 dress, Warm dress, and Anna Sui dress: Jeff Harris/Studio D (prop styling by Anita Salerno for R.J. Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide


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# REBEL, REBEL

From *The Breakfast Club* to *The Outsiders*, no cinematic bad boy is complete without a trusty jean jacket—warmed up for fall with a bit of shearling, and available in every shade of indigo



Denim and shearling jacket, LEVI'S c/o OFF-WHITE, $1,437, visit off---white.com



UNDER $150

Cotton denim jacket, DR. DENIM, $140, visit drdenimjeans.com



Cotton denim jacket, GUESS, $158, visit guess.com



Denim jacket, SIWY, $306, visit siwydenim.com



Cotton-blend jacket, PAIGE, $279, visit paige.com

**STYLIST'S TIP**
Try a midnight rinse for a sleek after-hours update.



**Denim and wool jacket, ZOE KARSSEN, $472, exclusively at** zoekarssen.com

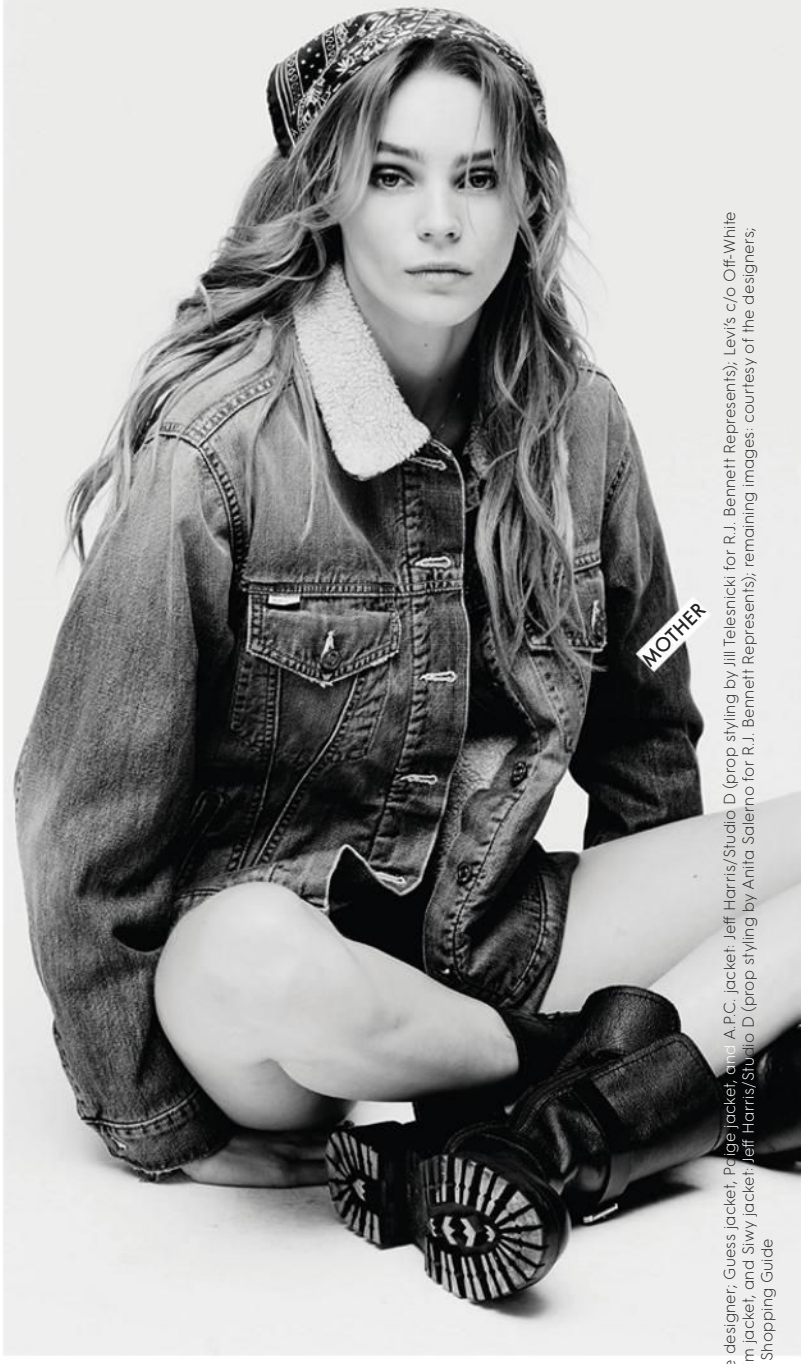


UNDER $100

Denim jacket, OLD NAVY, $50, visit oldnavy.com



Cotton denim jacket, A.P.C., $385, at A.P.C., NYC




Courtesy of the designer; Guess jacket, Paige jacket, and A.P.C. jacket: Jeff Harris/Studio D (prop styling by Jill Telesnicki for R.J. Bennett Represents); Levi's c/o Off-White jacket, Dr. Denim jacket, and Siwy jacket: Jeff Harris/Studio D (prop styling by Anita Salerno for R.J. Bennett Represents); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

# WORLD WIDE WEBSTER

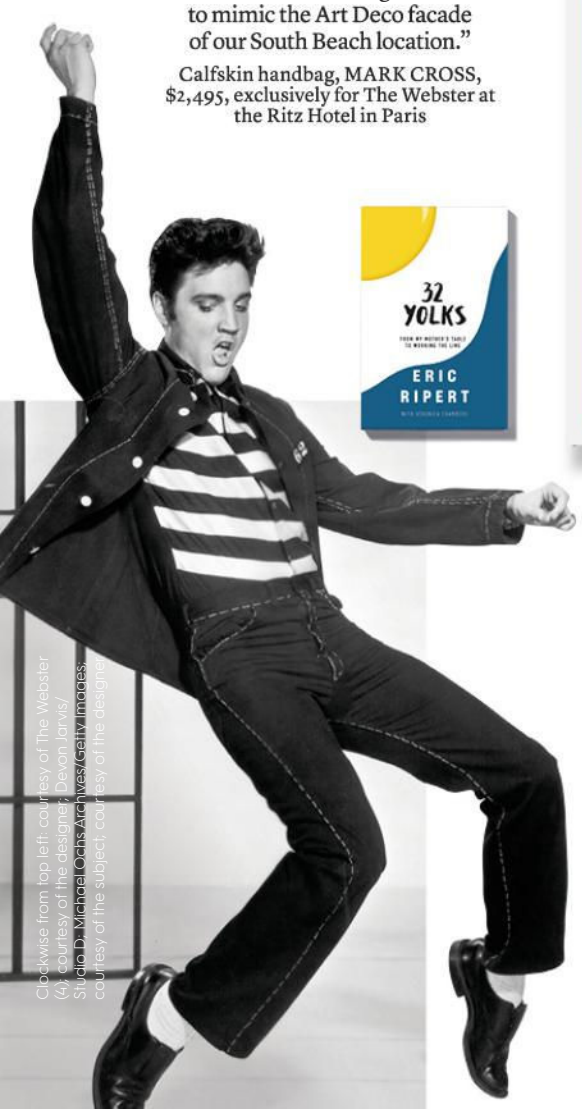
**Laure Heriard Dubreuil**, CEO and founder of The Webster, reveals what it takes to keep up with a burgeoning boutique empire with locations in South Beach, Bal Harbour, Houston, and Costa Mesa



## RITZ PACKER

To celebrate its grand reopening after a $450 million, four-year reno, THE RITZ PARIS tapped Dubreuil to curate the ultimate suitcase, featuring exclusive ready-to-wear and accessories from more than 10 different brands. In the mix: printed pajamas from F.R.S For Restless Sleepers and a MARK CROSS Tri Color Grace Box bag "meant to mimic the Art Deco facade of our South Beach location."

Calfskin handbag, MARK CROSS, $2,495, exclusively for The Webster at the Ritz Hotel in Paris






## WHAT'S OLD IS NEW

"I've been a fan of Radiohead since *OK Computer*, but lately I've been in an ELVIS phase. 'Don't Be Cruel,' 'Blue Suede Shoes'—so retro, but very cool." Now reading: Chef Eric Ripert's memoir ***32 YOLKS***. "I love to cook, and as an entrepreneur, it's inspiring to learn people's stories."



Dubreuil




## SKIN INSURANCE

"Tata Harper eye serum is fresh and lightweight. I like to keep it in the fridge so it has a cooling effect." For an added boost, CHARLOTTE TILBURY Charlotte's Magic Cream "is incredible. I feel like it instantly lifts my skin." Even on cloudy days, "I can't live without" La Roche-Posay sunscreen. SUNDAY RILEY Luna Sleeping Night Oil "leaves skin feeling magical after a long day of travel."

Charlotte's Magic Cream, CHARLOTTE TILBURY, $100, visit charlottetilburycom. Luna Sleeping Night Oil, SUNDAY RILEY, $105, visit sephora.com



## BUSINESS PLAN

The Webster's signature fashion mix includes newbies such as New York–based Sies Marjan—for fall, Dubreuil loves the label's lilac shearling-trim jackets—and stalwarts Gucci and Céline. "I decorate the stores like my home—a mixture of the '60s, '70s, and '80s along with modern furniture." One piece she'll never part with: a large matte-gold motorcycle painting by her husband, artist Aaron Young, that resides in the South Beach flagship. "He's my lucky charm!"



## PERSONAL SHOPPER

Dubreuil's own style melds her upbringing in Cognac, France, with a laid-back Miami vibe and a hint of New York rock 'n' roll. "Five pairs of CHANEL sneakers" help her race "from show to show during Fashion Week." Valentino's boxy print jacket is "exactly what I want to wear—with jeans or a dress and even mixed with another print."

Tweed and lambskin sneaker, CHANEL, $950, at Chanel boutiques nationwide






Clockwise from top left: courtesy of The Webster (4); courtesy of the designer; Devon Jarvis/Studio D; Michael Ochs Archives/Getty Images; courtesy of the subject; courtesy of the designer

# HOOP DREAMS

ELLE Fashion Director **Samira Nasr** goes cuckoo for kooky color combos, flawless jackets, and namesake gold hoops

SAMIRA'S POINT OF VIEW




## THE NO-BRAINER >

**The tuxedo jacket is back—but did it ever go away? Not in my closet. I love to wear mine with jeans for day; for night, it's great over a dress. It's that versatile piece that kicks everything up a notch, whether it's a classic number from Pallas or Armani's metallic lapel-less version that's giving me red-carpet visions.**



From top: Wool blazer, BANANA REPUBLIC, $228. Corduroy jacket, PALLAS PARIS, $1,635. Runway: Silk velvet jacket, pants, both, ARMANI PRIVÉ, prices on request. Lurex brocade jacket, $7,300, pants, $1,600, both, GUCCI



## < CLASH OF THE TITANS

**I'm obsessed with this Céline bag. I mean, deep wine plus electric fuchsia? Who besides Phoebe Philo would even think of such an odd but perfect color combination? It's the perfect way to inject some color into my mostly neutral wardrobe.**

From top: Leather handbag, SALVATORE FERRAGAMO, $1,850, call 866-337-7242. Calfskin and suede handbag, CÉLINE, $2,350, at Céline, NYC

## LINEAR > THINKING

**A nice way to update last season's must-have cropped pant (still going strong) is with this season's must-have tall boot. Here, I tested the combo at home and it worked perfectly, because the continuous line is really flattering. A bold-hued boot makes a nice accent, but even with Louboutin's black suede beauties, gold piping adds a little zip. The key is finding a pant wide enough to accommodate the boot; the hem should hit a couple of inches above your ankle so it doesn't catch on the boot. Add a substantial heel and you also get a slight '70s vibe.**





From far left: Leather boot, MARC JACOBS, $995, visit marcjacobs.com. Leather boot, GABRIELA HEARST, $1,595, collection at barneys.com. Suede boot, CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN, $1,395, visit christianlouboutin.com

## < ABOUT FACE

**Allow me to introduce Jennifer Fisher's new Samira hoops—yes, she named them after me! Thrilling. The other new addition I'm showcasing here? My crazy brows. A few months ago I went on strike from waxing and tweezing. Who has the time? Glossier's lightly tinted Boy Brow keeps them just a bit unruly. I feel like Groucho Marx half the time, but I'm loving it.**




Brass hoops, JENNIFER FISHER, $550, call 888-255-0640. Boy Brow in Brown, GLOSSIER, $16, visit glossier.com. Gimme Brow Brow-Volumizing Fiber Gel, BENEFIT, $24, visit benefitcosmetics.com

Clockwise from top left: courtesy of the designer (2); Samira Nasr (3); all stills: courtesy of the designers

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Davina,
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Rankin/Trunk Archive

Director Jeff Nichols's lovely *Loving*; Marina Abramović's long-awaited memoir

# GUTS AND GLORY

Annabelle Wallis is set to take over Hollywood, one dare at a time. **By Molly Langmuir**

"I have a lot more bravery than common sense," says British actress Annabelle Wallis. "That's where Tom Cruise and I are two peas in a pod." If this sounds like wishful thinking, the 31-year-old—who grew up in Portugal and moved to London at 18 to pursue acting ("I thought, Why bloody not?")—is speaking from the set of *The Mummy*, the 2017 reboot of the adventure franchise in which she'll costar with Cruise himself. Minutes before our call, in fact, the two had been filming underwater sequences, and, yes, she's doing her own stunts.

That particular brand of fearlessness has served Wallis well. In 2013, when she auditioned for the BBC gangster series *Peaky Blinders*, "they asked if I could sing, and I said yes," she says, "despite never having sung in my life!" Wallis landed the role of fierce spy Grace, which she pulled off for three seasons with such panache it proved a career turning point: Before battling the swaddled undead in *The Mummy*, this fall Wallis will costar with Aaron Paul as a woman with a dangerous secret in *Come and Find Me*; in next year's war drama *Mine*, she'll play the girlfriend to Armie Hammer's soldier (in real life, she's rumored to be dating Coldplay's Chris Martin). She also joins Guy Ritchie's spring epic *King Arthur: Legend of the Sword* as "a famous Arthurian female" (that's all she can say), though, "if I could have tried out for Arthur himself, I would have," Wallis says. "I love putting myself in sink-or-swim situations. You realize the human spirit is built to survive. And you do, most of the time."



# TOWN WITHOUT PITY

Hedges and Affleck

A man who's haunted by the past is forced to return to the hometown that he fled in the ornately constructed, majestic drama *Manchester by the Sea*

**By Ben Dickinson**

Manchester-by-the-Sea—it's such a romantic place name, redolent of white clapboard houses and New England tradition, even if it's now just a tony bedroom community on Cape Ann, north of Boston. In writer-director Kenneth Lonergan's new film of the same name, the place bids fair to being heaven on earth, even for the Chandler family, a rough-hewn Irish American clan of fishermen and boatbuilders that make up part of the town's working-class underbelly. In the opening scene, Joe Chandler (Kyle Chandler) pilots his fishing boat across the town's bay, while in the stern his younger brother, Lee (Casey Affleck), engages in spirited repartee with Patrick, Joe's grade-school-age son, as they cast out fishing lines and trade shark jokes. But abruptly, we cut to Lee, years later, now almost unrecognizable as a reclusive janitor and handyman working at a Boston apartment block, inhabiting a cell-like basement room, his face and voice flattened out and devoid of life—until he snaps and unleashes a profanity-laced tirade against a particularly annoying tenant. In a local pub, Lee blows off the attentions of an attractive and curious young woman, and when he's had a few too many, he gets into a brutal punch-out with some utter strangers. It slowly sinks in that Something Has Happened. *Manchester by the Sea* turns out to be a portrait of a man trapped in a masculine cage—unable to process a past tragedy or forgive himself for the random act of carelessness that blew up his life, and thus unable to find a way to inhabit the present, let alone conceive of any notion of the future.

It's Joe's death that pulls Lee back to his hometown: For Patrick (played with adolescent brio and quicksilver humor by Lucas Hedges, who's still a student at the University of North Carolina School of the Arts) is now 16 and firmly rooted in the town—on the ice hockey team, in a hilarious punk-emo band called Stentorian, and nervily juggling two mutually oblivious girlfriends. And, unbeknownst to Lee, Joe has placed him in charge of his estate and his son in his will. The problem is, Lee can't bear to be in Manchester, where the locals refer to him as *that Lee Chandler*. As the layers peel back and the flashbacks accumulate, and Lee's ex-wife, Randi (a deeply affecting Michelle Williams), intrudes into the present to try to help Lee move on, as she herself has, this gritty, thoroughly lived-in movie becomes mercilessly engrossing. For sheer narrative dexterity, naturalistic emotional resonance, and nimble conjuring of an entire constellation of troubled lives, *Manchester by the Sea* has few equals.

For filmmaker and sometime-playwright Lonergan, whose directorial debut, *You Can Count on Me* (2000), was an award-winning critical triumph, *Manchester by the Sea* is a resounding affirmation of his talents. For Casey Affleck, who has already distinguished himself in films such as *Gone Baby Gone* and *The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford*, his Lee Chandler is a career high, as well as a promise of continued renown. For the rest of us, all this constitutes a cinematic gift of a high order.

This page: courtesy of Roadside Attractions. Opposite page, from top: Jan Thijs/Paramount Pictures; courtesy of Focus Features

# LOVE OVER THE LINE

## Not so long ago, marriage between races was widely prohibited—and punished. The biopic *Loving* vividly captures how that came to an end

Ah, Virginia—you've come a long way, baby! Speaking of prizewinning commercial slogans, the Old Dominion State has come particularly far since an ad agency in Richmond, the state capital, came up with the tourism mantra "Virginia Is for Lovers," which first ran in *Modern Bride* in March of 1969. Which is ironic, because what's so incongruous to some ears about what *Advertising Age* has called one of the "most iconic ad campaigns of the past 50 years" is how oddly it resonates with a Supreme Court decision on marriage that was handed down not two years earlier, on June 12, 1967; it was called *Loving v. Virginia*—a historic opinion that voided all the anti-miscegenation laws on the books in every state in the union. Behind it lies a deeply romantic and irresistibly human story—which unfolded, as it happens, right outside Richmond, Virginia. And it turns out that writer-director Jeff Nichols, who is not yet 40 years old and is already a national treasure, is just the man to tell it—oh, and how he does so sweetly in his new film, *Loving*.

Nichols hails from Little Rock, Arkansas, and he has specialized in spinning revelatory fictions set in the American heartland that have consistently earned wide admiration (*Shotgun Stories*, *Take Shelter*, *Mud*, *Midnight Special*). But this time he fixed his eye on the iconic true story of Richard Loving, a white working-class guy, and Mildred Jeter, whom he fell in love with and who happened not to be of the same race. One could waste a lot of superlatives on how Joel Edgerton, an Aussie, and Ruth Negga, of Irish and Ethiopian descent, embody these Southern archetypes, and maybe it all could have ended in artistic disaster were it not for Nichols's unerring handle on his terrain and his people. Richard and Mildred came together, she got pregnant, and so in 1958 they drove north to get married, legally, in Washington, DC. But back home, someone tipped off the sheriff, who wasn't going to abide by this offense against the separation of the races.

Other than a few dire nights spent in the county jail, *Loving* doesn't dwell on the harshest realities of segregation and Jim Crow. This is above all a moral, not a physical, drama, centered on the exile of the Lovings from family and community by Virginia state law. Much rides on a letter Mildred writes, on a whim of her cousin's, to Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy. The many legal maneuvers thereafter elude the grasp of the Lovings—a plain, hardworking couple who just want to raise their three kids in peace. They even refuse to attend the climactic Supreme Court arguments; Richard doesn't care to hear the state of Virginia attack his children by arguing that he has no right to bring mixed-race "bastards" into the world. But the world heard his plea—"Tell the judge that I love my wife"—and this, well, loving couple thereby changed everything. The lead performances here are humble and powerful, and the storytelling and camerawork in the service of their story is granular and pointillistic in its unerring detail. This is a tale of common rural people who, simply in order to live their lives, had no choice but to become heroic. And so they did.—*B.D.*



Edgerton and Negga



Adams and Villeneuve on set

# ALIVE ON ARRIVAL

## A master of thrillers comes up with a movie about love, life, and aliens

Movies about alien visitation have gravitated toward the martial (*War of the Worlds*, *Independence Day*) or the spiritual (*Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Contact*); *Arrival*, by French Canadian director Denis Villeneuve (*Prisoners*, *Sicario*), takes another tack, imagining with immense creativity and rigorous intelligence how communication with interstellar visitors might change our perspective on our own lives.

Villeneuve, who'd long wanted to venture into sci-fi, found his muse in an award-winning novella, "Story of Your Life," by Ted Chiang. "I was mesmerized," the director says. "It's really a masterpiece." In *Arrival*, massive monolithic objects come to hover over locations worldwide, and army colonel Weber (Forest Whitaker) beckons preeminent linguist Louise Banks (Amy Adams) to one such site in Montana, along with mathematician Ian Donnelly (Jeremy Renner), to see what kind of connection they can make with whoever is inside the craft. In a parallel series of flashbacks, we see Banks and her gorgeous young daughter together; what we see happening to them will be completely reinterpreted by the end of the film.

Villeneuve is a master at evoking the uncanny, but the biggest challenge he faced in *Arrival*, he says, wasn't to invent aliens but "to cast a little girl who would be able to convey in front of the camera the feeling of discovering the world, of exploring reality." It's safe to say he found that girl in Abigail Pniowsky. She, Adams, and Icelandic composer Jóhann Jóhannsson's eerie, saurian soundtrack (much like his brilliant, brutalist score for *Sicario*) combine to make your hair stand on end more effectively than a whole herd of aliens would.—*B.D.*



Huppert

# HE SAID, SHE SAID

Director Paul Verhoeven's movie *Elle*, about a woman's assault, divides viewers into camps: It's a comedy; it's a thriller. She was attacked; she wanted it. Read two conflicting takes—then you decide.

## HE HATED IT:

A black-masked intruder assaults Michèle, a well-to-do Parisienne, in her home, rapes her, and flees the house. When she comes to after a few seconds, she casts a world-weary gaze out the window, gets up, locks the front door, sweeps up broken crockery, and orders some Chinese takeout. If you've ever been violently assaulted and faced the immediate prospect of being murdered (as I have)—the way its terror stabs to your very core, the uncontrollable trembling you struggle to master, the unbounded and unreasoning fear of death that lingers long after—you will recognize that this scenario doesn't remotely get at the kind of trauma that it purports to portray. It's a cartoon. Action movies regularly depict absurdly nontraumatic reactions to horrendous experiences. But this is an art film. And this opening scene is only the first off-putting thing about *Elle*, the latest provocation from Dutch director Paul Verhoeven, which comes some 20 years after his most celebrated run of features—*RoboCop*, *Total Recall*, *Basic Instinct*, *Showgirls*, and *Starship Troopers*.

We eventually learn that Michèle endured a widely publicized childhood trauma—gothic in substance, baroque in dimension—that's a psychological explanation of sorts for her massively defended psyche, her immediate dissociation from what has happened to her, and her decision not to report the crime. It must be said that Isabelle Huppert succeeds in embodying this character study in abnormal psychology with creative and artistic élan; indeed, without her presence, *Elle* would be unwatchable.

As for the rest of the film, we get to meet, among others, Michèle's variously estranged family, all of whom communicate primarily via wounded complaint, poisonous sarcasm, and cold, loveless smiles. There's an AIDS joke. There's a sight gag when Michèle's lily-white soon-to-be daughter-in-law, allegedly pregnant with her son's child, delivers a baby of indeterminate race. We get flashbacks to Michèle's initial rape, followed by three rapes thereafter. And as Michèle is co-owner of a video-game company that specializes in sadistic sexual fantasies, we get to see cartoons of a maiden violated by a troll-like creature, and another victim who achieves orgasm as her skull is gorily cracked open. (Michèle's response: "The orgasmic convulsions are way too timid.")

This film contributes exactly nothing to the current cultural conversation over rape, consent rules, triggers, or anything else that is riling folks up about the sexual negotiations defining how we find our way to intimacy across the land. All the sex in the film is either illicitly betraying or violently transgressive and involuntary—although Michèle is shown having a massive orgasm during and after her third rape (this is apparently supposed to constitute part of her "liberation" and discovery of her own sexual agency...or something). Nonetheless, *Elle* could be said to have a feminist vibe, in that every man in the movie is either a feckless, impotent fool, or a faithless horndog, or a monster with rape on his mind; by contrast, in the end, Michèle's business partner, Anna, is the only decent human left standing—everybody else (including Michèle) having been revealed to be a hateful, repugnant, lying idiot or reprobate. The "a woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle" ending notwithstanding, the bottom line is that *Elle* is standard "ironically" transgressive radio-shock-jock stuff gussied up for tony audiences as that art-house staple: a social comedy that sends up the contemptible, philistine French haute bourgeoisie. Its wan, sour worldview is summed up by Michèle's exclamation near the end: "Shame isn't a strong enough emotion to stop us doing anything at all." If that somehow speaks to you, by all means help yourself.—*Ben Dickinson*

## SHE LOVED IT:

You hear only the moaning (is that distress or pleasure?), followed by the climactic male grunt—the screen is black—and then the opening images: A masked man rises up off Isabelle Huppert, pulls up his pants, and walks out the open door; she lies still for a few seconds, slowly (or is that languidly?) sits up, and blankly surveys the scene. What just happened? A rape? Or playacting orchestrated by a woman who likes to bring her rough-sex fantasies to life (though perhaps forgot her safe word)?

You know within 10 minutes that Huppert's character Michèle was indeed raped: She gets her locks changed and buys pepper spray and a small ax. But the ambiguities and unexpected reactions and interactions keep coming—often in darkly comic moments that put this film in

This page, from top: Guy Ferrandis/SBS Productions/Sony Pictures Classics, courtesy of the artist. Opposite page, from top: Guy Ferrandis/SBS Productions/Sony Pictures Classics; courtesy of the artists (2)

## TRUST US Music




### TOVE LO

**ALBUM:** *Lady Wood* **GENRE:** Angst-ridden dance-pop **SOUND:** Slurry crooning atop tropical house (alongside Wiz Khalifa in "Influence") '90s-era R&B ("Cool Girl"), and brass-knuckled alt-rock ("Flashes"). **FOR FANS OF:** Dancing in sweaty, sexualized warehouse raves—albeit with bottle-service trappings. **BEST SONG:** The spare "Don't Talk About It," on which Tove Lo's voice is front and center, refreshingly free of excessive production.

the genre of French family farce as much as whodunit thriller. Before dinner at one of those twinkly, dark-wood French brasseries, Huppert calmly informs her ex-husband (and still friend) and another couple that she's been "assaulted," but she doesn't want to dwell on it. In fact, the congenial outing is barely marred by the revelation, if you don't count the moment when the waiter brings champagne to the table and the other husband instructs him to "wait a few minutes before popping that."

From there, Michèle sets out to find out who her rapist is, as well as engage him in several other sexual encounters once she's figured out his identity. The scenes are played for psychological complexity, much of it written on Huppert's incandescent, subtly expressive face: Is she getting off on this? (She literally does at one point.) Is she merely a damaged masochist, or is the violent sex somehow healing, or both, and/or...?

I feel compelled to say that I'm no rape apologist, nor even a moral relativist. I was a rape victim advocate in Chicago in my twenties, on call one day a month to report to any ER that paged saying they had a patient who'd been assaulted. In the nearly three decades since then, I've written and edited pieces on sexual violence, including a powerful story in June by Anna Clark on Detroit's 30-year failure to test rape kits and investigate the crimes perpetrated against the mostly black female victims. Still, I was captivated by *Elle*, and I'm not alone. When it debuted in Cannes in May, critics praised it highly. One called it "a comedy of manners about rape"; another a "delectably twisted tale of a woman who reacts in unconventional ways to being raped by an intruder."

Michèle's "unconventional" response is why this movie doesn't stand a chance in the online buzz saw of American gender politics. The reasons are so numerous it's almost hilariously overdetermined. The director, Paul Verhoeven, has been accused of creating borderline pornographies; his protagonists are often nihilistic sexual adventurers (see: Sharon Stone in *Basic Instinct*). Once you've sinned in this realm in 2016, there are no opportunities for redemption, no second looks at your work. And forget about the "good victim"—we learned from Jodie Foster in the masterful *The Accused* in 1988 that there is no such thing—Michèle is not a good survivor: She doesn't seem to suffer from the attack, not missing a step at her job helming a successful company that makes, yes, creepy video games where monsters penetrate female characters; she never contacts the police; and she allows herself to be assaulted again, and it's not clear she's doing this solely to get revenge.

The knock on Verhoeven is that his characters "flirt with the inhuman" (in a couple of cases, they're literally not human), and there are definitely aspects of the robotic in Michèle. But what's compelling is that in this era of extreme contradictions—trigger warnings and verbal transparency required for sexual congress on the one hand, and an embrace of the ineffability and multifariousness of sexual proclivities and identities on the other—the film turns every relationship and sexual trope on its head. A possible motivation for Michèle's behavior is that her father was a murderer—a *mass* murderer, in Verhoeven's over-the-top world. So we feel for her, but...she's also sleeping with her best friend's husband, just



because she can. She and her friend are the heroines of the movie, and they're obviously older *and* arrestingly beautiful, in a way that appeals to women as well as men. They're competent, confident, earthy; they don't hesitate to wield their power at work and in their personal lives.

Comparisons to *Fifty Shades of Grey*, with its genteel burnish on BDSM, are inevitable. There's no actual sense of danger in that movie, no worry that the characters may go too far and risk disastrous consequences—and Christian Grey is, of course, saved from his baser sexual urges by the love of a good (innocent) woman. By contrast, *Elle* is unpredictable, disturbing, disturbingly funny...and acknowledges that baser sexual urges are not always bad, not always good, sometimes arousing, and probably being engaged in more than we think.

The virtue of the movie is that it gets you thinking anew about a subject for which the lane of acceptable opinions has shrunk to a one-way country road—or at least *voiceable* opinions. And for some of us at least, there just might be something sneakily thrilling—even, dare I say, empowering—in Michèle's utter sangfroid.—*Laurie Abraham*




## JOJO

**ALBUM:** *Mad Love* **GENRE:** Brash Top-40 pop **SOUND:** Sultry, high-powered vocals; sweeping 808 beats; minor-key melodrama à la Bieber and the Weeknd's recent output. **WE LOVE:** The onetime teenybopper's new nothing-to-lose attitude: "Try not to get confused / Cause honestly this time I don't care," JoJo sings on the slow-strutting single "F*** Apologies." **BONUS:** Alessia Cara steals the spotlight on "I Can Only."




## SAD13

**ALBUM:** *Slugger* **GENRE:** Equal parts sludgy and sweet indie guitar-rock **MOOD:** On her solo debut, Speedy Ortiz singer Sadie Dupuis vividly details a knack for burning bridges, severe navel-gazing, and, as she makes crystal clear on the electro-squiggled "Krampus (In Love)," the desire to be left alone. **BEST LYRIC:** "What the hell is wrong with me? / Apart from what the doctor sees," Dupuis sings over video-game plinks on the sardonic "The Sting." —*Dan Hyman*

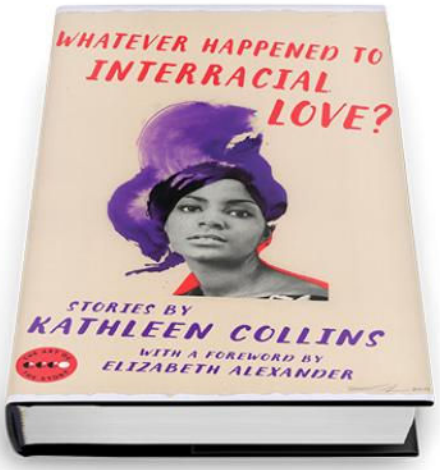

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# REVIVED

Lost, then found: A sly, important collection of short stories about black women's lives. **By Lisa Shea**




"The very existence of this book feels to me like an assurance that while we may think we have done our archival work and unearthed all the treasures of black thinking women, there is always something more to find," the poet Elizabeth Alexander writes in her foreword to Kathleen Collins's rescued gem of a pioneering short-story collection, *Whatever Happened to Interracial Love?* (Ecco Press). "Now, this is a literary voice that I can never unhear."

It's true! The stories cast a lively, emotionally penetrating eye on the lives of the urban black middle class in the 1970s and '80s. They make you ache with the powerfully felt sense of real people who value racial parity and collaboration, the aims of art and the necessity of commerce, fearless conversation and creative isolation.

Collins was a filmmaker and a writer, an academic and an activist; she'd been involved with the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and carried its messages and maxims into the soul of all her work. With an MA in French literature and criticism from the Sorbonne, Collins joined the faculty at City College of New York, where she was a professor of film history and screenwriting. Entrenched in her time as an educated African American woman but ahead of her time as a creative visionary, Collins was among the first black women to write, direct, and produce a movie: *Losing Ground* (1982), a stylized and witty film-within-a-film about a restless, artistic married black couple living in New York City who each enjoy a summer of lust and learning in the company of their newfound lovers.

The picture was unseen theatrically until 2015, when it drew raves (and comparisons to the works of Woody Allen and Éric Rohmer) as the headliner of the 2015 Lincoln Center series "Tell It Like It Is: Black Independents in New York, 1968–1986." The *New Yorker* called *Losing Ground* a "masterwork," while the *New York Times* said it was "a bulletin from a vital and as-yet-unexplored dimension of reality"—a territory that director Spike Lee would secure four years later with his indie hit, *She's Gotta Have It*.

But Collins died in 1988, at 46. Decades later, her daughter discovered the original 16mm reels of *Losing Ground*, had them remastered, and launched the effort to bring the film to light. The literary world also remembered Kathleen Collins, and used its powers to give us *Whatever Happened to Interracial Love?*

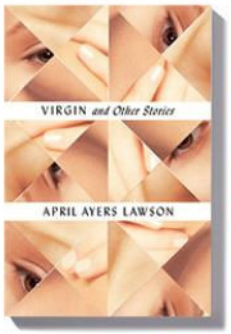

Collins

Sensuous and immediate, the 16 slim, elliptical stories are built upon elegantly captured moments in the lives of black, white, and mixed-race characters facing family misunderstandings, existential doldrums, marital impasses, romantic conundrums—all while trying to nourish their creative and intellectual passions. "How Does One Say" unspools a secret affair between a young black student attending a summer French-language intensive and her older white teacher. Their mutual attraction is instantaneous, "like a wire going back and forth between them." In "Documentary Style," a talented black cameraman with a chip on his shoulder is paired at work with an equally adept black woman whom he considers to be "some smart ass high yaller chick." All the stories hum with far-seeing energy.

The triumphant title story of *Whatever Happened to Interracial Love?* is about two twenty-something roommates, one white, one black, sharing an Upper West Side apartment. The black roommate meditates in her shadow-filled room on the summer she had spent down South as a voter registration worker: "And that summer had brought her one startling and overwhelming realization: that she could marry *anyone*, not just a colored doctor-dentist-lawyer-educator, but *anyone*: A Mexican truck driver. A Japanese psychiatrist. A South African journalist. Anyone. Up to and including a white man. This was the ripest fruit from a summer spent picking cotton and cucumbers, and taking sun baths in Momma Dolly's chicken yard with another 'Negro' friend who was also escaping her bourgeois past. They were turning themselves into earth women, black (the word surfaces!) women of the soil, in harmony with the ebb and flow of nature, in harmony with the Southern earth of their ancestry, and the deep Southern sky, and the moody Southern stars."

## TRUST US

This month, the unconventional and unexpected in fiction and history

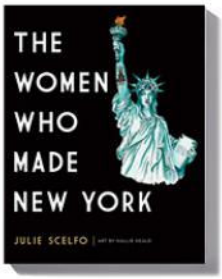



**If you are among those who like to dip into two books at the same time, try this pair of very different but equally edgy debut works of fiction:** April Ayers Lawson's sexually complex, unnerving Southern-set *Virgin and Other Stories* (FSG) and Kelly Luce's *Pull Me Under* (FSG), a revelatory family mystery set in the United States and Japan, will more than satisfy that habit.




**If you dug *How to Be a Woman*; trust Lena Dunham's recommendations on literature; and are intrigued by chapters titled, variously, "David Bowie—England's Beautiful Boys," "BACON!," and "The Exact Amount of Famous I Am: 35 Percent,"** Caitlin Moran's latest, *Moranifesto* (Harper Perennial), is for you.

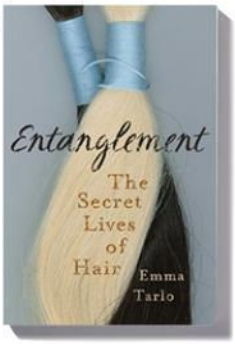
**If you suspect that history is full of mothers of invention who rarely get credit in books, you can look forward to** Julie Scelfo's illustrated (by Hallie Heald) *The Women Who Made New York* (Seal Press)—stories of visionary strivers. Some (Zora Neale Hurston, Edith Wharton, Billie Holiday) you'll know and expect to see in a female-centric history of New York. But many others, in fields ranging from city planning to medicine to law to the arts, will pleasantly surprise you. The first female MD in America, Elizabeth Blackwell, is in these pages, as is fashion and punk icon Grace Jones, as is the first female head writer on *Saturday Night Live*, Tina Fey. In all, there are 126 women who've shaped the city from the 1600s to today.




**If you're curious about your roots, you'll enjoy exploring** UK anthropology professor Emma Tarlo's *Entanglement: The Secret Lives of Hair*

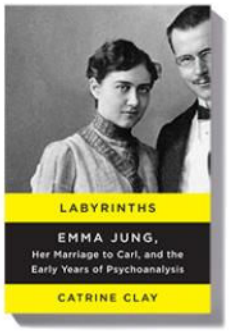
Douglas Collins


या दाता गरीब नवाज
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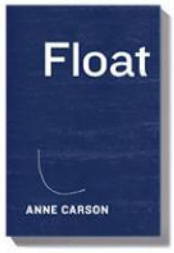



(Oneworld), a brilliant, comprehensive Baedeker to the billion-dollar global hair trade—an enterprise that Tarlo explains "begins on the heads of individuals whose personal lives and aspirations are usually distinct and diverse" but that "gets into everything—culture, religion, politics, art, and economy."

**If you're into dream interpretation, Sigmund Freud, and marital intrigue,** Catrine Clay's *Labyrinths: Emma Jung, Her Marriage to Carl, and the Early Years of Psychoanalysis* (Harper) shines a light on Carl Jung's wife, Emma, who rose above the white noise of her husband's philandering and feuds to become a brilliant and well-respected analyst in her own right.




**If you're ready to reset your capacity for cosmic delight, vernacular hijinks, and intellectual pizzazz, let inimitable poet, translator, and classicist Anne Carson be your guide.** Her latest long-form work, *Float* (Knopf), is structured as 23 linked chapbooks—some of which were written as performance pieces. In "Merry Christmas From Hegel," a reader leaves off from studying the German philosopher of phenomenology to take a walk in the snowy woods where "the fir trees move hugely. The white is perfectly curved, stunned with itself."

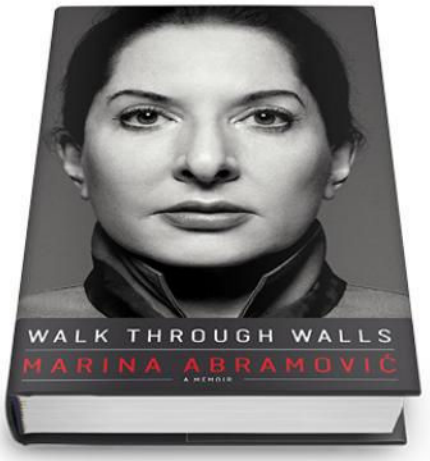



**If Hollywood hasn't already optioned this, we'll eat our hat.** Joe Starita's *A Warrior of the People: The Indomitable Courage of Susan La Flesche—America's First Indian Doctor* (St. Martin's Press) seems made for the big screen. La Flesche, a member of the Omaha tribe, was leaning in way back in the late 1800s; at one point she had 1,244 patients. A PBS documentary about her, *Medicine Woman*, airs November 1.—*L.S.*

# ART STAR

Marina Abramović writes a tell-all memoir, with an embedded controversy. What a shock.

**By Kate Christensen**




Thanks in part to Lady Gaga, whose attendance set off a furor in the Twitterverse, Marina Abramović is best known for her performance piece *The Artist Is Present*. For three months in 2010, she sat for many hours a day in an atrium in New York's Museum of Modern Art without food, water, or bathroom breaks, gazing in soulful silence at anyone who waited in line. In her new memoir, *Walk Through Walls* (written with James Kaplan; Crown Archetype), the silent woman in the chair exposes herself as provocatively and fearlessly in language as she has done for many years in her largely nonverbal performance art.

Abramović's page-turner of a narrative—at times shocking, even off-puttingly weird, genuinely moving, and always coruscatingly honest—feels particularly timely at a moment when a flawed but indomitable woman is poised to become the first female president of the United States. Even before the book was published, there was controversy: A passage describing Abramović's impressions 30 years ago of aboriginal Australians was, while clearly admiring of them, also undeniably racist in its descriptions. It quickly earned her a hashtag—#theracistispresent. She apologized (some said not abjectly enough, though you can be the judge) and the offending section was struck from the galleys of the book.

Often referred to by the art world as "the grandmother of performance art," Abramović has manifested her internal wounds in her work, burning, exposing, exhausting, and whipping herself; traveling to the remotest places in the world; seeking transcendence and extreme spiritual and emotional connections. In a literal sense, she implies, she's looking for the familiar: "I come from a dark place," she tells us at the outset. She means postwar Yugoslavia's "aesthetic based on pure ugliness," but also her home, "a horrible place." "They hit me till I was black and blue," she writes with her characteristic Slavic bluntness and acid-tinged fatalism.

Yet along with the oppressive rules, her parents enforced a regimen of culture and education. Instead of love, she was given books; theater and concerts; piano, English, and French lessons. "The only freedom I had was freedom of expression," she writes.

In this pressure cooker, her solace was creativity: "I knew from the age of six or seven that I wanted to be an artist." Her childhood escape became her life's work, she suggests, in part because these brutal performances were a refuge: "I had been terrified beforehand," she writes about one early performance that involved self-inflicted knife wounds, "but the second I began, my fear evaporated. The space I occupied was safe."

Tightly controlled by her mother well into adulthood, Abramović lived at home in Belgrade until she was almost 30, even as she became an internationally known, successful artist. Her mother was, in a sense, her goad and (negative) inspiration: "I learned my self-discipline from her, and I was always afraid of her." Abramović finally escaped into a short-lived first marriage. Not long after, she met a fellow artist who went by the name Ulay (Frank Uwe Laysiepen), a German she recognized as her soul mate.

For the next 12 years, Ulay and Abramović were passionately intertwined in love and work. Their grueling, beautiful pieces explored the boundaries of intimacy; in one, the precursor to Abramović's MoMA piece, they stared into each other's eyes for eight hours a day for weeks on end. When they came apart as a couple, they did so in a suitably grand but poignant art piece: They walked toward each other on the Great Wall of China, met in the middle, and said good-bye.

Although Abramović describes subsequent pieces and a second marriage, the heart of *Walk Through Walls* is her love story with Ulay. In its aftermath, she recognizes that her mother's damage was "hurt I brought to every man I was ever with...my wounds were wounds that would never heal." When Ulay sat across from her, unexpectedly, at MoMA in 2010, Abramović broke her rule of complete stillness to cover his hands with her own as tears streamed down her cheeks. But, typical of Abramović, their beautiful final scene was, well, superseded by their unresolved past. In 2015, Ulay actually sued Abramović, claiming, in short, that she'd violated a contract they'd signed regarding their joint works, and that she owed him money.

*Walk Through Walls* gives context to Abramović's need in both art and life for uncompromisingly dangerous intensity, controversy, strong reactions, and even violent negativity. As she lays out her life story, it's easy to see why she might even thrive on all of it.

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# BEAUTY



# HAUTE OFF THE RUNWAY

It's easy to look at the couture collections' next-level-luxe dresses (with their sometimes six-figure price tags) and think: So, what's in this for me? According to the beauty pros backstage, a lot. **Amber Kallor** reports from Paris

EDITED BY EMILY DOUGHERTY

To get model Tami Williams's gilded radiance (backstage at Alberta Ferretti Limited Edition), smooth on DIOR Diorshow Mono eye shadow in Fire.

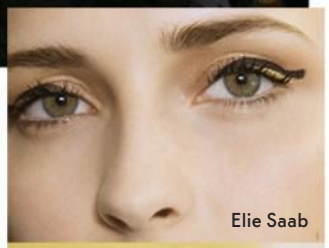
Antonello Trio/Imaxtree.com




# MIDAS TOUCH

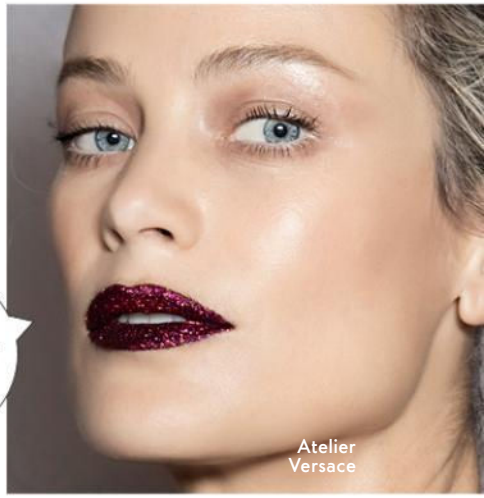
## How to make makeup feel as *riche* as a lavishly spangled Alberta Ferretti dress? Go for gold

From lids to manes to limbs, everything beauty pros touched backstage turned to gold. At J. Mendel, where the collection's geometric patterns and metallic motif looked Gustav Klimt–inspired, Romy Soleimani strobed lids with "spontaneous" strokes of a mixture of gilded pigment and ultrashiny clear lip gloss, then sprinkled the streaks with glitter. "Gilles [Mendel] treated some of the furs in the collection with real gold," the makeup artist says. "I wanted to continue the theme." Seeking a subtler effect? Take your cue from Tom Pecheux, who gave classic black cat-eyes a "lift" at Elie Saab with flicks of glinty gel liner. Or from hairstylist Guido Palau, who secured center-parted strands at Dior with a supersize gold snap clip.


Elie Saab


Dior

**PRO TIP**
To keep glitter from migrating, dab it at just the center of lips.


Atelier Versace

## RED ALERT

During the makeup test at Chinese designer (and RiRi favorite) Guo Pei, "it was apparent that there was an element of magic missing," says lead makeup artist Debbie Finnegan of the pretty but straightforward red lip. "Something was needed to give an extra 'wow' factor." Enter M.A.C Lipglass, which was layered over M.A.C Retro Matte Liquid Lipcolour at the "last minute" to lend a spotlight-catching vinyl finish. Pat McGrath took the concept to the next level at Atelier Versace, dusting blood-red lips with matching sparkles from her Lust 004 Kit (inspired by a 2015 ELLE UK shoot) for an effect that easily rivaled Dorothy's ruby slippers.


Guo Pei

**TIP:** To whisk away fallout, use "cloudy" Scotch tape to pick up any rogue particles. "Just don't get the transparent kind—it's too sticky," McGrath says.

1. PAT McGRATH LABS Lust 004 Kit in Vermillion Venom. 2. M.A.C Lipglass Clear. 3. M.A.C Retro Matte Liquid Lipcolour in Fashion Legacy.

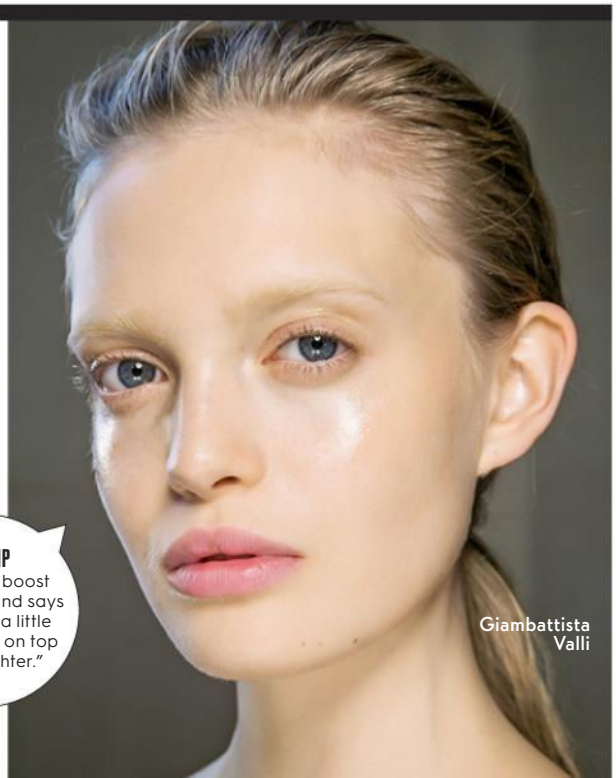



Clockwise from top left: Antonello Trio/Imaxtree.com (2); Bertrand Guay/AFP/Getty Images; Gorunway.com; Estrop/Getty Images; Antonello Trio/Imaxtree.com

## SUPERNATURAL SKIN

Couture complexions didn't just glow—they gleamed. "To make every girl look as if she's got radiant, natural skin is not easy—it's work," says McGrath, who used her sold-out Skin Fetish 003 highlighter to create Vermeer-esque canvases at Valentino. (Try the McGrath-approved CoverGirl TruBlend Contour kit.) At J. Mendel, Soleimani dabbed a light-catching cocktail—RMS Beauty Eye Polish in Lunar plus Lucas Papaw Ointment—from upper cheekbone to temple to create a "flash of highlight" that looked just as brilliant and dewy in profile as it did straight on. "When you've got a couture gown that's everything, you want to pare back [the makeup]," says makeup artist Val Garland of the contrasting bare-but-luminescent skin (try luster-bestowing Maybelline New York Facestudio Master Strobing Stick Illuminating Highlighter) at Giambattista Valli. "That's what makes it look modern."

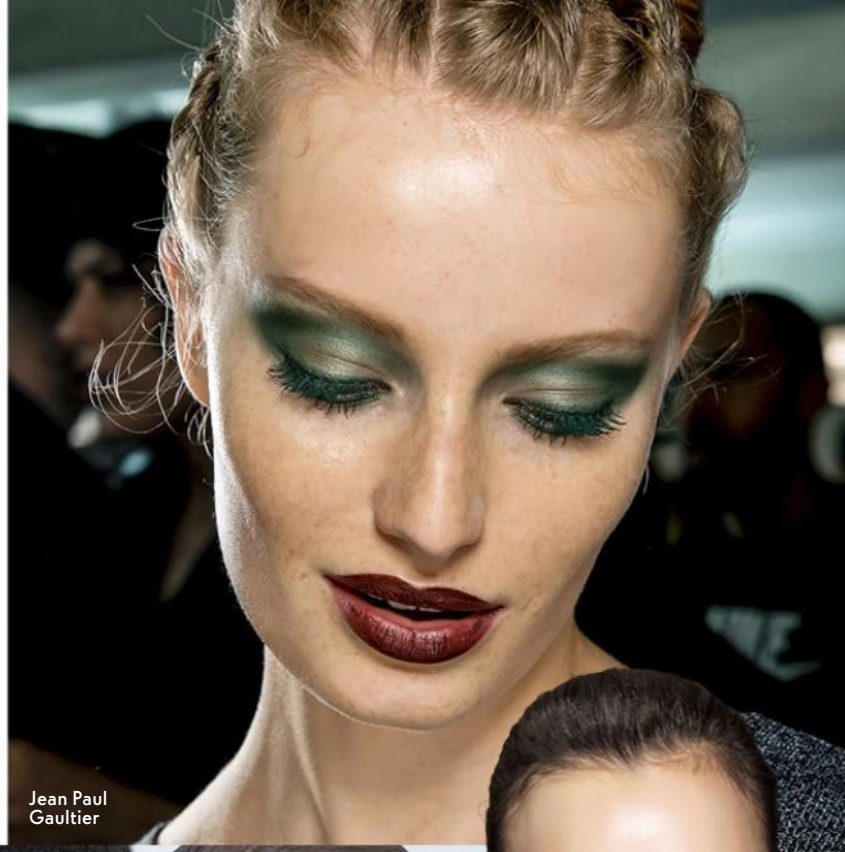
**PRO TIP**
To further boost shine, Garland says she "adds a little moisturizer on top of highlighter."


Giambattista Valli

# BOLD STROKES

## Intrepid dashes of color give eyes a wake-up call

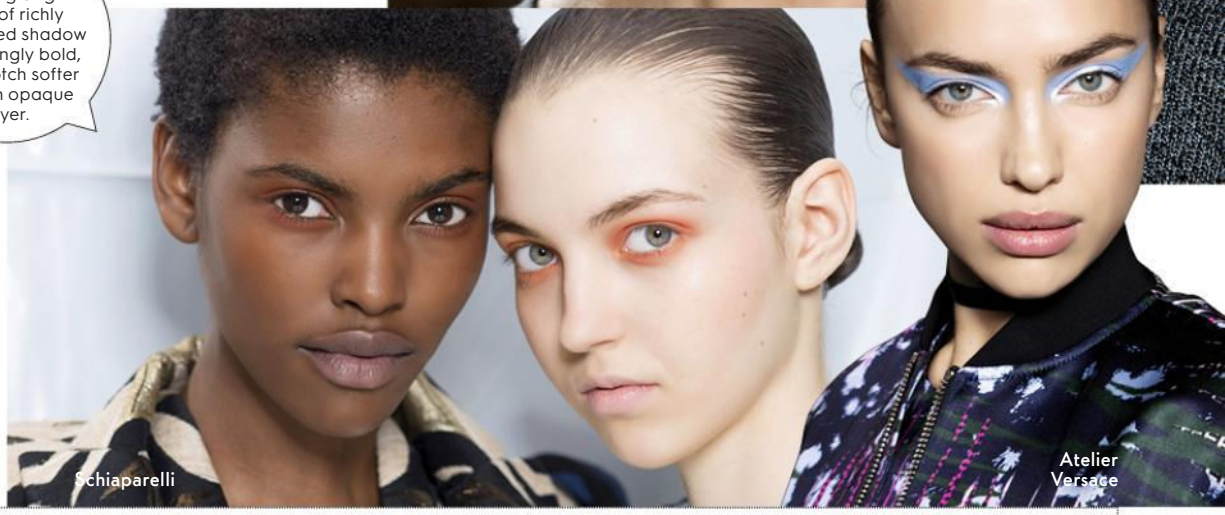
"I couldn't believe how fresh everyone looked in that blue," McGrath says of the icy azure wings she painted onto models' eyes at Atelier Versace. "The color had a slightly vintage feel, but it felt modern because of the shape." Elsewhere, emerald, garnet, topaz, and aquamarine shadows proved equally enlivening. Makeup master Sam Bryant played up both eyes and lips at Jean Paul Gaultier, using matching colored mascara to amp up rust and sage-green lids. It took five different terra-cotta shadows for Dick Page to achieve the desired orangey hue at Schiaparelli, but the pro advises DIY-ers to start with a coral blush (such as Page-designed Shiseido Luminizing Satin Face Color in Starfish): "Sometimes powder blushes are easier for richer, brighter colors because the degree of pigment tends to be less intense than in eye shadow." That said, for deeper skin tones, Page suggests trying a redder chestnut hue to keep the color from reading "dusty" or "chalky." Peach- or yellow-based shades flatter fairer complexions; for anyone seeking just a hint of warmth, he says, accent go-to beigey brown with a sheer wash of apricot: "It gives a pop without committing to a full-color eye."



Jean Paul Gaultier

**PRO TIP**
Applying a *light* wash of richly pigmented shadow is pleasingly bold, yet a notch softer than an opaque layer.



Schiaparelli

Atelier Versace

# INSIDERS' PARIS: A MODEL ITINERARY

## The Beautiful Ones save precious time in their show-packed schedules to visit these hot spots

### A CHIC SPOT TO WASH ZE HAIR



Master colorist Christophe Robin has long looked after Catherine Deneuve's signature blond, as well as that of a spectrum of leading ladies, from Tilda Swinton to Natalie Portman to Amber Valletta. His new space on rue Bachaumont boasts a walk-in wash bar (where anyone can saunter in off the street and sit for a 20-minute treatment for—believe it or not—free!) as well as a full-service salon. John Galliano even helped pick out the warm and inviting color palette—NBD. "I wanted people to try the products," Robin says of the gratis wash-and-go "prescriptions."

### PARISIENNE-APPROVED YOGI



French It Girl Aria Crescendo became a power-yoga addict while pursuing a music career in Los Angeles. After signing with a new label and moving back to Paris a year ago, Crescendo brought a "bit of L.A. culture" to Boulogne-Billancourt (a western suburb of Paris) by opening her studio, Healthy Warriors—now attracting supes like Karlie Kloss, plus Parisian pop stars and pageant queens. If you're lucky, Crescendo might belt out a tune midclass.

### GOURMET, SANS GLUTEN



Gluten-free goods from the land of baguettes? Noglu bakery founder Frédérique Jules opened her first location in Paris four years ago; now she's expanded to two more sweet spots—another in Paris, plus an outpost on Manhattan's Upper East Side. Models and celebs flock for *pain aux raisin* and lemon tarts. Asked whether customers can taste the difference between classic French pastries and her offerings, Jules says: "No, they just feel better after!" Can't pop into Noglu's pâtisserie? Whip up a recipe from Jules's cookbook, *Good Without Gluten.*

### FRESHLY SQUEEZED



Wash down your gluten-free brioche with a shot of Magic Potion, an immunity-boosting blend of apple, lemon, ginger, oil of oregano, and cayenne pepper from Paris's favorite cold-pressed company, Juice Lab. Founder and former fashion exec Mandarine Rouff caters to the health-conscious jet set—Kristen Stewart, Arizona Muse, Mélanie Thierry—with both complex kale-based concoctions and unpasteurized coconut water from Thailand.




Clockwise from top right: Gorunway.com; Antonello Trio/Imaxtree.com; Imaxtree.com; insets, from left: Torres Garzon; Cayla Zaharan; courtesy of Juice Lab



Fendi

# LET'S BOUNCE

## Boisterous texture—and a halo of we-meant-to-do-that frizz—is making big hair great again

Beauty lesson learned: Frizz needn't always be tamed. At Chanel, hairstylist Sam McKnight sculpted a "fluffy cloud" of curls high and tight on models' heads, intentionally frizzing ringlets by unraveling them with his fingers to "soften the edges." To complete Fendi's fairy-tale extravaganza held at Rome's majestic Trevi Fountain, McKnight wrapped small sections of hair vertically around the barrel of a half-inch BaByliss curling iron, then back-brushed Scarlett O'Hara–inspired spirals for an airy, almost fuzzy finish.

**TIP:** For beautifully imperfect coils, eschew styling products that offer hold—the goal here isn't to preserve the perfect spiral of a curl—in favor of moisturizing leave-in conditioners.



Chanel

### PUT A BOW ON IT

Cascades of curls were capped off with bows at both Chanel and Fendi, making ribbon the most unexpected—and affordable—accessory of the season. The black bands wrapped around models' heads at Chanel were lined with velvet to create friction and prevent slippage. Should your satin wrap threaten to come undone, add a few bobby pins for extra insurance, or stitch a comb to the back of your bow and simply slide it into place. The night's second most visually stunning detail: the extravagant runway "stage" at Chanel, where Lagerfeld transported the atelier's entire staff, along with their sewing machines and reams of fabric, to the Grand Palais.



Atelier Versace

### BUNS, HON

Yes, buns were an obvious choice to accompany the tutus Karl Lagerfeld designed for Paris's Opéra Bastille for a July ballet production, but the ballerina look also popped up with hair guru Palau's knots at Atelier Versace, where he worked in a shot of Redken Wind Blown 05 Dry Finishing hair spray for grip. For J. Mendel's breezy chignons, hairstylist James Pecis elegantly twisted strands off models' necks, applying shimmer-laced gold pomade "for a lived-in feel" and to tamp down flyaways: "It's the perfect way to give an effortless look a bit of magic."




### ELEMENTS OF SURPRISE




When it came to their couture show tool kits, both hair and makeup pros thought well outside the box. Inspired by the 1965 classic film *Doctor Zhivago*, Garland swathed cheekbones, brows, and lashes with a light dusting of "snow" in lieu of highlighter to accompany the opulently multi-tiered dresses at Ulyana Sergeenko. A thin layer of Elizabeth Arden Eight Hour Cream applied with a fan brush held the white flakes (sourced from a theatrical beauty boutique in Paris) in place without allowing them to clump. At Valentino, Palau bound small sections of hair with flexible golden wire found at a craft shop. For the finale at Jean Paul Gaultier, the bride (played by Soo Joo Park) wore striking scarlet "petal lips"—a bouquet of Sweet William blossoms procured from a local florist was rushed backstage especially for the occasion. And at Maison Margiela, mane master Eugene Souleiman upcycled everything from kitchen foil to balloons to feathers to create "hair art," which he giddily captioned on Instagram: "Can't believe @johngalliano let me do [this]!"

Clockwise from top left: Antonello Trio/Imaxtree.com; Swan Gallet/WWD/Rex/Shutterstock; Antonello Trio/Imaxtree.com; Gorunway.com; Edward Berthelot/Getty Images; Melodie Jeng/Getty Images



Jean Paul Gaultier

**PRO TIP**
For an alternate take on the Valentino look, stack a set of five or more bobby pins around the front of the face to perk up loose-hanging hair.

Valentino

Ulyana Sergeenko




Gigi is wearing New Master Precise™ Curvy.
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# NOTE WORTHY

**Francis Kurkdjian**, the mix master behind Burberry's finest fragrances, makes the world smell a bit sweeter, one scent at a time. **By April Long**

Even if you've never heard of Francis Kurkdjian, you know how he smells. One of the most in-demand noses in the perfume industry, Kurkdjian created such iconic eaus as Jean Paul Gaultier Le Male (which he concocted in 1995 at the age of 25, soon after graduating from perfumery school), Narciso Rodriguez For Her, and Burberry's My Burberry. In addition to masterminding best-selling spritzes for YSL, Giorgio Armani, Carven, and Elie Saab, Kurkdjian has staged several olfactory art installations around the world—including one at Versailles, where he filled the palace's ancient fountains with scented bubbles—and has helmed his own fragrance house, Maison Francis Kurkdjian, since 2009 (for those who fail to find their signature scent among his 20-plus offerings, Kurkdjian offers custom elixirs, starting at about $22,000). "Being a perfumer is like being an actor," he says. "You need to have a lot of range in order to be a success."

**What do you consider the sexiest perfumery note?** To me, there is no sexy note, because a note doesn't mean anything by itself. Think of silk: Silk is a tie or a dress. It's masculine or feminine. But silk itself is just a piece of silk. Ingredients change according to how you use them. If you take patchouli and you put it with green flowers, that will enhance its own greenness and wetness. I used it in My Burberry eau de parfum to communicate the idea of wet soil in a British garden after the rain. But if you change the environment of the patchouli and put it with something sweeter and warmer, like vanilla, then the patchouli turns dark and sensual, which is what I did with My Burberry Black. It was the key to creating a completely different mood.

**What about musk?** Yes, musk is known as being very sexy. But musk is basically the main ingredient used in laundry detergent. Would you consider the smell of laundry to be sexy? Yes, because it makes you think of a naked man. Musk became sexy in the U.S. because of Jōvan Musk, which had a half-naked man in its advertising. But the fragrance, if you take away the imagery, is very clean and smells very soapy. Some people prefer something that smells dirtier.

**How would you make a fragrance "dirtier"?** You have dirty notes in the palette, like cumin, which can smell like sweat. Or jasmine, which has two dirty notes. When I first went to New York, I was 22. It was in the summertime, and when I started to walk up to Central Park—I had seen pictures but had never been there—I smelled something in the street, and the first thing that came into my mind was, There are jasmine fields in Central Park! You know why? Because one of the dirty jasmine notes is the exact same note that's in horse manure. It just depends on how much of it you use.

**How much does a person's skin change the way a fragrance smells?** Body chemistry can affect a scent. Using a moisturizer before applying fragrance, or eating certain things, like garlic, can also change the way a perfume smells. But these changes are small. Just as a fashion designer has an ideal model who's the perfect size for his clothes, there are two people I put perfume on when I'm testing it because to me they have the perfect skin. In fashion, if your design is strong enough, it still looks good in every size, even if it's not exactly as you imagined it. Perfume is the same. Think of Thierry Mugler's Angel. You can recognize it on anyone. There might be slight differences—it might smell sweeter or drier—but it will always be Angel. I believe that if the perfume itself is well done, meaning it has a good structure, a trail, and longevity, then it will remain true to itself no matter who is wearing it.

**Is there a science to choosing a perfume?** You just have to try it. It's like clothing. You see something on a hanger and you love it, but when you put it on, it just looks weird and you don't know why. Or maybe there's something you don't like on the hanger, but you put it on and it's amazing. Perfume is exactly the same. When you put it on your skin, there's either something emotionally that you connect with, or there's not. You can't really explain it.




## CHEMISTRY SET

1. MAISON FRANCIS KURKDJIAN PARIS PETIT MATIN—a luminous scent built around citrus and an "almondy, powdery" hawthorn accord—is, the perfumer says, "my tribute to Paris, my city of the heart, the City of Light."

2. "Every fragrance I've created for Burberry has taken as its inspiration the same garden in London, but at different times of the day," Kurkdjian says. The latest, MY BURBERRY BLACK, features a peach note nuzzling up against candied rose. Patchouli "brings seductiveness in a more obvious way. It's sensual, mysterious."

3. "I discovered this iconic French perfume when I first moved to the U.S. in the early '90s," Kurkdjian says of BAL À VERSAILLES BY JEAN DESPREZ (purportedly Michael Jackson's signature scent). "It's the quintessence of the influence of French perfumes on American elegance."

4. "To me, there is a before and after GIORGIO BEVERLY HILLS," Kurkdjian says. "The strength, the power, and the unconventional nature and success of this scent are unique in the fragrance world. A love-hate fragrance that changed an entire industry in 1981. A true modern scent at the time."

Nathalie Baetens; Giorgio fragrance: Jon Paterson/Studio D




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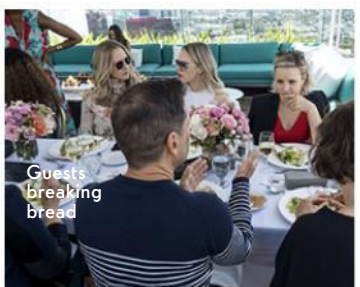
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# POWER COUPLES

On a sunny L.A. afternoon, stars and their makeup whizzes share secrets perfected in the Hollywood trenches, all for a good cause. **By Megan O'Neill**

The dexterous men and women in charge of putting on a celebrity's game face—i.e., their favorite makeup artists—are such crucial allies and constant companions that they often transcend the line between glam-squad captain and full-time best friend. Which is why Dior's eighth annual luncheon benefiting international medical charity Operation Smile (each makeup artist brings a famous client as a date; for every couple, Dior donates one surgery for a child born with a facial deformity in a developing country) is such a well-attended event. This year, on the flower-festooned penthouse terrace of the London West Hollywood hotel, the chummy duos divulged time-tested how-tos, from undetectable daytime foundation to secrets for dark complexions to the case for '80s-level blush.



Guests breaking bread




## ACTRESS RACHEL McADAMS & KAYLEEN McADAMS

**RACHEL**: My beauty inspiration day-to-day is my sister [makeup artist Kayleen]. She's comfortable in her skin and doesn't feel the need to wear makeup every day, which inspires me to do the same. She's weaned me off my addiction to over-blushing, but she's always up for trying out-there ideas.

**KAYLEEN**: Her pale skin works well with lots of different shades. I tend to use every color except black when giving her a smoky eye. I love dark plums (2) and coppery bronze shades (3) instead to make the look less harsh. I avoid powdery shadows and stick to cream ones—they're very blendable and make the look wearable for day. Another great option is to draw on the lid with eyeliner and blend with a smudge brush until there are no harsh lines. A few coats of mascara (1) complete a smoky eye.

**RACHEL**: I'm also a lipstick girl and usually prefer matte to shiny; I feel like matte lends itself to a fuller-looking lip. And I love a lip stain; RMS makes great cream blushes that double as stains. I don't go anywhere without Emu lip balm; it's a great foundation under lipstick, and it's very light.

**KAYLEEN**: We both love to play with different lip shades. Nars lip pencils can always be found in my makeup bag.

1. DIOR Diorshow Mascara in Pro Black. 2. DIOR Diorshow Fusion shadow in Olympe. 3. DIOR 5 Couleurs Skyline Eyeshadow Palette in Capital of Light.



## ACTRESS KATE WALSH & SERGIO LOPEZ-RIVERA

**KATE**: For an event, I have Sergio do my makeup, but for everyday life I just hydrate, hydrate, hydrate. My beauty binges are skin care: Kate Somerville Quench (2) gives my skin a shine, and I use oils.

**SERGIO**: If you want oil to do the job, your skin has to be damp or else the oil will just sit on top. Daytime makeup for me is about healthy-looking skin. I apply a M.A.C oil onto a foundation brush or add a couple of drops to tinted moisturizer. It doesn't matter if you have dry or oily skin; oils *do* work.

**KATE**: I literally put eight layers of moisture on my face. I love Epicuren's collagen booster (3) and their very healing Colostrum Cream.

**SERGIO**: My favorite feature to accentuate on Kate are her eyes.

**KATE**: If I'm going dancing, I want to do a pink lip and a cat-eye. Dior's liquid liner (1) doesn't smudge or cake.

1. DIOR Diorshow Art Pen Intense Professional Felt-Tip Eyeliner in Catwalk Black. 2. KATE SOMERVILLE Quench Hydrating Face Serum. 3. EPICUREN Discovery Pro Collagen + Serum Amplifier.




Brian Higbee; still lifes: Jon Paterson/Studio D

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## MODEL/MUSICIAN STAZ LINDES & SABRINA BEDRANI

**STAZ**: I'm obsessed with Brigitte Bardot, red lips (1), and the cat-eye. If I'm using a pencil to make a cat-eye and it smudges, I just rub it in even more.
**SABRINA**: A black kohl pencil (3) is error-proof. My kit is huge, but I could probably do everything with one pencil—and one lipstick.
**STAZ**: I like going tackier right now with makeup; I'm becoming fascinated with the '80s. Like, if I'm going to wear blush, I'm going to *wear* it. I'll use lipstick as an exaggerated blush for performing.
**SABRINA**: A little lipstick dabbed on the cheeks is fresh. An old-school trick for making it stay on your lips: Dab it with a tissue to get the shine out. Then lightly apply loose powder (2) before re-applying another layer of lipstick.



1. YSL Rouge Couture Satin Radiance Lipstick in Rouge Heroine. 2. COVERGIRL Clean Matte Pressed Powder. 3. DIOR Diorshow Khôl Professional Hold and Intensity Eye Makeup in Smoky Black.

## ACTRESS SERAYAH McNEILL & ALLAN AVENDAÑO

**ALLAN**: We call today's look the Serayah—just accentuating her golden complexion with a light base of Diorskin Forever in 40 (2) and M.A.C golden bronze powder (1). Her skin is flawless; she has no pores.
**SERAYAH**: I do have sunspots, so I even out my skin with foundation. When I've been wearing heavy makeup for a week straight on [*Empire*'s] set, I use my Clarisonic (4).
**ALLAN**: Dark complexions usually have a natural glow, and you don't want to mask that with too much makeup. I give her a nude lip (3), and she's ready to go.
**SERAYAH**: Matte is easiest for me; you can talk, drink, eat, and you're pretty good all night. I love wearing Wispies [faux eyelashes] because I have very short lashes.
**ALLAN**: For today, I cut a lash strip into four sections and overlapped them so that there are parts that have more volume than others, like a natural lash. My goal is always to bring out a person's eyes, but strips are so heavy and straight, they sometimes won't bend to the shape of the lid, so it's easier to cut them.



1. M.A.C Mineralize Skin Finish in Gold Deposit. 2. DIOR Diorskin Forever Foundation in 040. 3. DIOR Rouge Dior Lipstick in Grége 1947. 4. CLARISONIC MIA Fit in Teal.






## ACTRESS ASHLEY MADEKWE & DANIEL MARTIN

**ASHLEY**: Best makeup trick: Leave your brows the hell alone! I used to overdo it so they looked like sperm. You can't drastically change your shape, but I really like the brow pencil (2) Daniel gave me.
**DANIEL**: It's the perfect hardness, and you can fully feather it out.
**ASHLEY**: I'm also obsessed with the Glossier concealer (4). I was taken aback because it doesn't come in a lot of shades and I've got yellow tones, but I'm impressed.
**DANIEL**: Sometimes I'll add some luminosity to her skin with Honest Beauty balm or shave eye shadow into the balm to make a cream pigment.
**ASHLEY**: My go-to look is a matte red lip. [M.A.C] Ruby Woo (3) is the base; I go over it with [Burberry] Military Red (1). There's a lot of blue in the Ruby Woo, which works with my skin. I keep a lip pencil with me to touch up.




1. BURBERRY Kisses Sheer lipstick in Military Red. 2. DIOR Diorshow Brow Styler in Universal Brown. 3. M.A.C Lipstick in Ruby Woo. 4. GLOSSIER Stretch Concealer in Dark.

## GLAMOUR GIRL

If anyone believes in the transformative power of makeup, it's director Anna Biller. *The Love Witch*, Biller's latest film and a follow-up to 2007's *Viva*, follows Elaine, an ex-burlesque dancer/witch on the hunt for love, even as she leaves a trail of corpses in her wake. "I'm trying to bring female glamour back to cinema," Biller says, "but I'm also trying to make a statement that it's disturbing for people. People get angry when women play that feminine role." Biller worked with lead makeup artist Emma Willis to transform actress Samantha Robinson into retro-vamp, Hitchcock heroine–inspired Elaine (if Hitchcock ever cast Priscilla Presley in one of his films); Biller even lent Willis her own makeup bag. "People are so into being natural now. They're not wearing hair spray or lashes or falls," Biller says. "I think it's a mistake not to have more fun with beauty."

To get Elaine's scene-stealing blue lids, work a cream shadow, like Make Up For Ever Cream Colour in Pastel Blue, up to the hollow of the eye. Sweep dark gel liner as close as possible to the roots of the lashes, ending with a flick at the outer corner, and add a white pencil to the lower waterline to make eyes look bigger. Coat on waterproof black mascara, top off with a strip of false lashes on the upper lid, and bat away!—*Cotton Codinha*



Brian Higbee; still lifes: Jon Paterson/Studio D; *The Love Witch*: courtesy of Oscilloscope




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[1] Guyuron, B. et al (2009), Factors Contributing to the Facial Aging of Identical Twins

[2] When compared to antioxidants in face products, Idebenone in PREVAGE® surpasses alpha lipoic acid, kinetin, vitamin C, vitamin E and ubiquinone in environmental protection against oxidative stress due to sun, smoke and pollution.

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# HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY, UNMASKED

"Tested on celebs, not on animals"—a common tag line of indie beauty brands—rings especially true for the latest in extreme dermatology. **Ning Chao** reports

Blame silent screen–era director D. W. Griffith for the cult of perfection in Hollywood (and the rest of the world): His pioneering close-ups arguably led to generations of actors (supposedly everyone from Marilyn Monroe and Greta Garbo to Burt Lancaster and John Wayne) becoming plastic surgery guinea pigs, ready to try everything from cheek-plumping paraffin shots, precursors to today's fillers, to painful hairline electrolysis. To help the most crinkled faces, early cinematographers started "Vaselensing," coating the camera lens with Vaseline—a practice that seems both quaint and kind in this era of HD cameras capable of discerning every pore and all but the most undetectable dermatological interventions.

"People think that the true beauties of the world don't do anything," says Danny Holbus, founder of the beloved Los Angeles medi-spa DMH Aesthetics. "The reality is that they just have a lot of subtle work—a little bit of everything. It's only the bad work that we notice." Indeed, New York City derm Robert Anolik, MD, reports that one noted perfectionist visited his office daily for two weeks, receiving microdroplets of lip filler until her mouth achieved its ideal shape. "My celebrity patients want very slow and steady improvement rather than a dramatic change in one visit," Anolik says.

Which is not to say Hollywood has become any less adventurous in its pursuit of perfection. In an industry in which billion-dollar franchises can succeed or fail on the power of an MVP's star wattage (and beauty), the anti-aging industrial complex finds no shortage of test subjects. L.A. continues to be ground zero for experimentation, full of medi-spas devising new off-label ways to wield FDA-approved lasers and injectables. Should an "advancement" be deemed too risky for stateside docs, stars also know where to find what they're looking for in overseas clinics (London and Paris for injectables, Israel for lasers). Another bonus of doctor-shopping abroad: "The paparazzi aren't as bad outside of the U.S.," says Lisa Goodman, founder of Goodskin L.A. medi-spa.

**LIFT IT** When the thread lift was launched in 2005, promising a mini-facelift with little to no downtime, Hollywood jumped. But that lunchtime procedure—permanent barbed threads were tunneled beneath the skin to hoist up sagging tissue—fell out of favor after one Ari Gold type infamously had a thread snap while on the red carpet. (The FDA withdrew its approval in 2009.) A new iteration provides the same lifting effect, with two significant upgrades: It stays in place better thanks to additional hooks, and the threads (previously tricky to remove if anything went awry) dissolve in seven months, with benefits lasting up to two years. Plus, studies have found that by repositioning skin, threads spur collagen growth in adjacent tissue. Extra-thick versions, like the new Silhouette Soft, create a more dramatic lift and can be used off-label to pull up necks, breasts, and even elbows and knees. "I first saw threads a couple of years ago in Paris and thought, This is amazing. I was sending my celebrity clients to Europe before I started doing them here," says Goodman, who charges between $1,500 and $3,000 per zone, per session (most subjects require two rounds). "The initial result is immediate, unlike lasers, which require patience," says Goodman, who believes that threads can deliver, in just 30 minutes, 70 percent of the lift of a surgical

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facelift, without the months of healing. But Düsseldorf-based orthopedic surgeon Barbara Sturm, MD, remains skeptical of threads' safety. "There's a risk of inflammation and infection, especially around the anchors," she says, noting that if not properly placed, threads can also be visible through the skin.

For head-to-toe skin tightening, some celebs are dropping up to $100,000 for full-body ultrasound-based Ultherapy (currently FDA-approved for use only on the face, neck, and chest). "The lack of downtime is key for celebrities—you don't have to hide," says Beverly Hills plastic surgeon Leif Rogers, MD, who promises that a single session will deliver visible tightening in three months. As Ultherapy vets know, the treatment can be painful on bony areas such as the jawline, but Rogers notes that it's less so on the stomach and hips. Indeed, in his office, celebs get double-timed: He teams up with another MD, using two Ultherapy devices at once to cover the body more quickly. An unlikely awards-season target zone—the armpits. Sweat reduction is a welcome Ultherapy side effect.

**SHRINK IT** Lipo scars? So last century. Now, fat-freezing CoolSculpting treatments minutely slim large zones such as the stomach and flanks, while injections of fat-melting Kybella erase smaller pockets around the armpits, inner thighs, knees, and even ankles. One pop star, dressed in her exam gown, treated Anolik to a bit of choreography: "She was trying to show me an area of fat that bothered her, but it was only apparent when she did a certain move," the doctor says. Luckily his office features the body-shaping equivalent of a NASCAR pit crew: Time-pressed clients can be hooked up to four CoolSculpting devices simultaneously. He calls it quadrotherapy. "You can treat the bra fat and both love handles in 35 minutes," says Anolik, adding that results—up to a 25 percent reduction in fat—are visible after three weeks and continue for three months.

Officially launched in 2015, "Kybella is FDA-approved to treat double chins, but doctors can use it off-label wherever they want," Rogers says. "It works best on small deposits of extra fat, like on the inner thighs or above the knees to make the legs look more shapely and athletic." Rogers carved out one soap star's six-pack with two rounds of shots, spaced six weeks apart, without anesthesia or downtime. "Lipo can create uneven areas that look weird if you gain weight back," he says. "Kybella diffuses, so it's hard to mess it up." Depending on the body part treated, injections can be painful; swelling, which can last up to a month, can be substantial. But according to Rogers, the primary risk is temporary nerve damage. "The ankles are especially tricky, because there are lots of small nerves there," he says. "If you injure one, you'll have numbness. But nerves grow back."

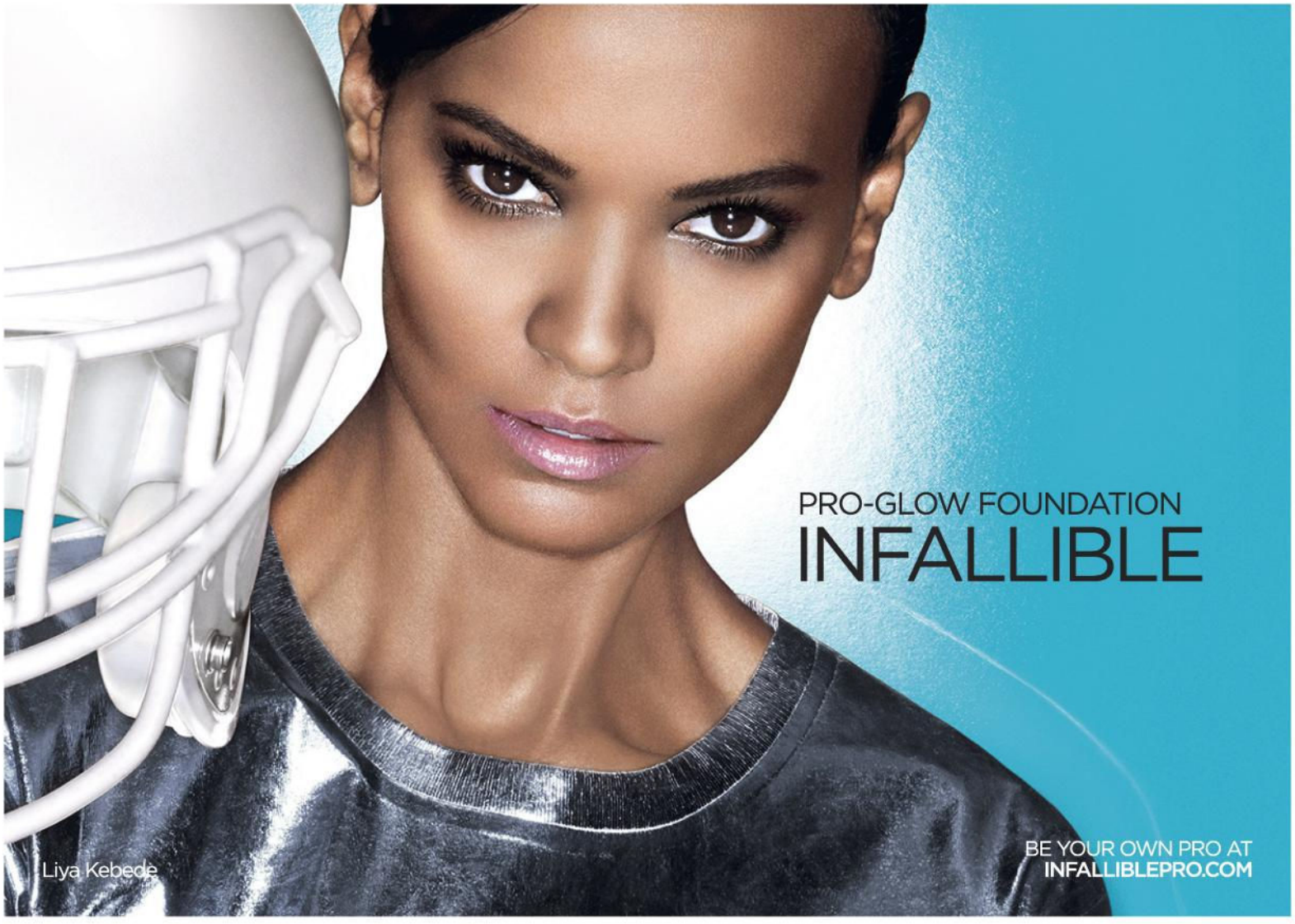
**FILL IT** While only eight hyaluronic acid fillers are approved and available in the U.S. (the most popular being Restylane and Juvéderm), there are more than 50 available in Europe, in consistencies ranging from liquid to gel. During a treatment known as mesoglow or hydrofilling, doctors in Europe and Asia use everything from regular syringes to minineedle machine guns to needle-tipped stamps to deliver shallow droplets of the most fluid versions—such as Restylane's Skinbooster or Juvéderm's Hydrate—all over the face. The treatment "refreshes the skin and gets rid of those tiny dry-skin lines," Sturm says. Think of it as a deep hydrating mask delivered below the top layer of skin, says George Sun, MD, clinical associate professor in the division of facial plastic surgery at USC School of Medicine: "Unlike firmer fillers, which are injected deep under the dermis, hydrofilling deposits hyaluronic acid intradermally. Consequently, moisturization and cell swelling take place, improving light reflection, texture, and even wrinkles."

To enhance the longevity of any HA injection, whether deep or shallow, Sturm cocktails it with a concentrated solution made from the patient's own blood. "I extract proteins and healing white blood cells and mix that into the hyaluronic acid," says Sturm, who began using the technique to treat osteoarthritis in the knees and shoulders; she claims that this extract has 140 times the concentration of the healing factors in one's regular blood. "The hyaluronic acid instantaneously fills, while these proteins promote the skin's fibroblasts to produce collagen due to a wound-healing response." According to Sturm, results last years longer than using hyaluronic acid alone. "I injected my nasolabial folds 10 years ago with this combo and never had to do it again," says Sturm, who fills slowly, over multiple sessions, to ensure that each patient loves the result. She also sends patients home with a $1,200, 90-day supply of an antiaging cream custom-spiked with their own blood solution.

The rich and famous plagued by overplucked brows or underperforming scalps seek salvation abroad. "The United States is about 10 years behind the rest of the world in terms of stem-cell research," Holbus says. But at the Hair Science Institute, which has clinics in Amsterdam, Maastricht, London, Cap d'Antibes, and Jakarta, the order of the day is hair stem-cell transplants. Doctors pluck stem cells from donor hair follicles elsewhere on the body, then place the cells wherever new growth is desired; unlike traditional hair transplants, this approach "multiplies hairs instead of merely relocating them from one thin area to another," Holbus says. Donor sites heal over a weekend, and patients see regrowth within three weeks; two years ago, HSI published a study in the journal *Facial Plastic Surgery* that showed the method can restore brows. Holbus first heard about HSI from a TV star who was losing jobs to younger actors. "He's quietly had the procedure three times in the past five years, completely rebuilding his hairline and removing his widow's peak," he says. When he saw the actor three months after his first treatment, "I was surprised at the difference." Holbus, whose supermodel friends swear the treatment has boosted their brows, recently flew to Amsterdam to try the scalp treatment himself and "loves" his new growth.

**SMOOTH IT** Fillers aren't the only thing being microinjected: Top derms have also begun injecting tiny amounts of Botox all over the face. DMH Aesthetics medi-spa is an early adopter of Botox microneedling, also known as micro-Botox or meso-Botox. "When injected superficially, Botox won't affect deep wrinkle formation, but will shrink enlarged pores for smoother, younger-looking skin," says the clinic's medical director, plastic surgeon Glenn Vallecillos, MD. To deliver Botox, Xeomin, or Dysport, he uses an Aquagold microneedling stamp (a small vial topped with 20 hollow, gold-plated needles—each thinner than a human hair—that infuses skin with the doctor's cocktail of choice). The neurotoxins weaken the tiny muscles around each pore and could also reduce oil production. "I've used this technique on countless celebrities. These patients are typically younger—25 and below—so wrinkles aren't really an issue, but skin tone and quality are. This procedure improves skin appearance while maintaining normal animation."

For head-to-toe skin tightening, some celebs are dropping up to $100,000 for full-body Ultherapy.






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# fit for every you



The all-new Fitbit Flex 2™ is a slim fitness wristband that's versatile enough to go wherever life takes you. It's designed with a small, removable tracker that hides away in chic bracelets, pendants and classic bands that make staying fit look good.

STEPS, DISTANCE, CALORIES BURNED

SLEEP QUALITY

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# ELLENESS

BREAKING NEWS FROM THE WORLD OF HEALTH AND FITNESS



Raphael Doub



## ROLL WITH IT

This past spring, Raphael Doub, former champion pole vaulter and current French It Girl trainer—Bond babe Léa Seydoux and singer Soko are clients—teamed up with trainee Sarah Andelman (creative director of Parisian überboutique Colette) to bring skate culture to the gym. During Colette Skate Gym classes, Doub uses short 22-inch plastic cruisers, aka Penny boards, to take clients through sessions that meld "figure skating, rowing, and cross-country skiing." Doub says intrepid skaters can start honing flexibility and balance with a board at home: Starting on hands and knees, place both palms on the board in front of you; push it as far forward as possible, keeping knees grounded. Pull the board back to starting position, engaging the back and arm muscles. Repeat 20 times.



## RUNNING IN HEELS?

Two experts offer daily moves to keep you up and at 'em

### THE PODIATRIST

*Podiatric surgeon Suzanne Fuchs, DPM*

To stretch calves and Achilles tendons, which can shorten after even a few hours in towering pumps, causing cramping, plant both bare feet on a step with heels hanging off the back. One foot at a time, drop your heel below the step and hold for 30 seconds. Do three reps daily.

### THE SURGEON

*Spine surgeon and neurosurgeon Adam Lipson, MD*

Counteract strain to the lower back, hips, and spine with pelvis tilts, which build the abdominal core and loosen hip flexors: Lie face up with knees bent and feet flat. Lift hipbones a few inches off the floor. Hold for a beat; lower to the mat. Do 20 reps daily.

## HELI, YES!

### THIS HORSEPOWERED FLOWER EXTRACT'S GOT SERIOUS (BEAUTY) GAME

The mystically named helichrysum plant—a member of the sunflower family indigenous to South Africa—has long been used in Spain and Portugal to treat ailments ranging from allergies to skin infections. Now it's starring in natural skin care, such as Tata Harper's just-launched Illuminating Eye Crème and a number of Intelligent Nutrients' culty complexion perfectors. There's research to boot: In a 2014 review in the *Journal of Ethnopharmacology*, in vitro studies proved the extract's antimicrobial, anti-inflammatory, and photo-protective benefits.



## SAY CHEESE

A new wave of fluoride-free toothpastes touching down in minimalist packaging and post-mint gourmand flavors is fueling the debate between traditionalists (who support the ADA recommendation that fluoride is still best when it comes to cavity protection) and naturalists (who site the ingredient's recent reclassification in medical journals as a neurotoxin—potentially harmful when ingested in roughly four times the recommended dose). For those who choose to go fluoride-free, L.A.-based dentist Kourosh Maddahi, DDS, recommends looking for key ingredients: sea salt, which polishes teeth and quells odor-causing bacteria; and xylitol, a natural sweetener that arrests cavity-causing bacteria. But diligence—and diet—may be what matter most. "If you're using a nonfluoridated routine, watch out for sugar," Maddahi says. "And make sure to get regular checkups so if there is a cavity, it's being detected quickly."




1. FIG + YARROW Tooth Powder uses white clay as a brightener. 2. Charcoal in CURAPROX Black Is White toothpaste whitens teeth. 3. Clove neutralizes sulfur-causing bacteria in THE DIRT Oil Pulling Mouthwash.

Clockwise from top left: Lumina/Stocksy; Julien Lesure, EyeEm/Getty Images; Neirfy/Shutterstock; Gallery Stock

# Don't Let Your World Go Up In Smoke.



## Home fires are preventable.

### Always smoke outside.

Many things in your home can catch on fire if they touch something hot like a cigarette or ashes. Mattresses and bedding can catch on fire very easily. It is always safer to smoke outside.

U.S. Fire Administration | FEMA | Fire is Everyone's Fight®

Learn more about fire prevention: **www.usfa.fema.gov**



## SURVIVAL OF THE ELLE-EST

We've always known that you, dear reader, are busy. But now we know just how much you're working out, stretching out, and not sleeping: ELLE teamed up with the activity-tracking techies at Fitbit to find out how our woman stacks up.*

**188**
*Number of active minutes per week (25% higher than the CDC recommendation)*

**51**
*Minutes of yoga per week*

**14**
*Number of restless/awake moments per night*

**68**
*Resting heart rate in BPM*

**8,140**
*Steps per day*

**$611.44**
*Annual health and fitness spending*

**TUESDAY**
*Most common workout day*

## YOU ARE ENTERING

# THE MEASURED LIFE

You bought the heart-rate tracking "wearable." Maybe you even sent off a DNA sample in the mail. So where are we headed with all of this quantification—with every little byte of bodily data gauged, recorded, and (somewhere...) studied? From the "big data" big picture to a swab test that dare not speak its name, we investigate where tech meets health meets *you*.

*Averages are based on the overlap of ELLE reader demographics and Fitbit users.

Nate Hoffman/thelicensingproject.com

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**NEW Olay Luminous Light Hydrating Lotion**

The newest addition to Olay Luminous with PearlOptics Science to fade the look of dark spots, even tone and go beyond hydration to illuminate skin. Reveal your best glow, never your age.

**#AGELESS**

PART 1: SILICON VALLEY HAS YOUR NUMBER

# THE SCIENCE OF YOU

Whether you know it or not, you're being tracked. And figuring out how all that data converges could change how we live—and how long we live. **By Virginia Postrel**



**3 BILLION**
*Projected number of wearable sensors sold by 2025**

**8.2 BILLION**
*Estimated global population by 2025***

As a kid in Brazil, Sonia Sousa fell in love with Isaac Asimov's *Fantastic Voyage*, the story of a submarine crew who shrink to microscopic size and travel through the bloodstream of a wounded scientist. When she finished the book, Sousa recalls, "I walked into the living room and told my mother, 'I'm going to be a scientist and I'm going to be able to look inside the body.'" Her mother was skeptical, reminding Sonia that she'd previously declared her ambition to become a Formula 1 driver.

Sonia stuck to her dream. She earned a PhD in spectroscopy and joined the Silicon Valley start-up scene. Now, as the cofounder and CEO of Kenzen, she's pioneering new ways not just to peer inside our bodies, but to understand how we choose to live in them—and to improve our chances of doing so better, longer—using tiny sensors, big data, and the portable supercomputers we call smartphones.

**TODAY, YOU WILL CONSUME...**
1,836 *calories*
93 g *protein*
182 g *carbs*
77 g *fat*
63 g *sugar****

All day, every day, we leave a data trail. Fitness bands and smart bras monitor our heart rate, count our steps, track our sleep. Google searches, social media posts, and online purchases offer clues to our mental and physical health. Smartphones don't just house our calendars, e-mail, photos, and music—they also record where we go, how much we move, what games we play, how often we call Mom. When we finally put them down, they have a pretty good idea we've gone to sleep.

Next, if Kenzen has its way, you'll have a small monitor stuck to your side, reading your every drop of sweat. The company's patches will soon be analyzing the perspiration of the San Francisco 49ers, the Houston Rockets, and FC Dallas soccer players, picking up on minute shifts in sodium, potassium, and pH; next year, Kenzen plans to roll out versions that check glucose (calories and energy expenditure), cortisol (stress), and lactate (muscle recovery). The goal is to spot health problems before serious trouble develops. "Our body is talking to us all the time. We just can't hear," Sousa says. Kenzen's system is "like a megaphone with a translator" that could, say, warn a construction worker of incipient heatstroke or tell a diabetic her glucose has dropped before she'd think to pause for a finger prick.

Whether for an individual or an entire population, this kind of aggressive measuring adds up to an ever-swelling stream of data. The carrot currently being chased by countless tech entrepreneurs, medical centers, and academic researchers is not just another "ultimate" tracking device (though they're in hot pursuit of that, too) but a way to harness the data from the ones we're already plugged into: figuring out how to collect, combine, and interpret all that information. And then how to use it—without becoming obnoxious, intrusive, or just plain creepy. (Some would argue that if our watches are ordering us to stand up on the hour, and our phones know we've ovulated before we do, we've already crossed that Rubicon.)

As sensors get more pervasive, more connected, and either more low-profile or far chicer, the measured life will increasingly become, well, regular old life. "What we call smart clothes today will eventually just be called clothes," proclaimed Stephane Marceau, the cofounder and CEO of Montreal-based OMsignal, at a recent conference on wearable tech. Instead of an optional wristband, Marceau's company wired up something most women really can't exercise without—a sports bra.

In the meantime, the many things measuring you will find ways to sync up. Under Armour has already equipped its SpeedForm Gemini 2 running shoe with a full suite of accompanying gadgetry, including a scale and an app that tracks your progress. Sure, the ELLE editor who tested the system found the task of getting its various bits to "speak" to each other more irritating than informative—not to mention a buzzkill to the bliss of lacing up and racing out the door. But these are early days. Now imagine smart refrigerators that talk to smart scales that feed directly to your cardiologist's office—or your trainer's. Camera apps that clock the calorie counts in all those artfully composed Instagram foodie shots and report back to your online grocery cart. Digital tattoos that could unlock your front door and trade data with a handshake. Smart toilets that monitor changes in intestinal microbes (more on these, page 220) and flag your Walgreens account. Eventually these may seem as mundane as the previously unimaginable monitors now wrapped around so many wrists.

**11:13 P.M.**
*Average bedtime of U.S. women*

**7.04 HOURS**
*Average total sleep time of U.S. women****

Intel anthropologist Genevieve Bell, PhD, whose job is to ponder the future of technology, calls the trend "mass precision." For the first time, "we have the ability to have both these large data sets and also deep data sets about an individual," she says.

The mass part—aka the kind of big data rendered by, say, the nearly 50 million trackers Fitbit has sold to date, or the 2.1 billion smartphone users on the planet—offers the chance to spot new patterns. You might have heard that it's a bad idea to weigh yourself every day. Don't believe it. Analyzing data from its Aria wireless scale, Fitbit discovered that people who weigh themselves daily are more likely to lose weight than those who don't—74 percent versus 65 percent in the first month. And they lose more: an average of 3 pounds in the first month and 9 pounds in the first six months, versus 1 pound and 2.5 pounds for those who weigh themselves two or three times a week. The frequent reminder seems key to staying on track.

Fitbit's findings record life "in the wild," as users actually live it,

*From market research firm IDTechEx
**From United Nations Population Fund
***Based on average daily intake recorded on the app MyFitnessPal
****From fitness tracker maker Jawbone

Nate Hoffman/thelicensingproject.com

without the fallibilities of self-reporting or the artificial environment of a lab. Consider insomnia, says Shelten Yuen, PhD, the company's vice president for research and development: "The standard for care right now is you self-report—you find that you're drowsy; you go see your doctor; the doctor says, 'Why don't you go to a sleep lab?' Sleep labs are highly accurate environments in which you can monitor a person's physiology and sleep, but they're very different from your normal sleep environment—and it's usually just one night in that sleep clinic." No, your Fitbit is not equipped with all the tubes and wires you'd be attached to in a lab—yet. But for starters, consider what could happen if you hooked up a sleep-tracking band with your calendar and your food diary: more of those patterns. "Maybe I'd sleep better if my last meeting of the day wasn't with my boss," Bell says. "Or maybe I'd sleep better if I didn't have all that food at dinner."

Mass data can hide important individual factors, but mass *precision* teases them out—finding individualized takeaways from among the masses. Ever wonder why vegans and Paleos seem equally convinced that they've found the one true way to weight loss? Bell cites a diet study published last November in which researchers at Israel's Weizmann Institute of Science continuously monitored the glucose of 800 people for a week. Even when everyone ate the same food, they showed very different blood sugar changes after meals. Crunching the data, researchers found distinctive patterns—notably, different intestinal microbes—that suggested which diets would work best for which people. Tested on another group of 100, the patterns held up.

Or take my migraines. Like most sufferers, I have conflicting hunches about possible causes. Not enough caffeine, too much caffeine, not enough sleep, too much sleep, red wine with dinner, or is it prosecco? I've probably missed a lot of nice wine for no good reason. Figuring out what's going on would require carefully tracking many kinds of data from my life—what I eat, when I sleep, what I'm working on—as well as looking for consistent triggers across many different migraine sufferers.

Similarly, combining enough real-time data might even answer a great medical mystery: What causes menopausal hot flashes—in general or in a particular woman? "Everybody knows that you sweat and you get flushed. Nobody knows what triggers this crazy temperature imbalance," Sousa says.

David Stark, MD, medical director of the new Mount Sinai Institute for Next Generation Healthcare, is building a clinic that incorporates the data from patients' devices. Stark, who did a Stanford postdoc in biomedical informatics on top of his pediatric neurology training, sees the measured life as a chance to get a truer picture of well-being. "Health happens every day," he says. "In your home, where you live and work and eat and sleep, not in the doctor's office."

*Anxiety peaks*
**THURSDAY 10 A.M.–8 P.M.***




From top: courtesy of Apple; courtesy of Ginger.io

### YOUR PHONE IS WORRIED ABOUT YOU

If you suddenly stop texting friends, you may have a new boyfriend—or you may be spiraling into depression. "It turns out your smartphone is an incredibly powerful diary of your life," says Anmol Madan, PhD, cofounder and CEO of Ginger.io. The app connects subscribers with on-demand mental-health counselors; it also tracks phone patterns for signs of trouble. If someone's behavior changes, it sends a text to ask how she's doing and whether she'd like to talk to a counselor. "The system knows how you're doing. It can provide you with the right care at the right time."

*According to data from existing Ginger.io users

PART 2: BETTER LIVING THROUGH ACCESSORIES

# TAKE A BREATHER

Onetime trainer and now Apple's director of fitness for health technologies **Jay Blahnik** explains why the company's latest lifestyle commandment flies in the face of the techie revolution. **By Megan O'Neill**




"What very small, easy-to-do thing can have a great impact on people's lives over time?" That's the billion-dollar question Jay Blahnik dangled before the engineers who helped mastermind the Apple Watch's fitness components. Now the status wearable offers users velvet-glove reminders (a friendly ping and subtle vibration) to move, exercise, and even stand up, incentivizing them with onscreen colored rings that fill in as they reach "move goals." But after two years of prodding humanity to speed up, Blahnik's team has a different message: Hit pause and breathe.

**It's a little ironic for a smart watch to encourage us to disconnect, isn't it?**
It's not lost on us that people's attachment to our products might be causing them more anxiety. They take fewer moments of quiet time; they can't just sit for a minute without checking their social feed. We know the brain is wired to have moments of calm and clarity. By talking to lots of experts, including an addiction specialist, about deep breathing as a tool for everything from drug addiction to quitting cigarettes, we found that it can relax you even when you can't clear your mind perfectly. It triggers the parasympathetic nervous system.

**So how does the watch's new deep breathing app work?**
There are a lot of recommended ways to breathe, but generally the exhale is about 50 percent longer than the inhale, amounting to about seven breaths per minute. We focused on short sessions; one to five minutes—we found that people who were comfortable doing more than five minutes tended to already have a really great habit established. We learned that if you dial it up to 20 minutes, that might make somebody feel one minute isn't helpful, when the science shows it really can be.

**Why does the watch track moving versus standing—isn't there a crossover?**
There's a lot of compelling research showing that exercise can't undo being incredibly sedentary. Lots of hours spent sitting is a separate risk factor. The part that's not incredibly clear is how long you should stand per hour. We believe you should count all movement. World health organizations are interested in this: People only seem to count the sweaty moments, when a brisk walk to work may do more to lengthen your life than an intense workout.

**If the optimal standing amount is unknown, why cue us to stand for one minute every hour?**
We found that globally there's a notion of an hour—meetings change on the hour, classes rotate on the hour. There's also a real intuitive notion of a minute. So basically, if you've stood for a minute, you've earned that hour.

**How have you seen people respond?**
At a store event in Tokyo, after 50 minutes, the whole audience stood up! We all got the reminder at [about] the same time. There's real social positivity to it that ends up changing a family, a tribe, a culture—suddenly nobody feels comfortable sitting for long.

# ELLE

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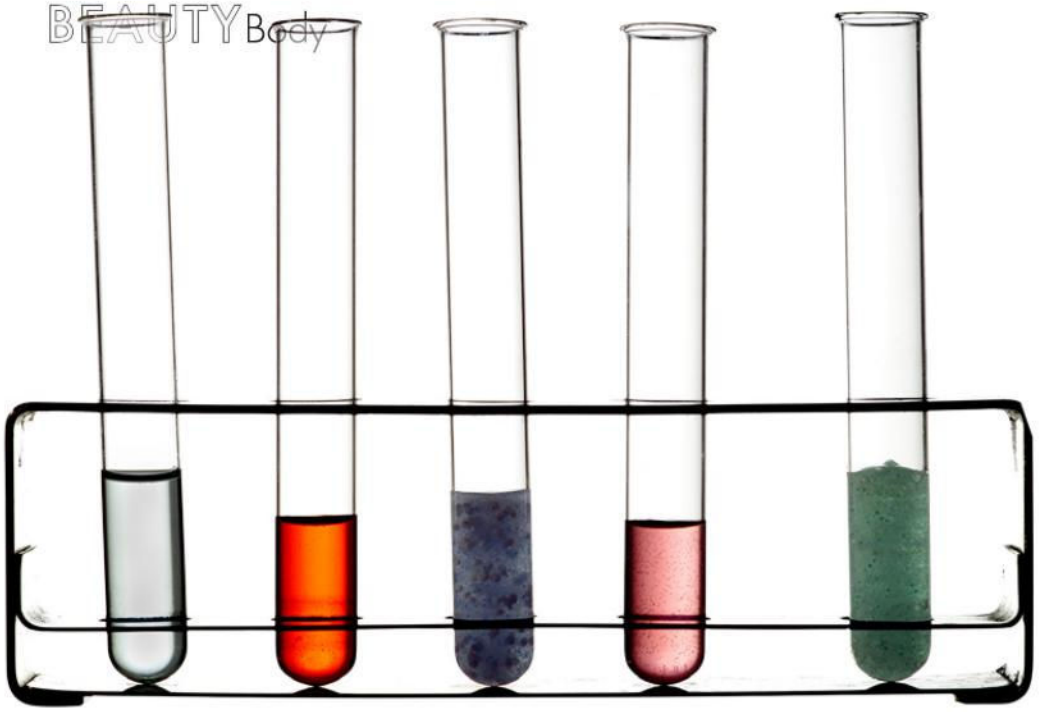
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PART 3: BE YOUR OWN MEDICAL DETECTIVE

# TEST TUBES, BABY!

Workout not working out? Digestion just so-so? **April Long** subjects her genes, microbes, and bloodstream to the latest raft of DIY testing kits, which dive deeper than ever into what makes us tick

Over the last few months, I've been doing some serious navel gazing. Well, more like belly-button-bacteria sampling. And cheek swabbing. And spitting copiously into plastic tubes that I've then sent away in the U.S. mail. One day, a nurse even came to the ELLE office and removed several vials of blood from my arm. What I've learned from all of this is that I have moderately elevated cholesterol and medical alert–low vitamin D levels; I'm more genetically primed for endurance sports than power sports; and I have a lower-than-average chance of getting wrinkly or saggy as a result of sun exposure. I've also confirmed a lot of what I already know: I'm 98 percent likely to have blue or green eyes (nailed it), 91 percent likely to have little or no unibrow (phew!), 58 percent likely to prefer salty snacks (pass the chips!), and 75 percent likely to be able to smell asparagus pee (alas, I can). Such has been my initiation into the plethora of self-testing kits and Web-based protocols that, without requiring a single doctor's appointment, herald a brave new world in which we can examine, analyze, and monitor the minutiae of our own bodies from the inside out.

When 23andMe first introduced direct-to-consumer genetic testing in 2007, it meant that anyone with $999 to spare (today it's $199) could get a snapshot of certain trait-determining snippets of his or her genetic code. Since then, many biotech companies have begun to take advantage of increasingly inexpensive gene-sequencing technology to provide easy test-at-home kits, while others have devised new ways to quantify human wellness—all designed to cater to the life-hacking generation's obsession with being smarter, faster, and healthier than ever before. These new methods, most of which require the sampling of one unsavory bodily fluid or another, go beyond anything a noninvasive wearable device can currently deliver. By testing everything from gut flora to white blood cells, they promise customized diet, exercise, and lifestyle regimens that can—in theory, at least—help us "optimize" (an industry buzzword, to be sure) our innermost workings.

**INSIDETRACKER** *tests five blood biomarkers associated with longevity:*

**22%**

*Of female users ages 20 to 45 test younger than their chronological age*

**46%**

*Test 10+ years older than their chronological age*

**TRUE BLOOD** In 2009, a trio of PhDs—Gil Blander, David Lester, and Christian Reich—founded InsideTracker, a service that analyzes blood biomarkers, molecules associated with vitamin and mineral levels, hormonal activity, and so on. The platform's first core group of users were professional athletes (including, Blander says, "hundreds, maybe even thousands, of CrossFitters") seeking to improve their performance, but they've since expanded to a much wider demographic. "Most of our users are in their thirties, forties, and fifties, because at that age you see you are not immortal," he says. "But some just want to lose weight; some want to sleep better."

Here's how it works: Your blood sample (drawn at any Quest Diagnostics clinic or, for an extra fee, in your home by a licensed phlebotomist) is scanned for markers such as cholesterol, cortisol, testosterone, glucose, and vitamin B12, the results of which can then be viewed online. Taking into account one's age, gender, ethnicity, and activity level, you get a list of foods, vitamins, or exercise programs—all drawn from peer-reviewed scientific studies and vetted by scientists, nutritionists, physiologists, and biologists from the likes of Harvard, Tufts, and MIT—that should help move the needle, so to speak, on whatever markers are less than optimal. To lower my elevated LDL cholesterol, for example, I'm told to consider eating more beans, starting a high-intensity interval-training program, and supplementing with berberine, a plant-derived alkaloid with a raft of studies showing it improves cardiovascular health.

Although Blander emphasizes that InsideTracker is "a wellness solution, not a medical solution" (the service doesn't test biomarkers related directly to disease, and the rare user who receives a red-alert result will be sent a direct e-mail suggesting they make a doctor's appointment), he believes that the ability to scrutinize changes in one's biochemistry empowers users to safeguard their own health. "After the car industry started recommending routine maintenance in the 1980s, the life span of a car increased from around 100,000 miles to 200,000 miles," he says. "So my hope and my belief is that just by doing InsideTracker, we might be able to increase our longevity and our quality of life using simple interventions." Already, Blander says, "many" users (he doesn't disclose the percentage) have shifted from diabetic to prediabetic status, or from prediabetic to normal glucose levels, after following the recommendations; and although 60 percent of users are initially found to be biologically older than their chronological age in the platform's InnerAge analysis—based on the five biomarkers most associated with longevity—many test younger each time they run further blood work.

And yes, there will be further blood work.

Graeme Montgomery/Trunk Archive


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Finally a
LIPSTICK
that loves you back.
Luscious, full-coverage color you'll love.
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100% natural ingredients · smooth satin finish · 14 versatile shades
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As with wearable monitors, there's a gaming aspect to InsideTracker: Of course you'll want to do another round of testing in three months, and maybe again after that, so that you can see just how optimized you've become. This vigilance doesn't come cheap: InsideTracker's Ultimate kit, which gives the most thorough analysis, starts at $499. (The other big player in blood biomarkers, WellnessFX, offers a $925 Premium package, which tests an expanded range of fertility hormones and thyroid functions and includes a 40-minute consultation with an MD, who gives, according to the website, "concierge-level recommendations.")

In addition to the vitamin D deficit, my first InsideTracker screening showed low iron levels. So I dutifully consumed more peanut butter and spinach, and made sure not to eat iron-rich foods at the same time as calcium-rich foods (they can compete for absorption). When I had a follow-up test, I saw modest improvement in the ferritin marker, but others had gone awry—now I suddenly had the aforementioned high cholesterol, as well as a slight spike in ALT, an enzyme that can signal liver damage. I felt a surge of panic. Was it that ill-advised week of nightly cocktails? The cheeseburger I ate the night before the test? Though Blander tells me the changes are so small it could have been either, I couldn't help but worry that it was something worse. I ordered umpteen supplements from Amazon, next-day delivery, and vowed never to drink again (that didn't last). I felt consumed by the urge to course-correct, be perfect, be, yes, optimized. But guess what? The only way to know if I've gotten everything back on track is to get tested again. *Ka-ching!*

**42%** *Of women ages 20–45 have clinically low levels of vitamin D**

## GENE GENIES

Whereas a blood test can give you a snapshot of internal biological processes that change day to day—and can be modified by lifestyle choices—genetics tell you what you can't alter but can, in some cases, be able to work around. For example, if you carry a gene that indicates you'll benefit more from high-intensity training than from cardio, you won't waste any more time on the treadmill. One such home-testing system, FitnessGenes, provides personalized workout plans as well as advice on things like what time of day you should train, based on whether you carry variants that can affect circadian rhythm; another, DNAFit, customizes a nutrition plan based on your genetically determined responses to carbs, saturated fat, and lactose.

Boston-based biotech start-up ORIG3N

# I felt consumed by the urge to course-correct, be perfect, be *optimized*.

currently offers three hyperspecialized LifeProfile kits: FitCode (which tests genes related to athletic performance for $149), Aura (skin condition and aging; $99), and Superhero (outlier genes, such as those that signal fast-twitch muscle reflexes and accelerated learning capacity; $29). When I visit ORIG3N's slick, light-filled lab in Boston's Innovation District, the hub of the booming East Coast biotech biz, the company's scientists put my cheek-swab sample to the Superhero test using an automated genotyping machine—and find that I am disappointingly unremarkable. While ORIG3N's kits don't give specifically actionable advice, such as whether you should be doing bench presses or sprints, they do tell you how your gene variants compare to the rest of the population. For example, my results show that I am mostly average in things like sun sensitivity and postworkout muscle recovery, but I do carry a single nucleotide polymorphism, found in only 5 percent of the population, that may make me extrasensitive to dietary sugar (finally, an excuse to skip dessert). This type of testing, CEO Robin Y. Smith says, "is lively and fun. It's a great icebreaker into the world of genetics, because it's not doing it in a way that's scary or medical. People are like, 'Hey, this is a really cool thing to know about myself.'"

Interestingly, the LifeProfile kits are only a small part of ORIG3N's work: The company's main project, called LifeCapsule, is focused on cryogenically banking adult stem cells for use in scientific research. Derived from the blood of adult donors, these blank-slate, or pluripotent, cells can be used to grow new heart, nerve, or liver cells in vitro. (The enthusiastic ORIG3N team shows me, under a microscope, how the cells retain the biochemical characteristics of their original owners: Turns out a stem cell taken from a patient with cardiac arrhythmia will, if made into a heart cell, pulse with the exact same arrhythmia.) Their use of adult-derived stem cells—based on Nobel Prize–winning technology developed in 2006 by Japanese scientist Shinya Yamanaka—alleviates ethical issues associated with using tissue derived from human embryos, and enables researchers and pharmaceutical companies to directly test the toxicity of medications on living, responsive human cells, rather than running less-reliable trials on mice.

Smith likens the current state of regenerative medicine to the Internet of the '90s. "In 1999, all these regular consumers were saying, 'What is this Internet thing?' It seemed to come out of nowhere, but in actuality people had been working on it for 15 years," he says. "In about five years, things like spinal repair, cardiac repair, and growing your own tissue outside of your body are going to happen. We're laying the foundations for that."

In ORIG3N's big-picture vision, the genetic data gathered from the LifeProfile kits will work in concert with the stem cell bio-repository (several large tanks, humming along the wall of a lab, already contain thousands of samples) to assist in the study of diseases such as Parkinson's and Alzheimer's, enabling scientists to compare ages and populations as well as chromosomal variations to find a cure. Their faith in this mission is so compelling, in fact, that at their labs I end up donating blood to LifeCapsule and signing a consent form saying that they can do absolutely anything with my cells (divorced, I am assured, from my identity) in the pursuit of research. I can't say for sure, but I think I might have agreed to be cloned.

## BUGGING OUT

At this point, even non-kombucha drinkers know the importance of our microbiome—the bazillions of bacteria that live on and in our bodies, believed to influence everything from our weight to our moods to our propensity to develop certain diseases. To send some of my internal critters off to San Francisco–based uBiome, which sequences individual microbial DNA, I follow instructions to swab used toilet paper (sorry for that image), swish the swab around in a fixing solution, try not to gag, and send it away. The company offers two options: a gut-only test (the aforementioned yuck swab; $89), or a five-site test, for which you also swab the nose, behind your ears, mouth, and genitals ($399). uBiome analyzes which bacteria species you host and in what proportions, then reveals how your flora stacks up against that of, say, a vegetarian, a heavy drinker, or an omnivore. It's a fascinating in-depth portal into your own ecosystem, but while the company provides info on the health benefit (or detriment) with which each type of bacteria is associated (*Bacteroidetes*, for example, may protect against obesity; *Firmicutes*, which tend to be dominant in American samples, are linked to weight

**43%** *of women ages 20–45 have elevated levels of stress-related cortisol*

*From InsideTracker

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gain), it stops short—like all of these highly regulated at-home tests—of rendering medical diagnoses.

"We can tell you how your probiotic is working, how diverse your microbiome is, and how it changes over time in response to the foods you eat and lifestyle changes like exercising more or drinking more water," says cofounder Jessica Richman, an Oxford-educated PhD. "But for regulatory reasons, we can't tell people what's in their microbiome with a high level of specificity without having a doctor's prescription." Soon, though, uBiome plans to release a clinical test for physicians to administer, which, she says, "will have much more detail about pathogens and more prescriptive health advice." In theory, your doctor could use such a kit to prescribe a customized probiotic blend or identify an illness.

uBiome is essentially crowd-funded, having launched after raising more than $350,000 from roughly 2,500 Indiegogo backers in 2013. In keeping with that, it is working for the greater good—opening up its accumulated data to researchers at Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and Stanford, and establishing a platform for what Richman calls "citizen science": Amateur enthusiasts can suggest or help organize studies to be undertaken by uBiome's research partners. (Any uBiome user can opt in or out of these studies when sending in their sample.) Current examples on the uBiome site: an inflammatory bowel disease study, an examination of the oral microbes of smokers, and a deep dive into "eye crusties."

**12%** *of women* are genetically unable to process the key pregnancy/fertility nutrient folate***

**17%** *of us are genetically predisposed to a slow metabolism**

## THE BIG PICTURE

In an interesting intersection between narcissism and altruism, the ultimate outcome of all of this incessant testing may be better-quality studies, increasingly expeditious drug trials, and better health care for all. Apple is already sharing much of the mind-boggling amount of health data it collects with researchers via the Apple ResearchKit, a program allowing iPhone and Apple Watch users to opt in to various studies. With such humongous data sets to draw from, scientists will soon be able to study human biology in a much different, more inclusive way than ever before.

Elizabeth Iorns, PhD, the cofounder of Science Exchange, a Silicon Valley startup that acts as a marketplace for shared science experiments, refers to a recent study by Pfizer and Massachusetts General Hospital that tapped into 23andMe's data to identify 17 genetic markers linked to depression: "1.2 million people have had their genotyping done by 23andMe, and most have allowed their results to be used for medical research. That scale is superinteresting because you can answer questions with large sample sizes better than the traditional way we do research, where you have to collect the patients and it takes years and years. Now we're crowd-sourcing it."

It also empowers patients, arming them with information that was previously kept in various doctors' offices—as well as interlinking data that used to be siloed. "I don't think it's too grandiose to say that it's like the printing press," says uBiome's Richman, "in that you used to have the one book that was owned by the church, and you had to go to the church to read the book and get the official answer. Before the Internet, you had to go to the doctor to get the answer because the doctor had studied for many years and could give you an answer. Now we can all have access to that kind of information. That doesn't mean that doctors aren't valuable—it will always be true that someone who spends 30 years working on something will know a lot more than anyone else—but as a type of massive social change, I think health care will be controlled by the patients. We're the ones who care most about our health."

Will we live longer, healthier lives as a result? That remains to be seen. In my experience, there's still something a little unsatisfying about these tests, both together and separately. I now have all of these little pieces of myself, like a puzzle, but really, where am I in there? To echo King Lear, who is it that can tell me who I am? My acidophilus? A protein swimming in my bloodstream? Something in the wisp and whorl of my DNA strands? We all want the big answers: Is there some specter of disease that lurks microscopically in my mitochondria that will change my life? What is in my control and what is beyond it? At this point, none of these tests can tell us any of this. What they can do, to take a positive spin, is tell us how superhuman it's possible for us to become—or, at the very least, guide us toward making more-informed choices. If you know you're genetically prone to getting sunspots, maybe you'll be more vigilant about SPF; if you know you're metabolically sensitive to caffeine, maybe you'll lay off the Red Bull. Perhaps it's just that simple. They give us information and tools—the rest is up to us.

*According to DNA analysis company FitnessGenes.
**Those with a mutation in the MTHFR gene are better off trying alternate forms—methyl folate or activated folate.

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PART 4: THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR FACE

# JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM

A new program uses a photo to assess your skin's age with eerie accuracy. **By Megan O'Neill**

"Whose intern are you?" an ELLE fashion intern asked one afternoon a few weeks ago, breaking the silence as we rode the elevator.

Do I lack the commanding presence of an actual employee? Maybe. But that question didn't even cross my mind. "I actually work here," I said, not the least bit displeased despite the fact that the misidentification knocked me years back in my career.

"Oh, I thought you were, like, 20."

"Nope, 31!" I declared proudly.

**35**
*Average age at which most women begin using antiaging products*

How old one looks often has little to do with how old one looks. I have a feeling people glance at me, and in that .6947 seconds it takes to form a (wholly unscientific) judgment, they're more influenced by my shiny Disney princess sticker–adorned notebook and my zanily patterned culottes than by what's actually happening on my face. But if you want to know—and address—what *is* really happening on your face, sometimes the human eye (especially one's own) feels a little too fallible. Olay Skin Advisor, the brand's just-launched online complexion assessor, is designed to deliver the cold, hard truth: You log in, take a makeup-free selfie in even lighting, and answer a brief questionnaire about your skin-care preferences and current regimen. The computer analyzes your photo, deducing your "best" areas, "improvement" areas, and how old your skin actually appears—more on this in a second—and then lists corresponding product recommendations. The point is not to depress or elate, but rather to eliminate drugstore-aisle angst: Now you can use actual facts—not just how obsessed you happen to be with those (real or imagined) enlarged pores/forehead lines at any given moment—to ascertain your skin-care needs.

**3.95**
*Average number of skin-care products American women use each morning*

Sounds straightforward enough, but teaching a computer to judge something as variable as the human face is incredibly complex. Advisor is based on a school of artificial intelligence called deep learning, which is not totally unlike the process that went into building Samantha, the disembodied techno–Scarlett Johansson that Joaquin Phoenix fell for in *Her*. Samantha is a computer operating system who talks and feels and thinks like a free agent; she can even grasp abstractions, such as miffed undertones in a conversation. Similarly, Advisor appears to have a range of thinking that surpasses what we imagine to be programmable. Deep learning, a type of machine intellect that uses algorithms to transmit information in both linear and nonlinear ways, is inspired by the way the human brain processes visual information. Just as a baby, looking at dog after dog after dog, learns to piece together the fact that a certain type of snout, fur, and paws make up...*a dog!*, deep learning uses multiple cognitive layers to identify an image. "The lower layers are doing simple processing tasks, such as detecting edges and spots; those detected low-level features are fed into the next layer, which can combine those edges and spots into more complex shapes; those shapes are in turn fed into a higher layer, and so on," says Jun Xu, PhD, Procter & Gamble principal scientist of bioinformatics and one of the creators of Advisor. Facebook employs deep learning to identify and auto-tag your friends; Google's search function, Apple's Siri, and self-driving cars also rely on the process. Further proof that deep learning is the future: Intel recently purchased deep learning–savvy start-up Nervana Systems, reportedly for more than $400 million.

For its initial tests, Olay fed thousands of faces of women ages 18 and over of all ethnicities into Advisor; now that the company is launching the program globally, it's hoping to get to 500,000 faces by the end of December. Olay engineers didn't program Advisor to seek signs of aging; rather, the program uses its growing database to continually layer new attributes and imperfections into its perceptions of the face, in order to deeply understand all the variations of, say, the 27-year-old face, and thereby differentiate it from one that reads as 26 or 28—or 68. "Every time it receives a new selfie, it fine-tunes its knowledge of what the face of a certain age looks like, essentially growing smarter with every use," says Olay principal scientist Frauke Neuser, PhD. Advisor rates overall skin texture as well as five key zones (forehead, cheek, chin, crow's-feet, undereye) and then, says Neuser, "combines all of this to make the best guess."

To test Advisor's accuracy, in March 2016 Olay took the program to the American Academy of Dermatology convention to pit it against the skin-age–assessing powers of 350 dermatologists. Advisor proved more accurate than doctors 94 percent of the time.

But accuracy can be a bitch. Perhaps it was that life-affirming elevator interaction, but I submitted myself to Advisor with zero hesitation. The machine's verdict: I look 29. My crow's-feet are my "best area"; undereye is my "improvement area," for which the computer recommended Olay Ultimate Eye Cream.

I know what you're thinking: Great! What's the problem? But the verdict stung ever so slightly. And a colleague whose actual age is 39 but whose Advisor age is 36—with room for improvement identified around her mouth, an area she'd never given much thought to—experienced a similar rush of angst. Point is, good news still feels a little bad, in that even if you're aging well, there's no doubt: You *are* aging. Blame our culture—heck, blame women's magazines—but ridiculous as it sounds, it's hard not to hear that as confirmation of a negative. But hey, it beats the alternative! "The tool isn't telling a woman something she's never thought before," Neuser says. "Advisor is simply looking at you and taking away the human bias." My takeaway: I'm all for technology that helps me figure out the smartest way to take care of my skin. But let's hold tight to the adage "Age is but a number."

**29**
*Average age at which most women purchase first eye cream*

Courtesy of Olay (6)

*ANSWER KEY (A) Actual Age: 24, Skin Age: 25. (B) AA: 41. SA: 40. (C) AA: 47. SA: 32. (D) AA: 46. SA: 40. (E) AA: 37. SA: 29. (F) AA: 27. SA: 32. (G) AA: 36. SA: 34.

# TREASURE CHEST

From a sparkling botanical-laced eye cream to a golden, scented body dust, these products light the way to incandescence.
**By Cotton Codinha**




**SHINE BRIGHT**
The ultraluxe Clé de Peau Beauté Intensive Eye Contour Cream blends clarifying retinyl palmitate, brightening pearl protein, and moisturizing hyaluronic acid to leave skin as crystal clear as its diamond-esque jar.

**HEIR APPARENT**
Inspired by Japanese *zukoh*, a powdered incense, Diptyque Kimonanthe mixes white florals and musk in a cracked-glass bottle capped with a resin top, a nod to the vintage beaded necklaces originally on display in the brand's Paris store.

**MAGIC TRICK**
Antioxidant-rich red algae and collagen-revving immortelle flower combine forces in L'Occitane Harmonie Divine cream, a deeply moisturizing skin saver that turns from lotion to oil upon application.

**A.V. CLUB**
Surrealist photog Sarah Moon has teamed with Nars to create a limited-edition makeup collection inspired in part by red-lipped Maria, the revolutionary at the center of the 1927 silent sci-fi classic *Metropolis* (shown here, Fearless Red Moon Matte Lipstick).

**GILT COMPLEX**
Elevate your perfume routine with Givenchy Dahlia Divin Poudre d'Or, a jasmine- and sandalwood-scented gold body powder misted via an atomizer, which delivers subtle shimmer.

**GET UP AND GLOW**
Boost a fading fall complexion with Tom Ford Shimmer Shot, a highlighting lotion in two shades (shown in Lust for Life) that leaves the face with a sun-soaked sheen.

**NEW NEUTRAL**
Hair guru Oribe extends his empire from head to, well, toe with three classic nail polish colors: The Red, The Nude, and The Violet (shown).

Jon Paterson/Studio D


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# A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC

When musician Greg Kurstin and his wife, Rachel (also his manager), throw a dinner party, they break out the good dishes and silver—and the amps and microphones.

**By Margaret Wappler**

Cohost Rachel Kurstin (left) with guest of honor Tiffany Tuttle in Los Angeles





Clockwise from left: Guests including Busy Philipps (in sunglasses) mingle during cocktails; Inara George and Greg Kurstin during their musical set; dinner is served



**AS THE SUN MELTS** behind the hills in Los Angeles, Inara George and Greg Kurstin, who make up the soulful pop duo The Bird and the Bee, serenade a dinner party gathered to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Tiffany Tuttle's shoe label, LD Tuttle. The guests, including art-punk goddess Kim Gordon, stylist Jessica de Ruiter, and actress Busy Philipps, are transfixed. George, rooted near Kurstin's backyard pool next to her collaborator on the keyboard, hypnotizes with the airiest high notes for their breakup song, "I'm a Broken Heart." Even with wounded lines like "My love is bleeding," her playful singing and Kurstin's soft keys bring the song closer to joy than agony.

Most of the partygoers are outfitted in Tuttle's black leather creations—some with chunky heels and some with bows and other romantic flourishes to set off the raw and minimalist palette. Tuttle, who danced professionally until age 20, eventually found herself at New York's Fashion Institute of Technology, obsessed with drawing shoes in her notebook. Now she jets off to Milan four times a year to check on the family-owned factories that make her shoes. Her pared-down but high-end creations (oxfords run about $595, over-the-knee boots close to $1,000) have captured the attention of musicians such as Esperanza Spalding and Tegan and Sara, who pose in Tuttle's inky ankle boots on the cover of their new album, *Boyfriend*.

Despite her demanding travel schedule and her ties to the East Coast—she's a Princeton grad, like party guest Bettina Korek, an art promoter who counts Scott Sternberg, the former creative force behind Band of Outsiders, as one of their mutual friends—Tuttle remains loyal to California's laid-back lifestyle. At dinner on the grassy lawn, she says, "Out here, I have time to think and get ideas."

The sentiment's echoed by Gordon, who long reigned as one of the icons of downtown cool. After a lengthy stint in western Massachusetts to raise her daughter, Coco, and a very public divorce from her husband and Sonic Youth collaborator, Thurston Moore, Gordon is happy to cast off her former life.

"I don't miss it at all," she says of New York. "People kept texting me that it's like Disneyland for hipsters." On the other hand, the recession made L.A., her newly reclaimed home (she was raised in West L.A.), more "quaint." "Suddenly it wasn't about body work and tans anymore," she says, following up with praise for the city's energetic art scene.

At 63, Gordon is reinvigorated, chatting with Kurstin and his wife, Rachel, at the dinner table about her latest inspirations: the Nina Simone documentary directed by Liz Garbus, and '70s French singer Catherine Ribeiro.

Rachel, who floats from guest to guest in a long floral dress, is all Angeleno chill. Despite her own refined ear (she worked in A&R at Warner Brothers for 10 years, and reminisces about the Flaming Lips and Built to Spill in the early aughts), she leaves the soundtrack of this dinner party to Greg. "He's obsessed with making playlists; he probably makes one a day," she says. The two met, in fact, through music—Greg caught Rachel's eye when he played keys for Beck's touring band in support of 2002's Sea Change tour.

Now Rachel manages her husband's production and songwriting projects, including The Bird and the Bee. Another client: producer/songwriter Jesse Shatkin, recently nominated for a Grammy for the Sia track "Chandelier," which Greg coproduced. "I used to be the girl who only listened to music

Brigitte Sire (styled by Annina Mislin; hair by Ashley Lynn Hall for Oribe; makeup by Nicole Chew for Dior Beauty)

# BETTER TASTE NEXT TIME.

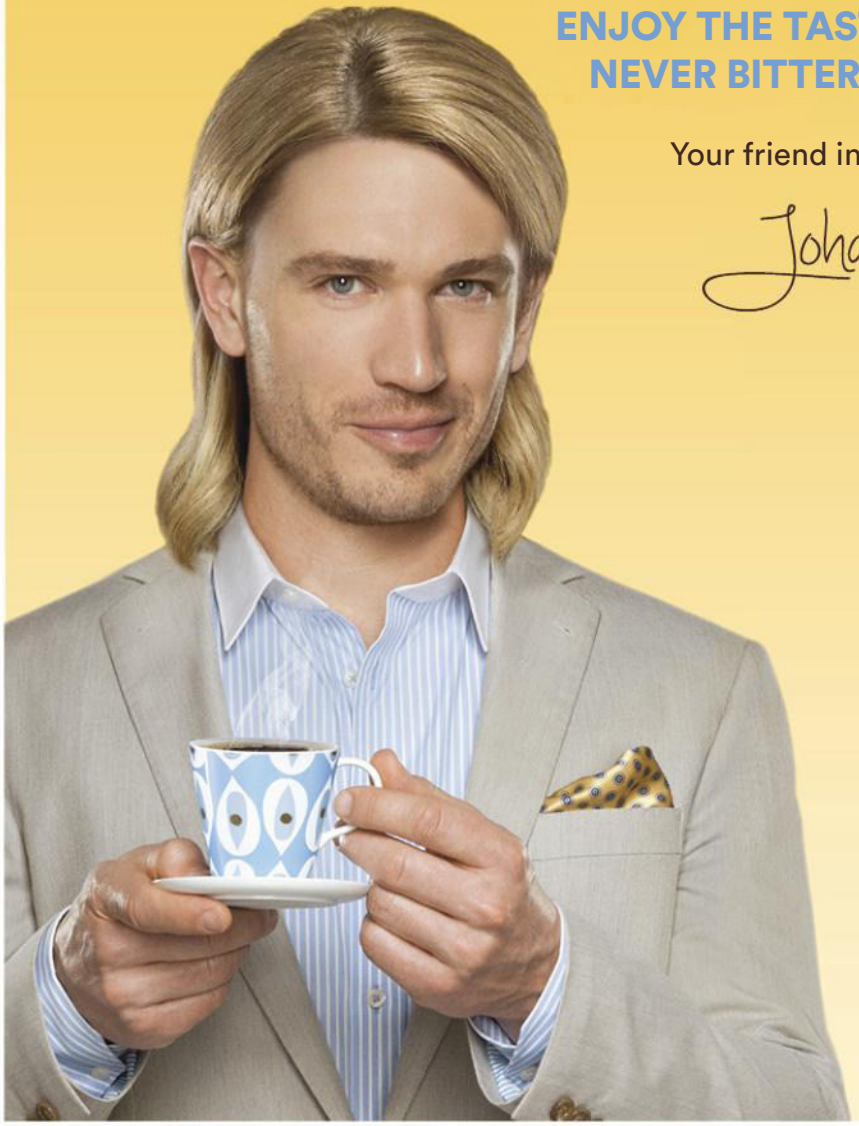
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Clockwise from top: Poolside cocktails; wax seals were affixed to menus in LD Tuttle's design studio; guests dine on citrus-roasted chicken in sherry vinaigrette





on indie labels," Rachel says, "but now I find pop the most exciting." Another passion of hers is film; she and Greg go out to the movies at least once a week and have parties for the Golden Globes and Oscars. "We have lots of opinions," she says. And a few about awards-show fashion, too: "I like when people take risks. More women should wear suits," like Charli XCX and Anna Kendrick at the 2015 Grammys.

The Bird and the Bee close out their mini-set with "Sara Smile," a cover of their beloved Hall & Oates. In addition to working with Beck on a new album, Greg is working on new songs for The Bird and the Bee. George won't utter a peep about what's to come. "We'll see what happens," the pixie-haired singer says with an enigmatic smile. Some lives are best lived in secret.

**SET THE MOOD** Looking to re-create Rachel and Greg's feel-good backyard vibe? Start with Greg's exclusive "10-Year Anniversary" playlist.

**"Electric Relaxation,"** A Tribe Called Quest

**"The Passenger,"** Iggy Pop

**"Red Bumb Ball,"** Lloyd & Devon

**"Rip It Up,"** Orange Juice

**"My Favorite Things,"** John Coltrane

**"Bam Bam,"** Sister Nancy

**"Edge of Seventeen,"** Stevie Nicks

**"Some Velvet Morning,"** Nancy Sinatra and Lee Hazlewood

**"Les Sucettes,"** France Gall

**"Age of Consent,"** New Order

**"Look for Me Baby,"** The Kinks

**"Mood Indigo,"** Nina Simone

Brigitte Sire

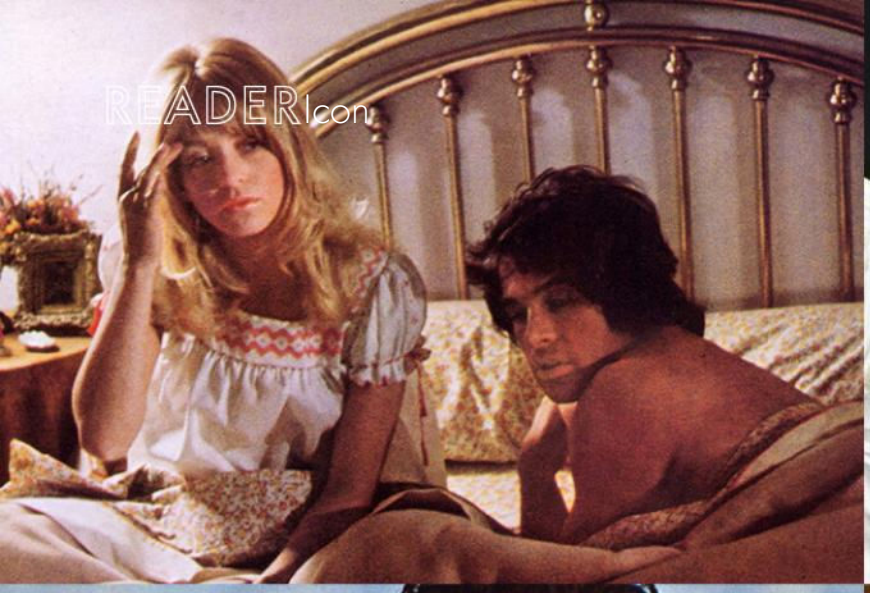
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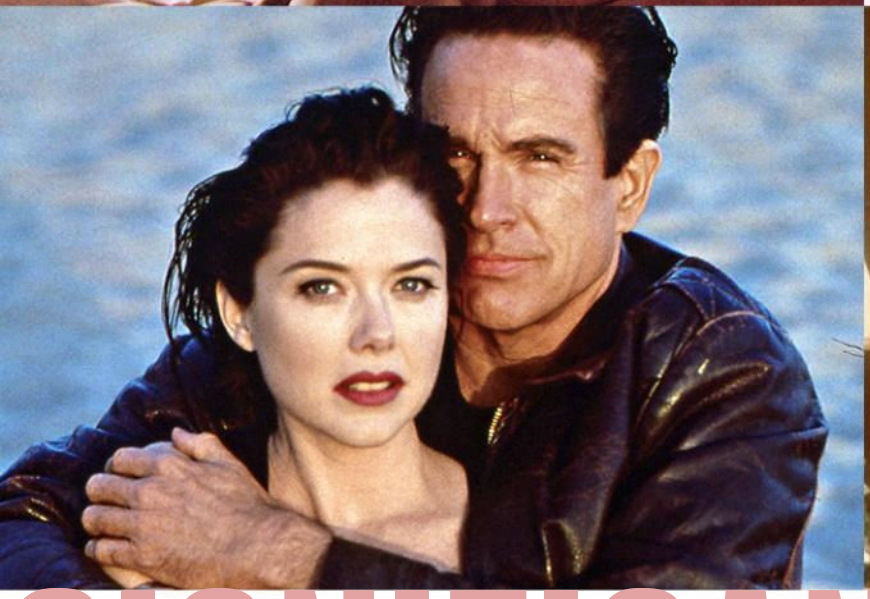



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Beatty-tude (clockwise from top left): with Goldie Hawn in *Shampoo*, Elizabeth Taylor in *The Only Game in Town*, Halle Berry in *Bulworth*, and Annette Bening, his co-star in *Bugsy*

# SIGNIFICANT OTHER

His new movie is *Rules Don't Apply*, and that could be the headline of Warren Beatty's life. This legendary actor, director, and lover rewrites every playbook. Just ask the women who know him. **Holly Millea** did.

A phone is ringing somewhere in this 22,000-square-foot Beverly Hills home high atop Mulholland Drive. Minutes later a bearded, blue-jeaned millennial enters the room without a word, approaches Warren Beatty, and discreetly flashes a yellow card with a name printed on it. "I'll call him back," Beatty says to Aaron, his personal assistant of five years. "But wait, you gotta hear this." Beatty turns to me. "Tell Aaron the story."

*Well, Aaron*, it was June 1988. Warren Beatty and his best friend, Jack Nicholson, had accepted Donald Trump's invitation to the Leon Spinks versus Mike Tyson heavyweight match in Atlantic City; Trump helicoptered the two of them down from Manhattan. The pre-party was a swell of supernovas: Madonna with then-husband Sean Penn, Oprah Winfrey, Bruce Willis, Billy Crystal, Muhammad Ali. But all eyes were on Nicholson and Beatty—the rogue and the Romeo, the coolest of the cool, already legends at 51—wearing sunglasses at night, seated together at Trump's table with the singer Paul Simon on one side and the artist LeRoy Neiman on the other.

For a young party reporter such as I, the only way to get through the throng of blazing paparazzi was to elbow my way forward, duckwalk under the table, and pop up between the stars on the other side. "Oh, hello!" Beatty said just as Nicholson, who was being sketched by Neiman and was unaware I was there, leaned back without looking and into my recorder said, "Hey, Pro"—his nickname for Beatty—"be sure to tell me when the good pussy shows up."

Beatty laughs. "Didn't you sneak your recorder onto the table and leave it there and come back and get it?" he asks. No, no, it happened exactly the way I told it.

"It's funny, I remember it differently." He knits his brow, sighs heavily. "Invented memory is a subject that fascinates me." He cites two recent memoirs, one by a former supermodel and the other by a famous singer, each telling tales of Beatty-induced heartbreak. "Now that I've been around for as long as Howard Hughes was around, when I hear or read stories about myself that are simply inventions, well, it makes you

Clockwise from top left: Moviestore Collection/Alamy; Camerique/Getty Images; 20th Century Fox/Everett Collection; TriStar Pictures/Neal Peters Collection



# Carlee

## Her second chance at life made possible by an organ donor

*Dancer, teenager, two-time heart recipient*

Carlee has been saved twice by heart transplants—as an infant and again at 13. Today, she wants to share with the world that anything is possible, and every donation is the start of a new story. You can be someone's new beginning. Sign up online as an organ, eye, and tissue donor.

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laugh." He mentions Hughes, whom he portrays in this month's *Rules Don't Apply*, with costars Lily Collins, Alden Ehrenreich, Haley Bennett, and his wife, Annette Bening. It's a film Beatty was writing and developing when I profiled him for *Premiere* magazine in 2006—and decades before that. "I like to quote Henry Ford: 'History is bunk,'" he says. "Napoleon said, 'History is a collection of lies agreed upon.' Do you know what Winston Churchill said? 'History will be very kind to me because I intend to write it.'" Beatty, 79, stabs the air with his index finger, smiling a twinkly-eyed smile.

WHEN IT COMES TO MEN IN HOLLYWOOD, there hasn't been a man like Warren Beatty, ever. Given the Insta-tell-all culture we now live in, there never will be again. Twelve books have been written about him, none of which he's read all the way through. He starts them, then stops as the inaccuracies pile up, often within the first few pages. This has a lot, though not everything, to do with women in Hollywood, about whom Beatty is expert in myriad ways. An irresistible, inexhaustible subject, he's sui generis as an actor, writer, director, producer, and lover.

Like Brad Pitt in *Thelma & Louise*, Beatty became a star in his first major role—Elia Kazan's 1961 film *Splendor in the Grass*, opposite Natalie Wood—and he never had to audition for another part. His pull was projecting a strong masculinity with an undercurrent of tenderness. Being gorgeous helped. A singular talent with 14 Oscar nominations, a win for Best Director (*Reds*, 1981), and an Irving G. Thalberg award (2000), Beatty had Pitt's beauty, Ryan Gosling's charisma, George Clooney's charm, Robert Downey Jr.'s wit, Casanova's libido, and the intellectual firepower of an all-time *Jeopardy* champion.

Men and women are drawn to him in equal measure. From an early age, he's been a sage adviser to friends and colleagues and politicians (from Bobby Kennedy to Hillary Clinton), loyal and insightful—a hotline for people in need, who need the people he knows. He's intensely curious, and that—along with his emotional intelligence—is perhaps the sexiest part of all.

You couldn't capture Beatty's complexities on paper. To get him, you have to watch him on film. He himself says, "Character is plot, and casting is character." Which says much about the women he casts in his movies, and more about the empathy he brings to his own roles, including the subtle sexual confusion of his Clyde Barrow (*Bonnie and Clyde*, 1967); his quiet pain of unrequited love for a brothel owner (*McCabe & Mrs. Miller*, 1971); his warring loyalties between the Communist cause and the woman he loves (*Reds*); and his comical, suicidal politician in *Bulworth* (1998)—the last two of which he also cowrote. (Spoiler alert: In his first film in 15 years, he breaks hearts again.)

His projected vulnerabilities were in beautiful contrast with the strengths of the female characters playing opposite him—Julie Christie and Goldie Hawn in *Shampoo*; Christie and Dyan Cannon in *Heaven Can Wait* (1978); and Halle Berry in *Bulworth*—which is not to say the women in these movies weren't complicated, too. "Warren has never had a problem understanding the contradictions that are within women," says Annette Bening, who married Beatty after they fell in love on the set of 1991's *Bugsy*. "And he also has a sense of humor—it's much more easy to be earnest. He has a way of finding what's melancholy, complex, sad, ridiculous, and funny, all in the same narrative."

As he prepares for the American Film Institute opening-night premiere of *Rules Don't Apply* on November 10, it's not an exaggeration to say that only a handful of male filmmakers come to mind who've consistently given women such fully evolved, complicated onscreen lives: Billy Wilder, Pedro Almodóvar, Baz Luhrmann, Woody Allen...and Warren Beatty.

"Warren's not appreciated as much as he ought to be, and I think it's because he's so fucking handsome," says Carrie Fisher, whose first movie, *Shampoo*, was with Beatty. "Oftentimes you find someone who is good-looking like that—male or female—and that's where it ends. For him, it was just a beginning."

BEATTY SITS IN HIS COZY kitchen alcove, crunching away on vegan chips and rice cakes with peanut butter. On a vacant seat sits a linen pillow that states, in bright-red letters, YOU'RE RIGHT—a gift from Bening. The two have four children, and the domestic scene here is a long way from the days when this stretch of Mulholland was known as Bad Boy Drive, so called because Beatty, Nicholson, and Marlon Brando lived within a stone's throw of one another. ("How many women were there? Easier to count stars in the sky," one biographer mused about Beatty's love life.) Among his sustained relationships were Joan Collins, Natalie Wood, Leslie Caron, Julie Christie, Diane Keaton, and Madonna. It would be easy to assume he escaped his Richmond, Virginia, Southern Baptist roots guilt-free. "I would say that my fame did rather coincide with the strength of the women's movement, particularly the early '60s. And, um...I think that I was smart. I saw what was happening, and I liked what was happening. To some extent, one might say that the independence of women granted me a higher level of independence." He smiles. "But to say that sexual guilt did not plague me, that is not true," adds Beatty, who lost his virginity at 19. "If that were true, I would not have made this movie."

Set in 1958 (the year he moved to Hollywood), *Rules Don't Apply* stars Lily Collins as a wannabe starlet and Alden Ehrenreich as a chauffeur, two naïfs working under contract for billionaire film and aviation mogul Howard Hughes, whose edict is no monkey business between employees. You know what happens. As in all of Beatty's writing (he's cowritten and directed four films), big issues are at play in the script: love, religion, guilt, money, sex, power, more guilt, greater love.... "I wanted to make a love story," he says, "between two young people who were religious—the girl a Baptist, the boy a Methodist—and who survive it."

If you want to see the cost of the alternative, stream Beatty's classic satirical comedy *Shampoo* (1975). Cowritten by Beatty and Robert Towne (Towne had won the Best Original Screenplay Oscar for 1974's *Chinatown*), the film is an acute study of the sexual revolution set against the backdrop of Nixon's 1968 election, starring Beatty as a Lothario hairdresser juggling his balls and blow-dryer among a woman he loves (Christie), an actress he doesn't (Hawn), and a wealthy mistress (Lee Grant) whose teenage daughter (Carrie Fisher) seduces him with the line, "You wanna fuck?" It's a razor-sharp French farce with an ending as unexpected and haunting as a one-night stand.

After meeting and being taken with young Carrie on the *Shampoo* set—she was visiting with a friend—Beatty had to talk her mother, actress Debbie Reynolds, into letting her 17-year-old daughter take the role. "Debbie wanted me to change the line," Beatty recalls. "I said, 'I don't want [her] to say, 'Do you want to make love?' That wouldn't be funny."

"She didn't want me to say 'fuck,'" recalls Fisher. "'Screw' was about as far as she would go." Beatty prevailed. "I'd never acted in anything, not even in school," Fisher says. "I was utterly avoiding it, having seen the waning of my mother's career. That seemed heartbreaking. Only Warren could have made it so appealing. He was very patient and worked with me. He put me in show business." And he remains an ally: When Fisher was workshopping her one-woman show, *Wishful Drinking*, in 2006, Beatty came to see it twice, giving her copious notes.

HERE'S A COUNTERINTUITIVE take on Warren Beatty: This great seducer of women has been a continuous advocate for us, in his movies and in the business. While he's known to be controlling, he's not above seeking others' opinions. "He invited me into the screen-



*Reds*: Paramount Pictures/Ronald Grant Archive/Alamy



Romance and revolution: Beatty and Keaton in *Reds*; poster for *Rules Don't Apply*




# Says Diane Keaton, "He alone can make you feel, 'I could be a politician, a director, a creator.'"

ing room to help with the editing" of *Rules*, Lily Collins says, still surprised that he did.

A wellspring of advice and encouragement, Beatty gives it freely, happily, which is why his phone is always ringing and Aaron is always Vanna White–ing it with the yellow flash cards. When I interviewed Nicole Kidman in 2008, she recounted coming to America for the first time and meeting Beatty for the role of Tess Trueheart in *Dick Tracy*. "He said, 'No, you're too young for *Dick Tracy*,'" Kidman said. "'But I do have somebody you should meet.'" Beatty picked up the phone and called his friend Towne, who was writing *Days of Thunder*, starring Tom Cruise. The next thing Kidman knew, she was playing a brain surgeon opposite her future husband. "So Warren changed my life."

"The thing about Warren is that he alone can make you feel like you have true potential for greatness," Diane Keaton said when I profiled her for ELLE's 2010 Women in Hollywood Issue. "He alone can make you feel, 'Oh, I could be a politician, I could be a director, a creator.' He has the capacity to let you believe fantasies that are of course completely untrue. And then take you there. It's a very seductive and thrilling feeling, but of course has nothing to do with reality. But at the same time, he has the gift for seeing the potential in people and he appreciates them. He could have been a psychiatrist. And he sees what's moving in everybody. He encourages talent and he sees it in a varied way. It's not just exclusive. His insights are brilliant."

HE'S STILL A PAIN IN THE ASS. As a director, he's famous, or infamous, for his take-after-take search for the Holy Grail of moments, the end justifying the means. "It was just 'Do it again, do it again, do it again...' At one point I think we got up to 100 takes," recalls Haley Bennett, who plays a less-than-virginal contract actress in *Rules Don't Apply*. "I kept looking over at Lily, like, 'Oh my God, this is unrelenting.' She's like, 'You have no idea.'"

"Long after we'd gotten what would have been great," Collins says, "he drives you to this exhausted place of almost creative genius. Because he'd never get the performance out of his actors that he would get without having driven them to that point that they thought they were already past."

This approach is extended to his interlocutors. "Before you turn that thing on," Beatty says on a Sunday night in L.A., sitting in his favorite deli booth, gesturing at my tape recorder, "let's have an interesting conversation, then we'll go on the record and I'll be boring." He thinks this is funny, but he's not kidding. Over the years he's burned my ears with off-the-record anecdotes about the likes of Marilyn Monroe, Edie Sedgwick, John F. Kennedy...and other fancy people who are still alive. He loves to gab, and he gabs like a girl.

But when the red light is on, Beatty squirms and exhales heavily through his nose as if his appendix were bursting. More often than not, when you ask a question, he slips and slides off the hook with one of the following: "Um, um, um...," or "I don't want to be reductive," or "Turn that thing off for a minute."

A text *dings!* from my editor Lisa in New York, who is pressing me to get the story and get it in. Desperate times call for desperate measures. I tap FaceTime on my iPhone and hand it to Beatty. Lisa answers, expecting me. "Oh...hi!" she says, clearly shocked, and unhappy, to see Warren Beatty. She lets out a startled yelp. Her hair is pulled back, and her face is covered in dried dark muck. "I wasn't expecting a call from *you*. I have a clay mask all over my face." She does.

Beatty is undeterred. "I think that looks very good; you should get on a plane immediately. What is it? It's clay? Oh, wow!"

There he goes with the charm, which I must nip in the bud: "Lisa, believe me, I'm pulling teeth here. He is a bad boy. Warren, tell her how bad you've been."

He laughs, mesmerized by the sight of her caked visage. "The clay is working, by the way. It really is very...it takes the subject of narcissism off the table, and the more I see it, the more impressive it is." He's incorrigible.

Reduced to being reductive, I say, "Let's go through a list of your leading ladies and see what memory each sparks, starting with *Splendor in the Grass*'s Natalie Wood. "If you're asking me to free-associate," Beatty advises, "it's better to ask the question like, 'Natalie Wood, question mark.'"

Okay. Natalie Wood? "Um...um...[heavy sigh] well, I would feel guilty being reductive. I couldn't do justice by saying what springs to mind; if I would begin by saying, 'Victimized by being a child actress at the age of four,' then that would be reductive. And that would apply to anybody that you mention. I don't want to give them short shrift."

Well, would he like to hear what some of his leading ladies have had to say about *him*? He's all ears.

*Keaton:* "I could never, ever believe how beautiful he was. It was really hard not to be completely seduced by the fact that he was so pretty. Sorry, for the most superficial, horrible reason—but he was, I just couldn't take my eyes off him."

*Fisher:* "Warren isn't into women just sexually. He's into you as a person, a mind, a spirit, a soul—that's more seductive than anything."

*Collins:* "Warren loves women, right? But Warren loves intellectual, feisty women who stand up for themselves and won't take no for an answer."

Would he like me to continue? Beatty nods, his eyes closed, sporting a small smile.

*Hawn:* "You don't walk away from Warren as a friend. You would be missing something. He's a very powerful force that's important to have in your life. Particularly when you want to speak to somebody who's got a lot of clarity. He's got a lot of clarity in various and sundry subjects and situations. I trust his perception in human relationships. He sees behavior very clearly."

*Bening:* "We're very different in many ways. I can be maddening and he can be maddening, for sure. Any relationship that ends up lasting, it's not that you're alike, it's more that you want the same thing. There's definitely a fire there between us. I can say that without hesitation."

Bening is a subject Beatty can be squeezed to expound upon. He met the actress for the first time four doors down from here at an Italian

Continued on page 280




"African Americans for Hillary" rally in Atlanta, October 2015

# BLACK VOTES MATTER

## ALL VOTES COUNT, BUT HILLARY CLINTON'S FATE MAY BE IN THE HANDS OF BLACK WOMEN IN PARTICULAR. A TRIO OF INFLUENTIAL AFRICAN AMERICAN THINKERS SOUND OFF ON THE HILLARY THEY KNOW—AND THE HILLARY THEY WISH FOR

THE MOST RELIABLE voters in the U.S. right now, who are getting to the polls at a higher rate than any other, aren't white men (angry or not) or soccer moms (translation: suburban white women). An astounding 82 percent of African American women over age 18 cast ballots in 2012 (compared to 67 percent of white women), according to data crunched by American Women, the research arm of EMILY's List. That's Australian territory, where not voting is illegal and punishable by a small fine.

Indeed, black women's electoral enthusiasm, combined with their preference for Democrats—Barack Obama got 96 percent of their vote in 2012—is the driver behind the much-hashed-over gender gap favoring the blue party. Without women of color (Latinas also went disproportionately Dem, but not as many voted), there *is* no gender gap: In 2012, Republican Mitt Romney got 56 percent of white women's vote, similar to what John McCain and George W. Bush reaped previously.

The obvious reason black women have flocked to the polls (but no less powerful for being obvious) was the chance to vote for the first president who looked like them. "The appeal was both [Barack] and Michelle," says Fordham University political scientist Christina Greer, PhD. "Obama got a lot of black credibility by being married to a brown-skinned woman from the South Side who's also highly accomplished. Only a certain type of man can marry an accomplished woman."

But black female turnout has been steadily increasing since 1992. "Black women take pride in the right to vote," says interim Democratic National Committee chair Donna Brazile, "perhaps because we were the last of the last to get the right." Plus, says ELLE contributor Melissa Harris-Perry, it's obtuse to suggest that black people voted for Obama *solely* because of racial identity. "After all," she's written, "Obama won his Senate seat against Alan Keyes, an African American Republican." In other words, policy *and* symbols matter. "We want both," Harris-Perry added. "Why wouldn't we? We are citizens!"

For Hillary Clinton's campaign, then, it's a get-out-the-vote issue. In surveys, black women are supporting her at the same stratospheric levels as they did Obama, but will they have the necessary fervor to find child care, get time off from work, overcome voter ID laws—the usual drill—to get to the polls on November 8? (Trump is giving them a push: Nearly three-quarters of African American women in a July Gallup report said they were "strongly afraid" of what would happen if he prevailed, a rate of fear exceeding that of any other racial, ethnic, or gender group, including Latinos.)

Greer also notes a snowball effect among black women, and any active set of voters: "You don't want to be the one person at your church or neighborhood association who can't comment when everyone talks about how long the lines were."

## I'M WITH HER—FINALLY!

### Salamishah Tillet on her slow-growing admiration for Hillary

On the Saturday after the Democratic National Convention, some friends and I, mainly African American women in our early to mid-forties, met over flatbread pizzas and flutes of prosecco at one of our homes. Most of us were going through career transitions—working variously in finance, theater, law, tech, and academia—and we were turning to each other for both solace and strategy: a sisterly pick-me-up on a sweltering July night.

The conversation inevitably turned political. "Donald Trump is like an unlicensed truck driver who people believe can perform open-heart surgery," said Kenna, a consultant. "Hillary? Unfortunately, she comes across as the smartest gal in the room—people don't like that. The funny thing, she probably is."

We all nodded. Every woman knows how this dynamic works, but for us it's doubly poignant. While black children hear from the cradle that they must "work twice as hard to get half as much as white people," black girls learn that even that is not enough. We must be exceptional, our mothers tell us, everyday superwomen, to overcome the gender and race bias that still pervade the American workforce, American life. So when we hear James Carville assert that Hillary Clinton is "the most qualified candidate since General George Washington himself!," and Barack Obama tell the DNC that "there has never been a man or a woman—not me, not Bill, nobody—more qualified than



Hillary greets supporters in the Bronx, April 2016

From top: Jessica McGowan/Getty Images; Justin Sullivan/Getty Images

# GUESS WHO GOT A *Lift*

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Visit to a Compton, California, community center, June 2016

Hillary Clinton to serve as president of the United States of America," we sigh. We can relate: Hillary has become the ultimate symbol of the severely overqualified woman who still isn't considered good enough for the job.

And yet, I voted for Bernie Sanders in the primary. Not out of some knee-jerk dislike of Hillary but rather a skepticism that dates back to her tenure as First Lady. Like Michelle Alexander, the author of *The New Jim Crow: Mass Incarceration in the Age of Colorblindness*, who wrote an essay called "Why Hillary Clinton Doesn't Deserve the Black Vote" for *The Nation* in February, I've struggled to forgive Hillary for her enthusiastic support of legislation in the mid-1990s that disproportionately harmed black America.

"When Bill Clinton left office in 2001," Alexander wrote in *The Nation*, "the United States had the highest rate of incarceration in the world." She goes on, "In seven states, African Americans constituted 80 to 90 percent of all drug offenders sent to prison, even though they were no more likely than whites to use or sell illegal drugs." I'm well aware that the country was in the grip of a kind of hysteria about crime back then—and black people especially had reason to despair over the dangers in their neighborhoods—but the racially charged rhetoric Hillary employed seemed like a betrayal: "They are not just gangs of kids anymore. They are often the kinds of kids that are called 'superpredators.' No conscience, no empathy. We can talk about why they ended up that way, but first we have to bring them to heel." When Black Lives Matter activist Ashley Williams interrupted a fundraiser in South Carolina last winter to demand an apology from her for the remarks, Hillary gave a steely, defensive response. A day later, she admitted to the *Washington Post*, "Looking back, I shouldn't have used those words, and I wouldn't use them today."

Hillary's endorsement of her husband's drive to put time limits and other restrictions on welfare hasn't stoked as much ire during the campaign, but it's been no less damaging to black communities. Again, according to Alexander, Hillary not only "ardently supported" the dismantling of what was called Aid to Families with Dependent Children but "characterized [it] as a success as recently as 2008." Contrast this with Sanders, who, while campaigning last winter, said, "I spoke out against so-called 'welfare reform,' because I thought it was scapegoating people who were helpless, people who were very, very vulnerable."

I realize that there's a big difference between Hillary as a First Lady cheerleading for these plans and Bill signing them into law, but the Clintons have always run as a "two for the price of one" deal. Just this May, Hillary told Kentucky voters that if elected, she'd put Bill in charge of getting "incomes rising...to help bring back the kind of economy that worked for everybody in the 1990s." For real? By recalculating the unemployment rate in 1999 to include people in prison, sociologists Bruce Western and Becky Pettit reported that a full two-thirds of young black men who dropped out of high school were jobless then, rather than the 50 percent reported—further financially gutting already poor black families.

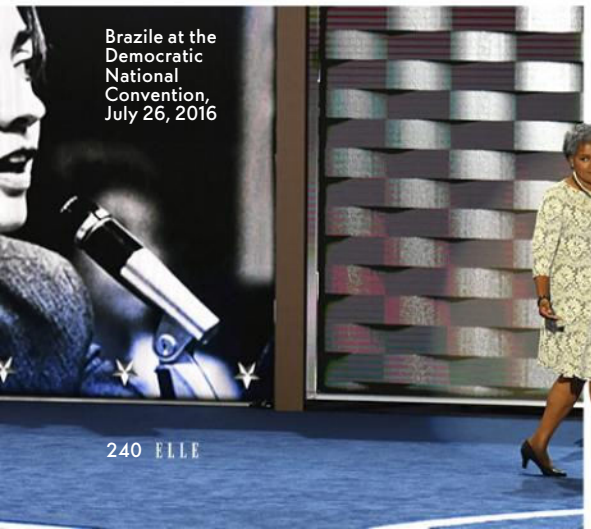
As for welfare reform, even though blacks made up only one third of recipients nationwide at the time, the states with the most African Americans on the rolls imposed the strictest lifetime limits on aid, caps on benefits for women who give birth while on welfare, and sanctions for noncompliance with program rules. Sociologists

Continued on page 280

# HALLELUJAH, HIL!

## Democratic power broker Donna Brazile offers a fiery brief on behalf of our first female White House contender. **By Nina Burleigh**

When Democratic National Committee chair Debbie Wasserman Schultz took the fall for hacked e-mails days before this summer's convention, the party turned for leadership to Donna Brazile, a Sunday-morning talk-show fixture whose Southern charms and political chops have made her the female James Carville. Brazile is also a celebrity in her own right—having portrayed herself on *The Good Wife* and *House of Cards*—and she literally sashayed off the stage after giving a rousing five-minute speech at the convention.


Brazile at the Democratic National Convention, July 26, 2016

Born in segregated Kenner, Louisiana, in 1959, one of nine children of a domestic-worker mother and a manual-laborer father, Brazile first got involved in politics at the age of nine, when she worked to elect a city council candidate who'd promised to build a playground in her neighborhood. Her guy won, the swing set was erected, and, according to Brazile, her lifelong passion for progressive politics was ignited. She'd worked on every presidential campaign from 1976 through 2000 when she became the first African American to manage one—Al Gore's. Since then she has run her own political strategy firm in DC, advising Democrats in state and local races while remaining deeply involved in national party matters. She teaches women's and gender studies at Georgetown—and calls the Trump campaign "the last of the uglies," predicting that the next generation will reach new levels of tolerance and transform the country again.

Brazile was in her early twenties, working as an organizer for the Children's Defense Fund, when she first encountered CDF board member and First Lady of Arkansas Hillary Clinton.

**ELLE:** What was your first impression of Hillary?

**Donna Brazile:** In the boardroom that day, I looked up, and here was a profoundly smart lawyer basically cracking the whip on why we couldn't give up, why we had to continue to fight for children's health care, for childhood poverty programs. I'd go to my grave telling the world she's a woman of compassion, of valor—she's used her political capital all her life to help poor kids.

**ELLE:** You tell a story about how Hillary turned you on to Obama.

**DB:** This is how Hillary operates. She gets excited, and like everybody else, when you get excited, you call your friends. And she's like, "Do you know Barack Obama?" He then gave the keynote at the 2004 DNC, and it was phenomenal. But it was Hillary who inspired us [to give him a national platform as a speaker at the convention].

**ELLE:** African American women have voted at high rates in the last two elections—

**DB:** Praise the Lord.

**ELLE:** What part of Hillary's record suggests that they should support her?

**DB:** I go back to health care. She failed, but she never gave up the mission. Fighting for children's health care was at the core of her, not just as a young activist, but also as First Lady and United States senator. It's something that she'll protect as the next president of the United States.

**ELLE:** There is still anger and suspicion among some African Americans regarding Bill Clinton's support for mass incarceration and welfare reform.

**DB:** Well, there are two strains of so-called lack of trust. One is general: The American

From top: John Locher/Associated Press; Ricky Carioti/the *Washington Post* via Getty Images

people are sincerely tired of politics as usual. Then, maybe the Democrats and Republicans went too far with "three strikes, you're out," went too far with the sentencing guidelines.

I think she's taken that criticism well, as someone who was First Lady then. She's said, "Here's what I'd do differently now; here are the mistakes I think we made as a country." The platform that she's outlined [including reforming mandatory minimum sentences and prioritizing treatment rather than incarceration for nonviolent drug crimes]—we have to hold her accountable on those issues. I think she's willing to be held accountable.

**ELLE:** There's a sense by some in the Black Lives Matter movement that she isn't their candidate.

**DB:** The movement arose because many of our young people were sick and tired of seeing their friends being murdered. To a candidate like Hillary, I'd say: They have to be at the table; they *will* be at the table—they're the future of this country, and we've got to let them know that. And when I say "we," I include myself. I have 19 nieces and nephews. I care about them; I can't tell you the many, many nights I've cried—worried about them, worried about the kind of country they'll inherit.

**ELLE:** Hillary has always surrounded herself with women of color—do you think that's strategic?

**DB:** I never thought of it that way, but she's so comfortable around everybody. Hillary would even be comfortable with these people who so-called hate her. But they're too busy hating her to get to know her.

I've worked for a lot of politicians in my day, and I'm in the room and nobody else looks like me. There are some politicians where you have to open up your mouth and say, "Hello, hello, there are no women, no people of color, no LGBTQ people." You never have to do that with Hillary. You know for a fact she will not stomach it.

**ELLE:** Do older and millennial black women feel differently about her?

**DB:** The millennials may not be as impressed that, say, women of my generation [climbed up the ladder]; climbing up the ladder may not even be their goal. They may not see the ceiling that we see, the ceilings we've experienced. But they're so optimistic. I think Hillary has to be upbeat, aspirational, and she has to remind them that this is *their* future she's fighting for. Not just hers, but theirs.

**ELLE:** Why should African American women trust Hillary?

**DB:** Black women more than anyone else—and I'm prejudiced when I say this, maybe I shouldn't say it at all—but black women know a phony when we see one, and Hillary's no phony. Like I said, I spent a lot of time in the trenches with her, and she's the same woman I met when I was a kid.



Andrew Harnik/Associated Press

The doting husband: Rally at Temple University in Philadelphia, July 2016

# BIG DOG IN THE HOUSE

**Margo Jefferson** draws on African American history to offer the would-be First Gentleman some advice

Hillary can learn a lot from the black clubwomen of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century who pioneered social, political, and educational reforms. They founded schools, libraries, and settlement houses; lobbied for suffrage and child welfare; and fought against lynching and a vast system of discriminatory laws and beliefs.

Some married; some didn't. But here's what I want to stress: The best of them never allowed their husbands to overshadow—let's put it bluntly, to get in the way of—their leadership. Some men worked in the institutions their wives ran or had founded, always in a useful secondary capacity (as dean of male students, for instance, in their wife's school). Others quietly pursued their own less public careers.

So if or when, and let's hope it's when, Hillary becomes president, I want her to remember that example. Then I want her to use the role Michelle Obama played as First Lady as a model for Bill. Considered too "threatening," too "angry," too "interfering" by many—a toxic cluster of stereotypes black women know very well—Michelle cannily surmounted them. She avoided her husband's turf. She declared herself "Mom-in-Chief" and sponsored causes whose domestic aura quelled gender anxieties: the rights of military families; health and nutrition for children.

What might Bill Clinton do, in a similar vein? What causes could he embrace that would quell the anxieties some—no, many—will have about a man doing "woman's work"? (Can't you hear the strident accusations that Hillary is taking her revenge and emasculating him?) And what about those of us with very different anxieties, people who worry, even fear, that Bill's vast ego will try to claim too much Oval Office space? How can he walk the line between those eager to give the former leader of the free world his masculine props and those desperate to keep him so busy that he doesn't have time to stride into the offices or airplanes of administration officials proffering advice—or time to defend his presidency in speeches to her supporters? He can't just do busy work. He has to do and be seen as doing important, meaningful work. (He's said that he'll resign from the Clinton Foundation if Hillary wins, so that particular meaningful work won't be available to him.)

So, he's always been a communicator. He's always been an emotional, "I feel your pain" kind of guy. (Maybe that qualifies him as our first female president, a friend joked.) Well, then, let him embrace the nurturing that is considered the provenance of the second sex. He could start by tending to those white male Trump supporters who are poisoning themselves and the country with racial, ethnic, and religious hatreds. Let Bill take on the project of addressing the social and emotional welfare of these at-risk white men. Let him teach them to understand, to respect, and to even *feel* the pain of others. ■

READER Essay

# ARE YOU MY MOTHER?

They say family is where you find it. Israeli journalist **Danna Harman** put that maxim to the test when, after a year of unsuccessfully trying to get pregnant, she traveled to Nepal.



The author on a visit to Nepal's Chitwan National Park with sisters Manisha (center) and Mohika

Courtesy of Danna Harman

**A YEAR AGO, I SPENT A MONTH** in Nepal writing a magazine story about an eccentric rabbi working there. The morning I was returning home, my flight was delayed by seven hours, and suddenly, just like that, I had an extra day and no plans at all.

I decided to go for a walk and headed to my favorite place in the dusty capital of Kathmandu: the so-called monkey temple, perched high on a hill. I'd come here often, circling the temple's base, spinning the prayer wheels and shuffling along with the murmuring monks.

This particular morning, though, instead of mounting the steep steps to the Buddhist shrines, I wandered off aimlessly into a nearby slum. There were hawkers selling mobile phone covers, mourners gathering for a cremation ceremony, soldiers jogging, and old people brushing their teeth on the side of the road. I watched one man carefully lay out a dozen bunches of parsley on a sheet of old plastic; if he were to sell all he had, he'd make 200 rupees, or $2. And that's when I heard Zumba music, which seemed incongruous: a prelude of sorts, in retrospect, to all the unexpected things to come.

I followed the beat and found myself peeking into a basement dance class filled with sweaty Nepalis in spandex doing the travel salsa. Standing next to me, attracted to the same music, were three little girls. Their obvious ringleader was a pint-size 10-year-old: Her name was Manisha, she said, without prompting. She was barefoot, wearing raggedy polka



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PHOTO: COREY TOWERS / HOOFPHOTO.COM

dot pants and a ripped T-shirt reading "HELLOW KITTY."

"That's not how you spell *Hello*," I said. We smiled at each other.

I'd vaguely been planning on heading to an outdoor swimming pool near the monkey temple. So after a few minutes, I pantomimed the breaststroke by way of explanation, then pressed my hands together in prayer to say good-bye. But the girls followed me. They were sisters, they said (or so I thought); as we walked away from the dance class, two of them reached up to hold my hands. They seemed excited, as little kids with nothing going on can be, to be walking alongside a foreigner. "Where are you going?" yelled out other children with book bags on their backs, apparently headed to school, unlike my new friends.

"We're with her," the girls replied.

I swam laps. The three sat on a bench, backs upright, yelling out numbers to count my progress. One lap. Two. Three. By ten, they'd exhausted their knowledge of English. "Eleven!" they yelled in Nepali.

Soon, the sisters—Manisha, along with nine-year-old Obica and eight-year-old Obica (wait, you have the same name? I asked)—walked me back to my guesthouse, a few windy dirt lanes away. I gave them some stuff: flip-flops, a water bottle, a couple of T-shirts, a duffel bag. Manisha asked if I had any money for her, at least I thought she did. When I asked her where her mom was, she said, "Gone," though later, again, I wondered if that's what she'd said.

I gave Manisha a frayed business card, the last in my wallet. It was a strange thing to do. I'm a journalist; I live in Israel and write for an Israeli newspaper, so my card is in Hebrew, which the little girl obviously couldn't read. She didn't read much English either, I knew. I'm not sure she actually read at all. But I told her that if, by chance, she and the others ever found themselves in a cyber café, someone could show them how to send an e-mail to me if they liked. She thanked me and solemnly tucked the card away. We were both strangely sad to part.

I snapped a photo of the three girls before I left, and hours later, waiting to board my flight home, I turned the picture into the screen saver on my phone. That too was strange. I barely knew the girls.

The Nepal trip had come at the end of a tough year for me. With my boyfriend, Josh, I'd done several rounds of IVF, all unsuccessful. I was feeling regretful about roads not taken, paralyzed by the choices I thought I still had to make, and worried I'd always feel—and be regarded as—incomplete.

I'd hoped that a month in Nepal, coinciding with my forty-fifth birthday, would help me to come to terms with the fact that I was never going to give birth—and provide me space to sift through my options, figure out what I wanted to tackle next. Over my actual birthday weekend, I'd left Kathmandu to join a meditation retreat at a monastery (could I get more clichéd?). The vegan food was good, and the little monks playing soccer on the grounds were definitely cute. But my body hurt from sitting cross-legged for hours on the ground, and I felt a bit bored by our Tibetan teacher going on about the self, all translated into English by a slow-talking American aide. One evening I sneaked away and spent a few hours scrolling through Facebook—on the phone I was supposed to have handed in—happily like-ing everyone's birthday wishes to me.

A five-day trek in the rainy Annapurna mountains didn't get me anywhere, either. Most trekkers wax poetic about their Sherpa guides, but mine drove me crazy. He had a lot of silly gag jokes, like pretending to stumble and fall off the side of the cliff. And instead of helping me with my gear, he asked if I could schlep his sleeping bag because it didn't fit in his backpack.

Once I was back in Tel Aviv, the same loop of questions was still going around in my head—Could I be happy not having children? Should I press forward with a plan to adopt? Should I do it alone? Should I move to London to live with Josh? Could I be satisfied with being a stepmother to his two boys? Could I continue putting off making any choices? Is it true that not making choices is a choice? Was I never meant to be a mother? And right back around again: Could I be happy...?



The first picture Harman took of Manisha, with the two Obicas



Manisha and Monika's Kathmandu apartment after the earthquake



The author with Monika (in yellow), Susma (with Manisha on her lap), and the girls' father

**EXACTLY A WEEK AFTER** I met Manisha and her two Obica sidekicks, a 7.8 magnitude earthquake shook Nepal. Whole villages were wiped out, thousands of schools and hospitals were destroyed, millions were made homeless, and more than 8,000 people were killed.

That's when she started calling. The local phone companies had given everyone in Nepal unlimited free calls in the weeks following the earthquake, in the somewhat futile hope that people buried in the rubble who had phones on them but no credit with which to make a call might be able to save themselves.

Manisha took advantage, and, using a neighbor's mobile one time and a relative's another, she'd ring to say hi. She always seemed to want to stay on the line and chat, but between her minimal English and my nonexistent Nepali (and no way to communicate via hand gestures), our conversations were pretty repetitive. I understood that her family's village near Gorkha, which had been at the epicenter of the quake, was "broken," as she put it. The rented room she'd been crammed into with various relatives in Kathmandu was also "broken."

I'd usually ask her whether it was raining (it always was), whether school was open (it wasn't), and if she even was registered at a school (unclear). Then, when we ran out of things to say, I'd tell her not to be scared, that everything would be okay. "Okay?" she'd respond. I also told her that I'd help, though I had no idea how I could do that.

Within days of her calls, the daydreams started, drifting in and out of my mind, before taking on a definite shape. Maybe it was fate, I thought. Maybe I was meant, always meant, to connect with Manisha and her sisters. They needed me right now, and I needed them. What if? What if? What if I could adopt all three and bring

Courtesy of Danna Harman

# Maybe I was meant to meet Manisha. What if I could adopt her and bring her to Israel?

them to Israel? I'd turn my spare room into a children's room. I'd take them to the sweet grade school up the road, teach them how to swim in the sea near my house. We'd go to my parents' for Shabbat dinners on Friday, and I'd read them books before bed. I didn't tell anyone about what was going on in my head. I was embarrassed.

Of course, I knew better than to believe that one can go to a country in the developing world that had been devastated by an earthquake and just scoop up a kid. I'd been a journalist for more than two decades and had traveled all over: living in Africa for years, and South America after that, journeying through war zones in Afghanistan and Iraq. I'd seen a lot of kids in need—orphaned, starving, lost. Sometimes I'd write a story about them. Sometimes I'd take a photo. My heart would ache a little, or a lot, but in any event, I always said good-bye.

On the desk in my office, I have a photo of a little orphan girl on a sugar plantation in the Dominican Republic. She has a big smile on her dark and freckled face and is wearing a necklace with a glittery, slightly chipped red pendant. I'd given it to her; it was a gift from my ex-husband that I'd never liked, all the less so after we divorced. So I'd passed it on to this child whom I'd met while working on a story.

I have no idea what happened to that girl; I don't even know her name. I don't think it even dawned on me, back there on the sugar plantation, to want to do more, or be more for her. Or if it did, I would've also known that we lived in separate worlds, and bringing her to mine would require lawyers and social workers and boundless paperwork. So while our lives could and did intertwine—and I looked at her picture most days, in fact—we were in the end just passing each other by. But my dreams about Manisha persisted; I wanted more than a pass by.

There was no simple or inexpensive way for me to return to Nepal. My editors had already sent someone else to cover the earthquake's aftermath, and Josh was asking when I was flying to Britain to visit. So there was all that, as well as a more mundane to-do list of doctors' appointments, already-paid-for Pilates classes, a dead car battery, and a brother's birthday. A life, in brief.

It wasn't surprising, then, that a lot of people raised their eyebrows when I said I was taking time off and returning to Kathmandu. One colleague gave me a bag of used clothes to give away; another, a collection of children's books. But generally I felt like I had to explain myself, though I barely understood my own motives.

My mother couldn't fathom why I'd want to go to a country with ongoing aftershocks just as all the foreigners were trying to flee—and she could also probably sense that I'd built up unspoken expectations about Manisha. Maybe she didn't want me to get hurt. My dad pointed out that there were millions of needy children in Nepal and that the United Nations and NGOs were already there, assisting on a large scale. What exactly did I think I was going to be able to do? he asked gently.

All this I heard—and then I set off.

Back in Kathmandu, I discovered that much of what I'd thought, or imagined, about the girls wasn't true. To begin with, they weren't sisters, just neighbors. Obica and Obica (I knew that was fishy) had fled back to their villages in the countryside after the quake. But Manisha was there. And she actually did have a sister: Monika, who at 14 was a little moodier than her younger sibling.

More surprising, Manisha had parents. There was her dad, a taciturn and stout ex-soldier who'd brought the girls to the city when he came looking for work. And her mom, a giggly young woman named Susma who tended the family plot of land in Gorkha, a bumpy six-hour bus ride from Kathmandu, and who'd given birth to Monika and Manisha when she herself was a mere child.

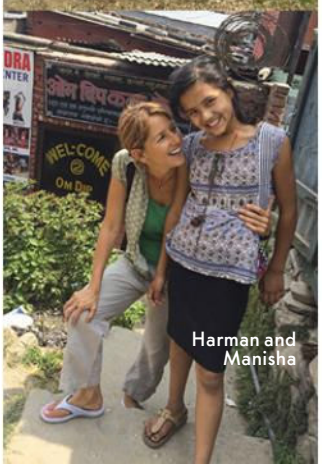
The whole family—together with hundreds of others who'd lost their homes—was camped out, usually in the pouring rain, on a basketball court amid the rubble of a collapsed school. Manisha, who'd hugged me tight when we first saw each other post-earthquake, was far more subdued on this visit than the last. Her eyes were bloodshot from lack of sleep; her hair, long and jet-black and shiny when we met, was matted. The family's meager possessions had been buried under mounds of debris, and the winds had blown away a makeshift tent they'd received from an aid organization. There was no electricity, no running water, and little to eat. Traumatized by the earthquake, many people would scream at the slightest aftershock.

Maybe I misunderstood when Manisha told me her mother was "gone." Or maybe Manisha wanted something from me—be it money or love—as much as I wanted something from her, and so had created that misunderstanding on purpose. In any case, if anything was now clear, it was that this little girl I'd been dreaming of adopting did not need a mom. She needed a new tent, and maybe some rice and beans and a camping stove. Okay, I thought, I could help with that.

I stayed in Kathmandu for a month this time around, playing a role that fell somewhere between camp counselor, cash machine, and one-woman emergency aid organization. Or rather, that's probably how it looked from the outside. To me, and, I want to think, to Manisha and her sister, it felt like a version of falling in love. We climbed around the city's temples, many of them flattened by the quake, so that the girls could light candles and make *pujas*, or prayers, for the earth to stop shaking. We stood in line for a new tent for them to sleep under, and then, when that one blew away, too, set out to get another, discovering en route to the pickup that the ice cream shop in Thamel, the tourist zone, was back in business—forever associating tents with strawberry milk shakes in the sisters' minds.



Harman hiking in the Annapurna mountains




Harman and Manisha

We went to a bookstore and spent hours choosing books. And, as schools reopened, I began to push for them to find somewhere to study. At the first school we looked into, Manisha spent days prepping for the entrance exam, then failed it miserably. I wanted to let her down gently, but Monika told her straight out that she'd only gotten 7 points out of 100, leading to a torrent of tears. Josh's nine-year-old son, Noah, on a Skype call from London, tried to cheer her up: Math is impossible, he insisted. He was terrible at geography, too, he added kindly.

We checked out a second school, but the headmaster absconded with our deposit; finally, after some Nepali friends got involved, we found the right place. I bought Manisha glasses so she could see the blackboard.

Soon, with their mom's blessing, the girls started having sleepovers in the extra bed in my hostel room. At night, after reading and playing on my laptop, they'd put on the free eye masks I got from Turkish Airlines and fall promptly into a deep sleep. Nothing seemed to rouse them, not dogs barking, roosters making a racket, thunder and lightning. In the mornings I'd take them out, together with their mom,

Continued on page 281

# ASK E. JEAN

## This month, tales of a bad guy, a good guy, and a woman making a great leap forward



### NAKED TRUTHS

**DEAR E. JEAN:** *My boyfriend and I were fine at dinner in Brooklyn recently. Afterward, when we arrived home on Long Island an hour later, we showered and I asked him if I could sleep in a sports bra and panties. (I have to ask permission because he never lets me sleep with any clothes on.) He said no, so I got into bed naked and was really annoyed. He asked me why I was annoyed, and I told him I prefer sleeping in my sports bra and underwear. He replied that I didn't love him because I "won't do the simple things that make him happiest" (i.e., sleep naked). So we got into a huge fight.*

*This happens every time I attempt to get into bed with anything on. It's happened every night for a year. So I've learned to get naked to avoid an argument. I don't get naked out of love, I do it out of fear. Whenever I try to bring this issue up, my boyfriend becomes so angry and offended! What should I do?*

*I just feel so broken because I can't give him what he needs to feel loved without sacrificing my happiness. We have sex two to three times a week right now, and it's not enough for him. He constantly complains about it; he wants it seven days a week—and, by always reminding me about all the compromises he makes "for us," he makes me feel unworthy. I know the easy fix is for me to shut up, sleep naked, and open my legs, but it's not as easy as it sounds.*

*—:( Sad He Isn't Happy With Me*

**Miss Sad, My Love:** Maybe he's not knocking your teeth out and dragging you by the hair—and I'm sorry to give you more misery, God knows you've lived through 365 nights of it—but no woman should feel so menaced that she has to "ask permission" to clothe her own body.

And that you, a brilliant young woman with a master's degree from one of America's top universities (I looked you up) and a soaring career, should suffer 8 hours out of 24—one third of your life!—under the command of a man who is manipulating, humiliating, and intimidating you into taking off your clothes to prove your love (the oldest form of female subjugation in the book!) makes me lose all compassion for the man.

(Of course, I looked him up too and was surprised to see that he's one of those guys we've all been hearing about who keep a truckload of guns in the basement. I don't wish to add to your pain, so the less I say about his total want of looks, education, status, intelligence, and character, the better.) Let us proceed:

- Does he restrict your daily activities?
- Does he make unreasonable demands?
- Does he manipulate you by making you feel unworthy through denial, lies, and belittling your wishes?
- Does he coerce you by using demands and threats into taking actions against your will?
- Does he stifle your independence?
- Does he deprive you of liberty and equality?
- Does he ignore your opinions and the harm that his behavior is doing to you?

The above queries feature just a few of the tactics listed on the website for the New York State Office for the Prevention of Domestic Violence, under the heading "What Coercive Control Looks Like." If you answered "yes" to even two questions, I implore you: The man may not be totally brutal, but get out now before he gets worse. You can't help *who* you fall in love with, Miss Sad, but you *can* help yourself by leaving when that love turns ugly. Good luck! Check Twitter's hashtag #MaybeHeDoesn'tHitYou, and call me and let me know how you're faring. You can do this!

### THE DARK SIDE OF THE SOCIAL NETWORK

**DEAR E. JEAN:** *How do I recover from a disaster at work?*

*I'm 28, and a coworker and I were busted big time when our "private" chats were made public. We had, in our frustration, lambasted* everyone *in our company. We both apologized profusely, and our managers decided the best thing to do was to move forward in a professional manner.*

*I've learned my lesson. But now I'm in a situation where I have lost my best friend (the coworker I chatted with) and have become persona non grata in my company. I can't understand why my coworker is still being treated with respect and is acknowledged by everyone, whereas I'm ignored, even when I initiate polite greetings. I don't feel that what I wrote (as terrible and shameful as it was) was any more awful than what my coworker wrote.*

*So why am I the only one getting the cold shoulder? Our company is small, only about 50 people, but we dominate our niche market. I'm the sales and marketing administrative assistant, and I want to be here. I express it every day to my manager by keeping my nose to the grindstone and focusing on my work. But how do I get through this? We exist in an open-cubicle environment, and I am losing it!*

*—Why Is She Better Than Me?*

**Miss She Better, My Sunflower:** Honey, *please*. What with the Russians cyberattacking our politicians, the NSA hacking our e-mails, companies tracking our keyboard strokes, boyfriends bugging our Samsung

Galaxies, friends grabbing screen shots of our Snapchats, and coworkers tattling to our bosses, here's the rule: Never write a syllable that you don't want 40,000 people to read.

I will pause here for you to put down this beautiful ELLE and frantically reread all the e-mails and chats you sent today.

Fine. Now let's pull you out of your quagmire and put you back on your feet. The strong woman does not do anything so feeble as merely "initiate polite greetings." No. We must call in the *big* weapon: *stationery*. Run and get your box of stylish note cards. Good. Take a card. (Is it thicker than a butter plate? Excellent. MIT research shows that the heavier the writing paper you use, the more seriously your message will be taken.) Second, fill a fountain pen with gray ink (more serious than black). Select a coworker who hates you, and write to him or her that you're an idiot, a misguided fathead, a blot on humanity who's made every mistake in the book (if you're going to bow, as the Chinese proverb says, "bow low"), and sign off with a short, candid tribute to something about his or her character that you honestly admire and from which you intend to learn. Follow this procedure with the next 49 persons at your company—including the brass. (Weirdly, many executives prefer promoting a person who rises from the muckheap of her mistakes and *turns things around* over a person who doesn't muck up at all.)

Third, after slipping, for the sake of elegance, each apology into its little tissue-lined envelope, shimmy into work early one morning before anyone arrives and place the envelopes on desks. If it were me, I'd attach a macadamia-nut cookie, because though it will be *difficult* for a coworker to continue totally detesting you after reading a note admiring her character, it will be *impossible* if it's attached to a macadamia-nut cookie.

PS: I can't absolutely guarantee that this will get you as well liked as your friend... but then, Elizabeth Cady Stanton neglected at the first Women's Rights Convention in 1848 in Seneca Falls, New York, to call for "all women to be loved equally at the office."

## THE RING CYCLE

**DEAR E. JEAN:** *I recently fell madly in love with a pair of diamond studs (very good quality and half a carat each) at my local jeweler. They were originally $1,250, but the store had marked them down to $925 in a liquidation sale. I had to return to the store to pick up my wedding ring, which was missing a side diamond after the jeweler cleaned it earlier in the day, and I took my husband with me. We're newlyweds of only a year, but he took one look at the studs and said $925 was too much money.*

*Trust me, we are* not *hurting for money!*

*We make a combined $5,100 monthly. Our only debt is our mortgage, and I put $1,200 into our savings account every four weeks. My husband mentioned our upcoming vacation as an excuse and said "maybe we'd find something better there." (We went to a state park in a VW!) During this trip, my engagement and wedding rings had to be sent out for repair. Both had loose settings, in addition to the side diamond being loose again. When we got back, we went to pick up my rings and the diamond studs had been reduced to $800!*

*My husband still said no, and then said that anyway, he'd already ordered my anniversary gift. I discovered that he'd bought me $300 Moissanite earrings: lab-created, simulated diamonds! I just want to cry! I feel sick to my stomach! He's giving me fakes!*

*—It's Just Wrong*

**Just Wrong, My Kumquat:** Oh my God! I like you, but honey, you're an idiot! It's your *husband* who's the gem here, not the stones. Listen: If you don't love what you *have* right now, the day will come when you will look back and long for what you *had*—including the chap who whisks you away to adventures in state parks (a hundred times more romantic and fun than just about anything Auntie Eeee can imagine).



Ask a question! E.Jean@AskEJean.com or Twitter .com/ejeancarroll. Read past columns at ELLE .com/life-love/ask-e-jean/. You can watch videos, write with anonymity, and exchange genius tips on Advice Vixens at AskEJean.com. And if you'd like a date: Tawkify.com.

PS: If you want to complain about a "fake," look no further than that scurvy rascal of a jeweler who keeps returning your rings to you with "loose settings" (ha!) and "missing a side diamond" and talks you into a cleaning. (Stones shouldn't come loose, period, and definitely not after less than a year.) Unless you're the queen of England and want to buff up the ol' Crown Jewels after the corgis bury them in the yard, it's best just to soak your rings in warm water with a drop of ammonia, rinse them in soapy water, and give them a little scrub with a soft toothbrush. *Liquidation sale*, indeed! The only thing being liquidated here is your bank account.

## I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW

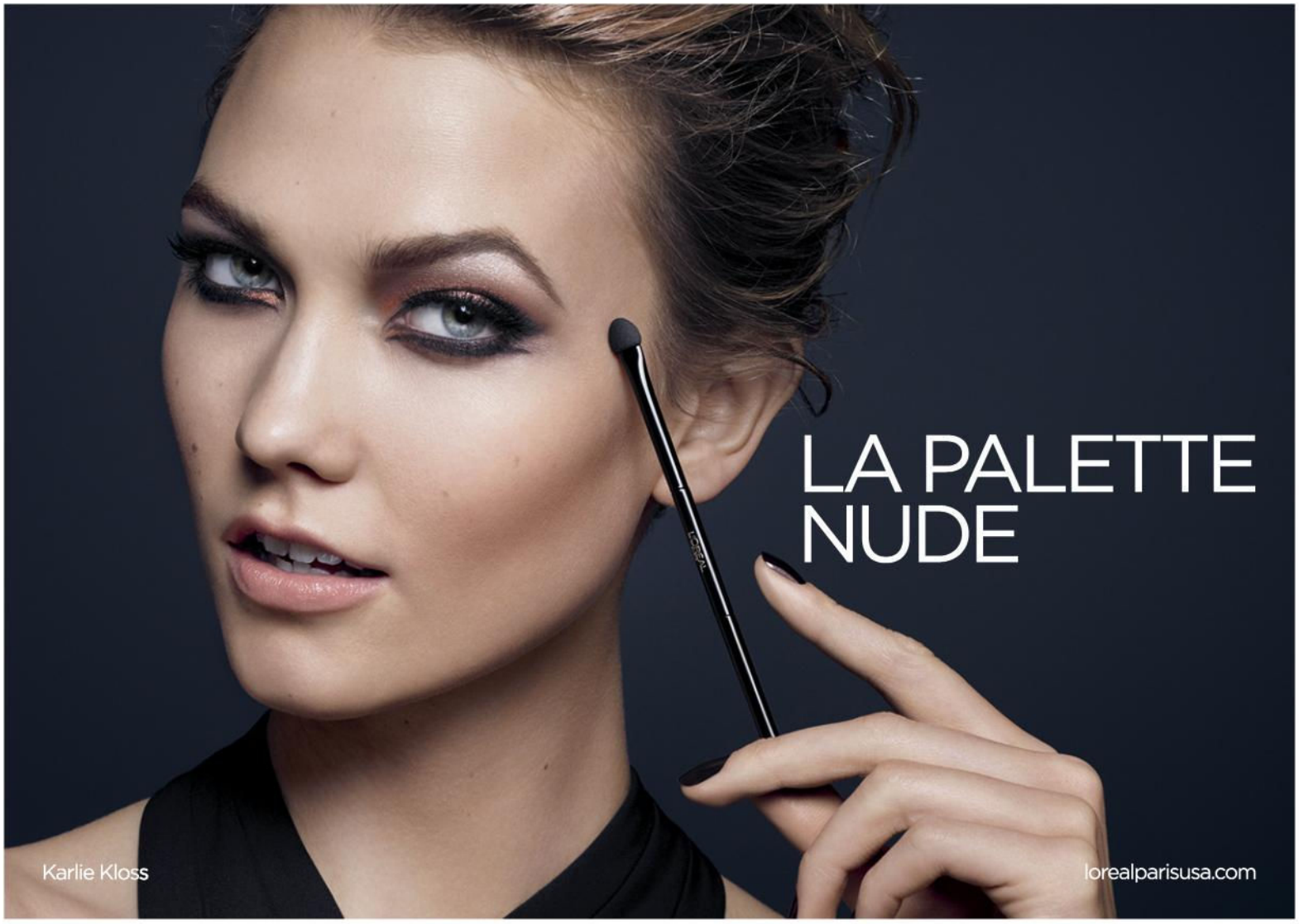
**DEAR E. JEAN:** *Last year I divorced a very nice man because I wanted much more than a roommate. I've* also *made the decision to leave my secure (but majorly disappointing) job. The divorce has been the best thing I've ever done for myself, and the moment I made the decision to leave my job, I felt the clouds part and the skies clear. But how do I know if I've dared to do too much?*

*—Adrenaline Junkie*

**Miss Adrenaline, My Acolyte:** We always underestimate how much a great woman can change, and I suspect you're one of *those* women. Technically you're a human, but spiritually you're an impatient fireball who will get *waaaaay* more accomplished when overhauling *everything* than when making teeny-tiny changes, one at a time. By cutting off any escape routes, you are forcing yourself to advance. It's an excellent plan, and I won't be surprised when you write next to say that you've also just organized all your closets, planted 800 tulip bulbs in the garden, and started running seven miles a day—and you're thinking of raising chickens.

**Q:** *I'm a 24-year-old editor at a newspaper, and I'm scared about the terror attacks, the growing political turmoil here in America, and Nostradamus's prediction of a third world war. Is the world at risk of ending?*
**A:** According to Nostra*dame* (sister of Nostradamus, known as the real brains in the family), the world will end when it's absorbed by the sun in 7 billion years. But just to make sure that the wrong dude doesn't end it sooner by getting his short fingers on the button that fires America's 4,571 active nuclear warheads, vote for Hillary.

Opposite page: Pamela Hanson/Trunk Archive. This page: Gregg Delman (styled by Christian Stroble; hair by Eduardo Carrasco at Ford Artists NYC; makeup by Sylwia Rakowska at Ford Artists NYC)







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# WOMEN IN HOLLYWOOD



In our twenty-third annual celebration of women who light up the screen (and, resultantly, our worlds), we honor eight female supertalents: the magnetic **KRISTEN STEWART**; the dazzling **LUPITA NYONG'O**; the radiant **AMY ADAMS**; the electric **ANNA KENDRICK**; the stunning **AJA NAOMI KING**; the fierce **FELICITY JONES**; the incomparable **KATHY BATES**; and the Queen herself, **HELEN MIRREN**. Photographed by **DAN MARTENSEN** Styled by **SAMIRA NASR AND BARBARA BAUMEL**



Cotton gabardine jacket, $3,750, denim jeans, $2,350, metal necklace (worn as belt), $1,850, all, CHANEL, at Chanel boutiques nationwide. White gold and diamond earring, CHANEL FINE JEWELRY, $7,300 (for pair). White gold and diamond stud earring, HEARTS ON FIRE, $1,990 (for pair). Her own necklace. For details, see Shopping Guide.

Styled by Barbara Baumel

# KRISTEN STEWART The ultimate industry insider recast herself as a soulful outsider—and in the process became one of Hollywood's most intriguing players

**THE FIRST THING** you should know about Kristen Stewart, at least according to her three-time costar Jesse Eisenberg, is that she has an infallible phoniness meter: "Kristen is naturally suspicious of pretense," Eisenberg says. "She calls it out in herself, in a story, in others. We were filming an emotional scene at the end of *Adventureland*, when Kristen was just 17 years old, and she called 'cut' in the middle—on herself. She said, 'I'm lying! It's not feeling fully authentic!' She has the most unusual lack of vanity in an industry that doesn't seem to promote that. I use her as my rubric to figure out what I should trust."

Stewart is, above all things, an honest actress, which is what makes her so beguiling to watch. She never forces emotion or attempts to dominate a scene, yet she can hold an audience's attention with nothing more than a sideways glance. There are few actors who can seem so completely natural inside a performance, but the fact that Stewart has been able to laser in on truthful expression at such a young age—she's still only 26!—has made her a singular kind of movie star.

But according to Stewart, the journey to the place she now occupies in the film business has taken decades. The daughter of industry parents (her father is a stage manager; her mother is a script supervisor and directed the feature film *K-11*, about a record producer who lands in jail in a drug haze), she started acting in the fourth grade. At 11, she costarred opposite Jodie Foster in David Fincher's *Panic Room*; by 17 she had landed one of the biggest roles in one of the biggest franchises in Hollywood history—the five *Twilight* movies, which made Stewart an international phenomenon. They also put her under a global microscope. Stewart had to learn whom to trust (and how to trust herself) while the world watched. At first, the tabloid scrutiny made her blood boil: "I have a fucking temper, for sure," she says, laughing. She's speaking from an RV in the middle of the Arizona desert, where she is directing her first short film, *Come Swim*, a meditation on isolation as told through the story of one man swimming in a pool—which she also wrote. "I definitely transform certain sensitivities into anger. But also, I recognize there's never going to be a balance between any individual and the media at large. I've grown comfortable with being willing to talk about the shit that gets me going and ignoring the stuff that's unsavory."

This is Stewart's superpower: She hasn't been undone by megafame—she's been emboldened by it. After waving good-bye to Bella Swan, Stewart took on a string of indies that have allowed her to push her own boundaries. In Olivier Assayas's 2014 drama *Clouds of Sils Maria*, Stewart played a scheming assistant who uses her sexuality to exploit the insecurity of her aging actress boss (Juliette Binoche). The film showed a side of Stewart that was sultry and complex, and twisted—which led to her becoming the first American actress ever to win a César (France's version of an Oscar). "That was about two people in such close quarters, which requires so many chunks of your person, your animal—of everything," she says.

Stewart's next film is the psychological thriller *Personal Shopper*, also directed by Assayas, about a woman in the fashion industry who starts seeing ghosts as she grapples with a tragic family loss. "She's in this world that is so shiny and narcissistic," Stewart says of her character, "and she wants in, but she's just on the outside of this glass, saying 'fuck all of you.' There is something so hardened about her, but she doesn't give up."

Persistence is a big theme for Stewart; she works tirelessly and intensely until she's finally accessed some bedrock of truth. Kelly Reichardt, who directed her as a Montana lawyer who begins teaching a night class and finds an unexpected connection with a young female ranch hand in the new *Certain Women*, says, "When Kristen showed up on set, it was like she'd had 14 cups of coffee; her knees shook. I thought, How am I going to slow her down? And then when the camera went on, she was completely still. She is an extremely technical actress. I only realized in the editing booth how much she was doing at once."

That technical acumen is coming in handy as Stewart steps to the other side of the camera. Though she's had a major 2016—she also starred in Woody Allen's period comedy *Café Society* and Ang Lee's Iraq War elegy *Billy Lynn's Long Halftime Walk*—she has declined to take on any new roles until she finishes *Come Swim*, which has a soundtrack from St. Vincent's Annie Clark. Stewart is overjoyed to be in charge: "I have the coolest crew: young, hungry, ambitious, experimental, awesome people," she says. "I've never had more fun doing anything, honestly."

She sounds happy and carefree, like she's finally in control of her own destiny. This could have something to do with the fact that she's just told the world about her girlfriend, visual effects producer Alicia Cargile, saying that if she were truly committed to authenticity, she needed to open up about her love life. "I'm not ashamed and I'm not confused," she says. "Things have changed. And not just with me—we're really allowed to encourage this new acceptance to develop and be awesome."—*Rachel Syme*



**PANIC ROOM 2002** "I was really little! Jodie is the prime example of how you want to conduct yourself as the figurehead of a production, how you can set a tone and lead a charge on set."

**ADVENTURELAND 2009** "Jesse and I have worked together three times. Our dynamic has never changed. I knew he would be my friend because we are both oddballs."

**CLOUDS OF SILS MARIA 2014** "I love movies about people who make art, and the compulsion in that. It just gets so gray...when you have an art form that's exposed to a business side."

**CAFÉ SOCIETY 2016** "What I liked about my character was that her eyes were really open. Everyone says that [Woody Allen] writes women well, and it's true."

**BILLY LYNN'S LONG HALFTIME WALK 2016** When a soldier comes home from Iraq, "I play his older sister, functioning as a mouthpiece for the opinion that war's not the answer."

Hair by Giannandrea at Starworks Artists; makeup by Mai Quynh at Starworks Artists; manicure by Ashlie Johnson at the Wall Group; produced by Tommy Romersa at Joy Asbury Productions; fashion assistant: Mark-Paul Barro. Stills, from left: Columbia Pictures/Neal Peters Collection; Photos 12/Alamy; Sundance Selects/Neal Peters Collection; Lionsgate/Neal Peters Collection; Mary Cybulski/TriStar Pictures

# LUPITA NYONG'O

## Since taking home an Oscar, she's crushed CGI, lit up Broadway, and rocked the fashion universe. Now, lucky for us, it's time to watch her powerful humanity and captivating presence on the big screen again

**AFTER AN EXHAUSTIVE** auditioning process that took the better part of 2012 and that he likened to the search for Scarlett O'Hara, director Steve McQueen cast the Kenyan actress Lupita Nyong'o in the role of Patsey, the enslaved field hand in *12 Years a Slave*. Nyong'o, who was finishing her degree at the Yale School of Drama at the time, would go on to become the winner of the 2014 Oscar for Best Supporting Actress for her first movie role, a ruler of the red-carpet circuit, and practically a household name. Her portrayal of Patsey was a raw depiction of abject victimhood, and much more than that, too. Difficult as it was to watch those scenes of Michael Fassbender's sadistic slave owner whipping her to pieces, more haunting still were those few moments of repose given to Patsey, her eyes communicating a sense of already having left this damned world behind.

Naturally, Nyong'o herself has moved on, evolving most recently into an all-purpose maternal force. "Last year was my mother year," the 33-year-old says. She voiced Mowgli's wolf mother in Disney's CGI remake of *The Jungle Book* and, in another CGI role, morphed into the wizened 1,000-year-old pirate alien Maz Kanata in J. J. Abrams's triumphal *Star Wars* reprise, *The Force Awakens* (technically, Maz wasn't a mother, but the actress says she has "a cool aunt vibe"). Finally, director Mira Nair gave Nyong'o her body back in this fall's *Queen of Katwe*, as the embattled mother of an adolescent chess prodigy.

*Queen of Katwe* is the true story of Phiona Mutesi, an illiterate slum girl whose serendipitously discovered genius for chess took her to the international Chess Olympiad. It is, as Nair says, "a film that is purely African but also for the world." And the world would never have seen it—because Hollywood would never have made it—without the power of Nyong'o and her costar David Oyelowo (*Selma*), who plays Phiona's chess coach. "There is something very miraculous to me that Lupita is a beauty icon and a bona fide movie star who can pass very plausibly as a corn seller in a Ugandan slum," Oyelowo says. "In some ways the story—a young woman pulled out of obscurity to do something great—is Lupita's story as well."

The irony here is that in *Katwe*, Nyong'o's fiercely protective character tries to prevent Phiona from taking her shot at global chess glory. (Her scenes going toe to toe with Oyelowo's chess coach alone are a master class in drama—so pleasurable to film, Nair says, that "it was like slicing cheesecake.") In real life, of course, it was Nyong'o who went from anonymous to globally famous in a little over a year ("I was shot out of a cannon"), although it should be noted that in Kenyan terms, she was always a somebody: Her father is a leading politician in Nairobi, her mother a prominent businesswoman, and her childhood was one of gated suburban privilege. Frivolous it was not. The Nyong'os spent three years in Mexico in self-imposed exile when her father's life was threatened by political opponents. (Lupita was born there, hence her Mexican first name.)

Back in Kenya, family life was loving but strict. She remembers ironing her clothes every night for Catholic school, discipline that would come in handy pursuing something respectable like academics or law. When she was 20, she went to the United States for college, part of the expected professional grooming process. But she chose Hampshire College, a tiny liberal arts school in Massachusetts, which ultimately gave her the freedom to admit that what she really wanted to do was act. "I had family members who said, 'You can't play make-believe forever,'" Nyong'o says with a laugh. After Hampshire, she acted in a Kenyan TV miniseries, *Shuga*, confounding the expectations of the casting agent who told her that her skin was too dark for her to make it on African television. She then scored a coveted spot at the Yale School of Drama, where she spent three years, followed immediately thereafter by the career-changing *12 Years*. "I grew up with a very limited mirror of myself," she says. "I watched a lot of TV, but the people on it were always light skinned. And now I have a platform that takes me into people's houses and onto the pages of their magazines."

Nyong'o's upbringing and her temperament imbue her with a moral seriousness, which is evident in her choice to throw herself into Broadway's *Eclipsed*, by the Zimbabwean American actress/playwright Danai Gurira. The play, which earned Nyong'o a Tony nod this past spring, weaves together the stories of five women in civil war–ravaged Liberia. "I realized the way to reconnect with my craft was onstage," Nyong'o says, "where you have time to rehearse and figure things out and quiet the internal voices that might tell you you don't know what you're doing." (She's now returning to the African experience—this time, the immigrant experience in the U.S.—in *Americanah*, an adaptation of the novel by Nigerian writer Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie that Nyong'o is developing for the screen with Brad Pitt and plans to star in as well.)

But if the theater is grounding for her, so is just being a young Brooklynite, one who keeps up with friends as much as her schedule allows. "For all of her formidable qualities," says Sarah Paulson, her costar in *12 Years*, "she is an incredibly good girlfriend—playful and easily delighted. When I saw her backstage at *Eclipsed*, we squealed like 13-year-old girls at a slumber party."—*Joseph Hooper*



**12 YEARS A SLAVE 2013**
"Steve McQueen's definitely my bar, my litmus test for what an actor-director relationship is on a set. I'm eternally gratefully for the doors that opened for me."



**STAR WARS: THE FORCE AWAKENS 2015**
"We don't have 1,000-year-olds in this world, so there was room for exploration. Maz's voice was inspired by my father, Diana Vreeland, a lot of people."



**ECLIPSED 2015–16**
"A play that I just could not get out of my head and my heart. Danai invites you in in such an intimate way that really shakes you up and keeps you awake."



**THE JUNGLE BOOK 2016**
"I grew up watching the Disney version. Also, I had not done voice-over and was curious. I like figuring out how to express myself in different ways."



**QUEEN OF KATWE 2016**
"It was my first time to work with children. They had never acted before and were absorbent, like sponges. That was extremely rewarding."

Hair by Vernon François at Jed Root; makeup by Romy Soleimani at Tim Howard Management; manicure by Elle at Tracey Mattingly; produced by Cat Lewis at M.A.P.; fashion assistant: Yashua Simmons. Stills, from left: Fox Searchlight Pictures/Everett Collection; Walt Disney Studios/Neal Peters Collection; Joan Marcus; Walt Disney Studios/Everett Collection; Edward Echwalu/Disney



Georgette top, $2,695, tulle plumetis skirt, $1,195, both, GIVENCHY BY RICCARDO TISCI, at Givenchy, NYC. Silk and lace bralette, MIMI HOLLIDAY, $72. White gold and diamond earrings, HEARTS ON FIRE, price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.

Styled by Samira Nasr



Denim shirt, GAP, $60, at Gap stores nationwide. Cotton-blend jeans, MOTHER, $205. White gold and diamond necklace, HEARTS ON FIRE, $2,990. Gold bracelet, DAVID YURMAN, $3,500. Gold, enamel, and diamond bangle, FOUNDRAE, $6,895. Gold and diamond bracelet, TIFFANY & CO., $6,200. Gold and diamond bracelet, $2,975, rings, $1,100–$1,300 each, all, ELSA PERETTI FOR TIFFANY & CO. For details, see Shopping Guide.

Styled by Barbara Baumel

Beauty Secret: To define brows, try fiber-infused, brush-on L'ORÉAL PARIS Brow Stylist Plumper.

# AMY ADAMS

She was born to play the sweetheart, but had no intention of sticking to the princess script. Five Oscar nominations later, Adams is on the Meryl track—so why are we still a little shocked every time her characters turn dark?

**AT 28, AMY ADAMS** had already devoted the better part of a decade to show business; she'd done everything from dinner theater to B movies to guest-star roles on (several) supernatural-themed TV programs. She'd even had what many quite reasonably assumed would be her big break, when she appeared as Leonardo DiCaprio's sweet, naïve candy-striper fiancée in the 2002 Steven Spielberg film *Catch Me If You Can*. But despite her success—and it was success, as far as the average actress is concerned, even if she was struggling to find a suitable follow-up—she was thinking about quitting.

"I wasn't working, and I wasn't happy," Adams, now 42, says. "I kept trying different acting techniques, like, I'd try to act like the actresses who were getting hired. I thought maybe then I'd get a job." Her tone makes it clear that she knows this is funny, but also that she's not joking. "I spent the majority of my twenties trying to figure out who I was and where I fit in, not just in Hollywood, but also in the world. It took me a long time to sort of find my own voice."

Once she did, though, she became downright unstoppable. At 30, Adams—the Italy-born, Colorado-bred, ex-Mormon daughter of a stay-at-home mom of seven turned semiprofessional bodybuilder and a singing army-officer dad—played another sweet, naïve Southern girl. But this time, in 2005's critically acclaimed film-festival hit *Junebug*, she was also given the chance to be charming and garrulous and wise and sad and piercingly, heartbreakingly buoyant; her first Oscar nomination came just a few months later, followed in short order by a string of films in which she was alternately good, very good, and flat-out fantastic.

There was 2007's *Enchanted*, in which she played an angel-voiced, angel-faced Disney princess transported to modern-day Manhattan (and which made major bank at the box office); 2008's Catholic school–set *Doubt*, in which she more than held her own with Meryl Streep and Philip Seymour Hoffman (and earned her second Oscar nomination); and 2010's *The Fighter*, in which she was sexy and street-smart and tough as nails, without being remotely the walking cliché that those worn-out descriptors might suggest (Oscar nod number three; the fourth was for 2012's *The Master*).

Says Jeremy Renner, who's known Adams for almost 20 years—they met while singing karaoke at Barney's Beanery in L.A.—and who costarred with her in 2013's *American Hustle* (Oscar nomination number five) and in this month's excellent, almost unbearably moving sci-fi drama *Arrival*: "I love her so much. She's a good woman, a good mother"—Adams has a six-year-old daughter with actor husband Darren Le Gallo—"and a tremendous actress." She's also, Renner says, utterly unchanged by fame. "She's a very grounded person, really good about staying herself and staying the course. She's just a—" he pauses. "She's down. She's just a down, cool girl."

Tom Ford—the designer/director who made the second big movie Adams toplines this fall, a narratively tricky drama called *Nocturnal Animals*—is equally effusive about the star. "I'd always thought that she was incredible. But after having worked with her? In every take, there is something intense and original in her eyes and the intonation of her voice. She is absolutely dazzling."

Adams's ability to play a wide range of ages is put to use in both new films. In *Nocturnal Animals* her character is an ultrawealthy fortysomething art dealer, but in flashbacks, she's a twentysomething graduate student; Ford capitalizes on what he calls her "beautiful, chameleonlike" looks.

"I'm very plain!" Adams exclaims, when asked how she does it. "Like, I'm pale, and I have very nondescript features; you can basically paint my face however you want."

Of course, her transformations within that movie and from role to role—in *Arrival*, she's utterly convincing as a lonely, brilliant linguist who develops a way to communicate with aliens that have come to Earth—aren't just physical. "I try to inhabit the realities of their lives," she begins, then demurs: "It's very boring when I go into it. I sound so actor-y, I start to annoy myself! So let's just say a bit of mystery is good."

However she's doing it, she's clearly at the peak of her powers. It helps that she's developed, as she says, "a pretty highly tuned sense of what might be a good fit." (She's a bit wasted as Lois Lane in the sequel to 2013's *Man of Steel*, but she can't be blamed for that: Who'd have thunk that Batman would replace her as Superman's significant other?) But even so, she says, she's searching. "I think I'm in a reflective time of my life. Looking for what's next. Not in the sense of bigger and better, but a different kind of meaning. I was so driven by [getting good roles], and it's a different season right now.

"Not that I'm unhappy," she adds. "It's a good thing."—*Lauren Waterman*




**JUNEBUG 2005**
"We all lived together on the block where we shot [in] these houses that had been evacuated because they were near a sewage plant, or maybe it was a landfill. It became this little community of actors."

**THE MASTER 2012**
"Anybody who knew [Philip Seymour Hoffman] knew that he was a completely honest, authentic, genuine person. That's why he was so good and elevated those around him: He exuded authenticity."

**AMERICAN HUSTLE 2013**
"I've said before that it wasn't the easiest experience...the character I played was just so damaged. But I did learn [on that shoot] to create healthy boundaries between work and life that ended up being very positive."

**ARRIVAL 2016**
"The character lived in me, in a very physical place.... I knew I was feeling her if I had a stomachache. Everyone was like, 'I think you have a bug.' No, I just felt nauseated the whole time."

**NOCTURNAL ANIMALS 2016**
"My character lives in two different realities, and that was interesting to me. I was alone for much of the shoot, though.... When Jake [Gyllenhaal] arrived, I was so excited, it was like a playground!"

Hair by Giannandrea at Starworks Artists; makeup by Hung Vanngo at the Wall Group; manicure by Ashlie Johnson at the Wall Group; produced by Tommy Romersa at Joy Asbury Productions; fashion assistant: Mark-Paul Barro. Stills, from left: Ronald Grant Archive; Weinstein Company/Neal Peters Collection; Columbia Pictures/Everett Collection; Jan Thijs/Paramount Pictures; Merrick Morton/Focus Features

# AJA NAOMI KING

## Already a magnetic presence on the small screen, this up-and-comer has proved that the sky's her limit with her head-turning role in *The Birth of a Nation*

**IN JUNE** Aja Naomi King and her father were hiking on the Pacific Crest Trail in Southern California when, on the seventh and last day, things began to unravel. "We knew we weren't going to have a water refill for the last 20 miles," King says, "and we ran out. It was over 100 degrees. My father turned to me and was like, 'You have to go on without me and get some water.' I still had my heavy pack on, and I sprinted through the desert, just freaking out, and had to stop a stranger's car. I was like, sobbing and running." King and her father managed, of course, not to die in the middle of the California desert.

Maybe it sounds crazy, but the thing is, if you were King's father, you might have placed your life in her hands, too. Her whole manner—intensely driven, extremely pulled together, supremely matter-of-fact and level-headed—inspires that kind of trust. Don't miss the fact, rather pleasingly absurd in retrospect, that King kept her pack on throughout the ordeal: That's just who she is.

It's also largely who she's played as her TV fortunes have rapidly risen: striving young professional women with an inner fire (and, often, a complicated psyche). She's been a medical intern on two shows—the fiercely competitive nemesis of Mamie Gummer's titular character on The CW's *Emily Owens, M.D.* (2012–13), and a student of a noted neurologist on *Black Box* (2014)—and she has enjoyed a great run since 2014 as the scheming, manipulative legal intern Michaela Pratt on Shonda Rhimes's hit ABC show *How to Get Away With Murder*, starring Viola Davis.

Which is why her first big movie role, in this fall's historical drama *The Birth of a Nation*, is such a stunning, transformative moment for King: She plays Cherry, the wife of Nat Turner, who led America's bloodiest slave rebellion in 1831. At first a ravaged and broken young wraith of a woman being sold at auction, she blossoms over the course of the film into a radiant, indomitable figure—but one of tragic, self-sacrificing dimensions.

"What I love about Cherry," King says, "is that she's so strong—but she's not fearless. She's able to be strong in the constant, like *constant*, unending presence of this overwhelming fear that haunts you. And yet, she's able to believe that she can carve out moments of happiness, joy, and love. Her fear isn't paralyzing." There's a magnificence to this character that King brings fully to life; and in that accomplishment lies the promise that King's talent has dimensions that have barely begun to be revealed.

That isn't to say that King, now 31, just waltzed into her career. She did enjoy an all-American childhood in the L.A. suburb of Walnut: Her mother worked in TV production; her father was a software engineer and later became an EMT. King had her life all planned out until sometime in her junior year of high school, when she said to herself, as she recalls, "Wait—I'm the president of choir; I'm starring in the school play; I love singing and dancing—maybe I don't want to be a doctor." King majored in theater at UC Santa Barbara, applied and was accepted to the prestigious Yale School of Drama, then dove into the theater scene in New York City for several years, keeping body and soul together via a series of hostessing jobs in Manhattan restaurants. ("I did do a play here and there," King has said, "in very small, off-off-off—so far away from Broadway—theaters.") She did, though, land a lead role in the indie film *Four* (2012), in which she piquantly played a lonely suburban girl lunging toward intimacy.

But King always looked for opportunities in TV, returning to L.A. every year for pilot season, and scoring her role on *Emily Owens, M.D.*, her second time out West. Her big break, of course, was landing on *HTGAWM*; she virtually idolizes Viola Davis, and Davis returns the admiration: "She only has the spirit of going for it," Davis says. "Diving. Being better. Being open to it. And doing it all with joy."

Nate Parker, who wrote, directed, and stars in *The Birth of a Nation*, is just as effusive about King. "I read easily more than 100 actresses" for the role of Cherry, he says, "and one of the very last was Aja. It was very clear very quickly that she was the one for the job." While he was distracted with all the logistical work of directing, he says, "she had the ability to really ground me in our scenes together, and that was huge for me—that was a critical component to selecting her."

In recent weeks, revelations about a rape case in Parker's time at college have cast a shadow over the film's release (though he was legally absolved at the time). Still, King speaks with great passion about the film. "My experience making it was unlike any other. It tells a story that I think is essential right now, especially with everything happening around racial injustice and Black Lives Matter. The experience of [making] the film itself was really pure and beautiful. Everything that has happened with Nate since has been disturbing, to say the least, but this film is still something that I very much believe in and love."

As for the future, King says, "I want to write, I want to direct, I want to produce—I want to inhabit what I think it means to fully be an artist. I always wanted to do that, but I didn't think I had the tools. Now I look at Viola and I look at Nate and I look at Shonda and it's like, You just do it. You just *begin*, you know?"—*Ben Dickinson*



**FOUR 2012**
"It was the first time I was challenged to create something and discovered, Oh, I do have the tools! Like, I haven't been faking it, I know what I'm doing! I don't think we think enough about the moment where we realize that we actually do know what we're doing."

**EMILY OWENS, M.D. 2012–13**
"Theater was what I knew—being able to rehearse, work on things over a period of time. Now I was on this show where it's like, Okay, hit your marks, say this line, get to this spot, and create that emotional life. It asks so much of you so immediately."

**HOW TO GET AWAY WITH MURDER 2014–present**
"Something Viola talks about all the time is being messy and complicated, being a contradiction. I love watching Viola figure her lines out. She's saying one thing—but underneath that, here's what she's really saying!"

**THE BIRTH OF A NATION 2016**
"For me, Cherry's not a character because she's a real person. So, inhabiting that—it has to be done with respect, because she walked this earth at a time when it was very dangerous. Though walking this earth now doesn't feel very safe, either. It all relates."

Hair by Kevin Ryan; makeup by Lisa Storey at the Wall Group; manicure by Emi Kudo at Opus Beauty; produced by Joy Asbury at Joy Asbury Productions; fashion assistant: Yashua Simmons. Stills, from left: 306 Releasing/Neal Peters Collection; The CW/Everett Collection; Mitch Haaseth/ABC; courtesy of Fox Searchlight



Cashmere cardigan, $1,110, denim skirt, $780, both, PRADA, visit prada.com. Polyamide and elastane bikini top, SOLID & STRIPED, $78. Diamond spinel and platinum earrings, TIFFANY & CO. For details, see Shopping Guide.

Styled by Samira Nasr

Beauty Secret: Cheekbone-illuminating L'ORÉAL PARIS Color Lift Blush in Berry Lift delivers a dewy glow.



Crepe-blend jacket, $1,095, pants, $725, both, EMPORIO ARMANI, at Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide. Diamond and platinum earrings, TIFFANY & CO., price on request. Nylon oxfords, CHANEL, $825. For details, see Shopping Guide.

Styled by Samira Nasr

LEGEND

# HELEN MIRREN

## In the *fifth* decade of her career, the everlastingly hot, blazingly versatile Mirren is here to tell the women of Hollywood (and the rest of us, too): It just gets better

**RYAN REYNOLDS RECALLS** the first day the cast assembled to begin working on the 2015 Helen Mirren star vehicle *Woman in Gold*. "I'd only met her briefly a couple of times before, but we were about to do a table read, so I sat down next to her. She leaned over to me and whispered in my ear, 'I'm so fucking nervous!' And I remember looking around and wanting to say, 'But you're Helen Mirren!' "

These days, riding a wave that hasn't slowed since her Oscar for *The Queen* a decade ago, Mirren, 71, seems to be everywhere and in everything, whether it's a bit role in the next *Fast and the Furious* installment, *Fast 8* ("it was great fun"), or something more substantial, playing Death (really) opposite anguished adman Will Smith in the much anticipated *Collateral Beauty*, a sort of Bergman drama meets *Mad Men*. The latter film, which opens this December, has already generated a lot of industry buzz for its clever, highly literate script and all-star ensemble (which also includes Kate Winslet, Keira Knightley, Naomie Harris, and Ed Norton). "She understands what makes people tick," Smith says, "and as an actor, she makes those little choices and adjustments that change everything. Helen illuminates the chasm of difference between good and great."

Mirren deeply appreciates her famous fanboys—Smith is "just the kindest, most generous person"; of Reynolds, she says, "I defy any woman not to have good chemistry with him"—but she claims to be mostly baffled by the glorious efflorescence of her later-stage career. "I have no idea why," she says in the brisk, let's-get-on-with-the-show tone she easily falls into. Upon further reflection: "I think it's a lucky combination of elements, not the least of which is that I happened to fall in love with an American [director Taylor Hackford] in my late thirties, the man who is now my husband. Even though I still think of myself as absolutely British, I was here in [Los Angeles], so I was visible."

The rest of us are welcome to take our best shot at explaining the phenomenon of Dame Helen. What other actress has been so deft at exploring the opposite extremes of our psychology? Nobody can play steely reserve like Mirren. Think back to *The Queen*, of course—Elizabeth dumbfounded by the outpouring of emotion in the wake of Princess Diana's death—or this year's estimable *Eye in the Sky*, with Mirren as a British military commander facing a split-second decision whether to launch a lethal drone strike, a queen with her finger on the kill button. And nobody can let it hang out like Mirren. Whether she's playing a longtime carnal companion to difficult husbands (King George III in *The Madness of King George* and Leo Tolstoy in *The Last Station*) or a woman throwing herself into a torridly destructive affair with a much younger man (*Where Angels Fear to Tread*, *Love Ranch*, and two notable television films, *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* and *The Passion of Ayn Rand*), Mirren has expanded the onscreen sexual life of the passionate mature woman in a way that sets her apart from the other reigning actresses of English/Hollywood cinema. She's retired the record, if such a record exists, for most nude scenes by an A-list actress in her forties, fifties, and sixties. "She's very un-British in that way," says her friend John Madden, who directed her in 2011's *The Debt*. "She's been defined as an actress at least partly by her sexuality all the way through her career. It's part of her fearlessness." Back in the late '60s, Mirren even caught heat in the British tabs for being too sexy in her early roles with the Royal Shakespeare Company, hard as it is for most Americans to picture a scandalous Shakespeare. She says simply, "We are all sexual creatures of one ilk or another. As an actor or actress, that's part of what you bring."

That the same actress triumphed in the Queen's sensible tweeds and sturdy walking shoes and steamed up the sheets in any number of films demonstrates the mystery of Mirren. She says she believes this creative tension between inhibition and exhibition goes back to the confusing dislocations of her childhood: Growing up in a backwater English town, the granddaughter, on her father's side, of a dispossessed Russian aristocrat (family name Mironoff) and the daughter, on her mother's side, of the British working class, she felt she fit in, basically, nowhere. "I don't think it's just me," she says. "There is often a deep insecurity in actors—they're shy or they don't think they're clever—which is why they became actors, because they have to engage in the imaginative world to feel like they belong anywhere."

The old insecurities still drive her to stay busy onstage and in front of the camera. "My husband, Taylor, makes fun of me: 'They just have to ask you and you'll say yes because you're so amazed that anybody is ever going to want you again.' " Lucky for us.—*Joseph Hooper*



**PRIME SUSPECT 1991–2006**
"It was about sexism in the workplace—a very real experience for women of that era. But on top of that, it's a really, really good thriller."



**THE PASSION OF AYN RAND 1999**
"A wonderful exploration of the destructive nature of sexual passion, and one of my most favorite pieces. I absolutely loved that story."



**THE ROMAN SPRING OF MRS. STONE 2003**
"Tennessee Williams is a poet of the heart. We shot it in Rome; very low budget, very long hours. But the costumes were fabulous."



**THE QUEEN 2006**
"A huge challenge: taking real-life people who are still alive and dramatizing it—let alone the Queen! I was treading on eggshells in every direction."



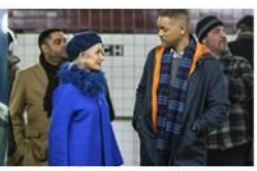
**THE DEBT 2011**
"It was completely taken from a brilliant Israeli film, and what a fantastic story! To me, that was the perfect role: It was emotional, passionate; it had meaning."



**WOMAN IN GOLD 2015**
"I grew up in Britain after the Second World War, and I was so profoundly horrified. This film was a way for me to remind people of that story."



**EYE IN THE SKY 2016**
"The role was written for a man, and Gavin Hood, the director, decided to make it into a woman because it opened up the dialogue about the nature of war."



**COLLATERAL BEAUTY 2016**
"We're all supposed to be self-centered, but in reality most actors love working in an ensemble. They really feel like they're doing an actor thing."

Hair by Peter Butler at Tracey Mattingly; makeup by Robin Fredriksz at Tracey Mattingly; manicure by Gina Edwards at Kate Ryan Inc.; produced by Cat Lewis at M.A.P.; fashion assistant: Kia Goosby. Stills, clockwise from top left: Granada Television/Everett Collection; Showtime Networks/Everett Collection; Showtime Networks/Neal Peters Collection; Miramax/Neal Peters Collection; Barry Wetcher/Warner Bros.; Bleecker Street Media/Everett Collection; Weinstein Company/Everett Collection; Focus Features/Everett Collection

# ANNA KENDRICK

She may call herself a "scrappy nobody," but don't be fooled: This A-list firecracker does it all—blockbusters, indies, dramas, musicals, and, now, a memoir—with sleight-of-hand dexterity and fearsome wit

**AS AN UNDEREMPLOYED** young actress in Los Angeles, Anna Kendrick had a very specific goal: She wanted to be described in a movie review as "a revelation." To be clear, this wasn't her only ambition—it's not the primary reason she packed up and left Portland, Maine, at the age of 17, shortly after she'd graduated, early, from high school—but it was something she wanted. And (like her principal objective, the life of a professional performer) she got it, pretty darn fast. By the time she turned 25, she'd been dubbed as such by several major publications including *Rolling Stone*, thanks to her dynamic, nuanced, and ultimately Oscar-nominated portrayal of a smart but callow junior executive in 2009's *Up in the Air*.

Not that she'd have ever known it, if a friend hadn't told her. "I didn't read a single review for *Up in the Air*," she says. "I'd read them for my first two movies, *Rocket Science* [2007] and *Camp* [2003], but it just became super obvious to me that reading reviews was only going to mess with my head." Indeed, there was much about that time that Kendrick found difficult to process. "Everything was supposed to be wonderful," she recalls, "and I was confused and stressed." It wasn't her first taste of success—that had come at age 12, when she'd been nominated for a Tony for her work in a Broadway adaptation of *High Society*—but then again, maybe her previous experience was also part of the problem. Once that show closed, after running for five months, she went five years without getting another big break. Instead, she went back to school in Maine and worried about whether it was possible to be a has-been at age 13.

Luckily for Kendrick, now 31, there's a lot more call for a slightly neurotic, delightfully acerbic, charismatic young woman in Hollywood than there ever was for the teenage version of the same on the New York stage. Since 2008, when she was cast as a chatty, catty classmate in *Twilight* (a role she cheerfully reprised in all but one of the blockbuster sequels), she's appeared in an astounding 28 films, playing everything from a reluctant a cappella singer (in 2012's surprise smash *Pitch Perfect*, which made more than $100 million in theaters, and its 2015 follow-up, which earned *nearly three times* that) to Cinderella (in 2014's much-loved *Into the Woods*), with nary a false note, musical or dramatic; she's as gifted a singer as she is an actress, able to do both standards and pop. This year alone, she's done a raunchy comedy (*Mike and Dave Need Wedding Dates*), a bittersweet indie drama (*The Hollars*), a brainy thriller (*The Accountant*), and, up next, a musical cartoon (*Trolls*), in which she voices "a relentlessly positive, psychotically obstinate" six-inch-tall troll opposite Justin Timberlake. ("I love animation," she explains. "In the pitch meeting, they were putting on this dog-and-pony show, and I was just, like, waiting for them to finish so that I could say yes.")

"You can't define Anna," says Kay Cannon, writer of the *Pitch Perfect* series. "She's very relatable—but she's also not. She's incredibly smart and talented and opinionated and feisty." She's also, as Cannon puts it, "a worker bee," a quality that her *Hollars* costar/director John Krasinski notes as well, albeit in slightly different terms: "There's a canned line that people in our industry use; they 'just want to go where the best work is.'" Kendrick, he says, actually means it. "She was on *Pitch Perfect 2* in New Orleans while we were shooting in Jackson, Mississippi, and she was coming to us on her days off.... Most of the time, just getting out of bed will make an actor question whether he really wants to do a role, and she's driving three hours each way to see us. She gives it all she's got."

Kendrick, for her part, explains her eclectic résumé in culinary terms, although she apologizes for doing so. "I guess the really lazy metaphor would be sweet and savory. It feels like you could eat pizza forever, but after a while, you want some ice cream." The comparison—if, yes, a little clichéd—feels apt when one considers that Kendrick cites pleasure, or rather the expectation thereof, as a key reason she selects particular projects.

It's also why she so often says yes, even to things that scare her—like an offer from a publisher to write her first book. Out November 15, *Scrappy Little Nobody* is a fizzy, funny collection of personal essays that very successfully approximates what it's like to spend time with Kendrick (long a Twitter fave, now to more than 5 million) and, as such, seems likely to have extremely widespread appeal; as no less a light than Timberlake says, "She's witty as hell; she's a gem to have around."

"Sometimes," says Kendrick, speaking of the many opportunities she's been given, "it feels like I'm standing in one of those rooms, in a riddle, where there are all these doors. And it's like, why wouldn't I keep opening them? Even if what's behind is something kind of annoying, I'd rather find out. I think it will be hard for me to know if I should ever take a break," she muses, "or focus on something else, because I feel so grateful that I get to keep opening that dang door."—*Lauren Waterman*



**UP IN THE AIR 2009**
"It was such a small set—I felt like I was making a tiny indie movie with George Clooney. He worked with other people, but I mostly just worked with him. I didn't realize what a big thing it was going to be!"

**50/50 2011**
"When I made [Joseph Gordon-Levitt/Seth Rogen cancer drama] *50/50*, I was like, Right, I get to do *this*. This is the part that is worth moving 3,000 miles away from home for, broke and uncertain."

**HAPPY CHRISTMAS 2014**
"This came together over text message.... I didn't even remember to tell my agent until a few weeks before. We filmed it in [writer/director] Joe Swanberg's house—like, 'Okay!'"

**INTO THE WOODS 2014**
"This movie sort of redefined *dream role* for me. That was a big day, when I got the call [that I'd been cast]. I cried. Like in a movie."

**THE ACCOUNTANT 2016**
"That I was playing an accountant made my mother, who is an accountant, very happy. She talked me through the math. I only did a handful of improvisations—all things she had said!"

Hair by Kevin Ryan; makeup by Lisa Storey at the Wall Group; manicure by Emi Kudo at Opus Beauty; produced by Joy Asbury at Joy Asbury Productions; fashion assistant: Yashua Simmons. Stills, from left: DreamWorks/Everett Collection; Summit Entertainment/Everett Collection; Magnolia Pictures/Everett Collection; Walt Disney Studios/Neal Peters Collection; Chuck Zlotnick/Warner Bros.



Silk and lace top, $595, cotton pants, $625, both, ALEXANDER WANG, visit alexanderwang.com. White gold and diamond earrings, $19,000, bracelets, both, prices on request, all, HEARTS ON FIRE. White gold and diamond link bracelet, SHAY FINE JEWELRY, $14,700. Gold ID bracelet, TIFFANY & CO., $7,600. Embroidered-suede sandals, GIANVITO ROSSI, $2,175. For details, see Shopping Guide.

Styled by Samira Nasr

Beauty Secret: For a warm, smoky eye, try L'ORÉAL PARIS Colour Riche Pocket Palette Eye Shadow in Boudoir Charme.



Printed-leather dress, CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION, $1,995, visit calvinklein.com. White gold and diamond earring, HEARTS ON FIRE BY STEPHEN WEBSTER, $20,000 (for pair). White gold and diamond bracelet, HEARTS ON FIRE, $14,500. White gold and diamond bracelet, DE BEERS, $12,000. For details, see Shopping Guide.

Styled by Samira Nasr

# FELICITY JONES

## Hollywood's most delicately pretty, emotionally attuned Brit will soon conquer both space (as a Stormtrooper-battling vigilante) and Earth (as a cancer-battling mom). Range—it's kind of her thing

**FELICITY JONES, HAVING** deemed the hushed, art-laden library of New York's Crosby Street Hotel "too serious" a place to do an interview, has led me outside, instead, to a boiling-hot, tanner's-paradise patio, which she brightly declares to be "a nice change from England." Wearing a blue-and-white–striped sundress and pink ballet flats, her hair swept back in a haphazard bun, the 33-year-old Brit reaches her hands up to the sky as if to physically catch some rays, revealing an enormous bruise purpling the creamy skin of her upper arm. "This?" she says with a sly smile. "Evidence of punching Stormtroopers, which is something I thoroughly recommend."

As most of the world knows by now, Jones will be leading the cast of *Rogue One*, the first *Star Wars* spin-off, which is slated for release in December. Her character, Jyn Erso, is an outlaw tasked with organizing a group of smugglers and assassins to steal the blueprints to the Death Star. It's a galaxy far, far away from the role that landed Jones on the A-list—that of Stephen Hawking's long-suffering wife in 2014's *The Theory of Everything*, which she played with a deft, heartbreaking grace that earned her an Oscar nod—and yet, says *Rogue One* director Gareth Edwards, she couldn't have been a more natural fit. "There are a lot of people who can be strong, or naturalistic, or soulful, but with Felicity, you get all of those ingredients in one...in a girl you want to be friends with."

With her perfect valentine of a mouth and softly posh Oxford-educated accent, Jones could have made a tidy living in period dramas, yet she emanates a curiosity and intensity that such parts would ultimately have underserved. She even initially hesitated to take on the coveted role of Dr. Sienna Brooks in *Inferno*, this fall's whiplash-paced *Da Vinci Code* sequel, until she had confirmed with director Ron Howard that she wouldn't merely be playing an eye-candy foil to Tom Hanks's art historian hero Robert Langdon. "It was important to me that she was an intellectual equal and not just kind of running after him doing whatever he told her to do," Jones says. In the end, her nuanced portrayal of Brooks—a deviously clever, troubled woman with a big secret—sneakily steals the movie.

"Felicity exudes intelligence," Howard says, "and yet there's still accessibility and relatability. It's intelligence without arrogance, which is something that Tom has, too." You can actually see Jones think onscreen; a mere flicker of her eyes can provide a subtle, silent glimpse into her character's inner world. Drake Doremus, who directed Jones in 2011's *Like Crazy*, the low-budget love story in which her raw, mostly improvised performance opposite the late Anton Yelchin earned her a Special Jury Prize at Sundance, cast her on the strength of an audition tape in which she played out the film's final scene, sans dialogue. "Her face was framed in close-up as she went through the character's emotional collapse. I watched it with a team, and we were like, 'Oh my God, this girl.' She was just magnificent."

Sigourney Weaver, who appears opposite Jones in the new *A Monster Calls*, a hauntingly sad adaptation of Patrick Ness's novel about a 12-year-old boy whose mother is dying of cancer, was impressed not only by the way Jones immersed herself in the role—the two visited English hospice centers together in preparation—but also by the way she refused to lose herself in it. "It was such a pleasure to work with someone who went for it with absolute conviction and ferocity, but who also made you feel like you were in a safe space," Weaver says. "Outwardly she's so composed and radiant, but inwardly she's working to find the depth of whatever character she's playing. She's a real pro, but that's not what you take away. You just go, 'What fun to be with Felicity!'"

This proficiency and balance took longer to come by than one might think. Although *Like Crazy* was her American breakthrough, Jones has worked steadily in the UK since the age of 12, starring as stuck-up student Ethel Hallow in the teen TV drama *The Worst Witch*, performing onstage, and appearing in a popular radio drama, *The Archers*, as she made her way onto the big screen. "I'm quite privileged to have started so young," she says. "I've had 20 years of experience, and I've definitely learned on the job. I've had time to make the mistakes while I wasn't in the spotlight."

The spotlight is about to grow brighter as *Rogue One* introduces Jones to a level of fame and fandom reserved for those who have their own action figures. But she seems undaunted. "I think you make those decisions when you take on that kind of work," she says. "It comes with responsibility." She names Helen Mirren, with whom she worked in 2010's *The Tempest*, and Ralph Fiennes, her costar in the 2013 Charles Dickens biopic *The Invisible Woman*, as role models. "They know that it's a privilege to do what we do. You can't suddenly go, 'I don't want any of this,' because you're in films that people respond to. So you find a way of navigating through it."—*April Long*



**LIKE CRAZY 2011**
"Every day was magical with Anton, who was so curious about the world, constantly asking questions about why things are the way they are, never content with easy answers. He is missed terribly."

**THE THEORY OF EVERYTHING 2014**
"It was incredibly nerve-racking meeting Jane Hawking. I admired her instantly. She was so bright and quick and generous-hearted. She and Stephen opened up to us in a very courageous way."

**INFERNO 2016**
"Ron Howard likes to shoot very fast. It's exhilarating working with him and Tom Hanks, as they're both incredibly experienced and well-prepared but always in the moment on set."

**A MONSTER CALLS 2016**
"[J. A.] Bayona likes to make the scene as believable as possible for the actors. We even worked with a talking tree that had moving lips—far easier than acting with a tennis ball on green screen."

**ROGUE ONE: A STAR WARS STORY 2016**
"On set, you actually feel like you're in space. Shooting a laser blaster is like no other experience. It's so much fun trying to avoid Stormtrooper fire. It's the fittest I've ever had to be—those troopers move quickly!"

Hair by Kevin Ryan; makeup by Romy Soleimani at Tim Howard Management; manicure by Elle at Tracey Mattingly; produced by Cat Lewis at M.A.P.; fashion assistant: Yashua Simmons. Stills, from left: Bac Films/Neal Peters Collection; Focus Features/Neal Peters Collection; Jonathan Prime/Columbia Pictures; Quim Vives/Focus Features; Jonathan Olley/Lucasfilm

# KATHY BATES

On any given day, she can do hilarious, heartfelt, or *horrifying*. The common denominator is always empathy, coupled with finely tuned craft. Which is why Bates is, in a word, unsinkable

**AN ADORING KATE WINSLET** tells a story about Kathy Bates, with whom she worked on *Titanic* and *Revolutionary Road*: When Winslet's star was unveiled on Hollywood Boulevard a few years ago, Bates gave a speech "about how I should take care of my star," Winslet says. "She gave me a sort of antique dustpan and brush to scoop any dog poop off the star, and a hilarious disguise—a cap with a beard kind of hanging under it—so I could visit my star without being recognized. It was completely bonkers." Finding a way to honor the moment while neither roasting nor fawning over Winslet—that's the kind of thing that earns Bates our unparalleled affection.

Many people in Hollywood are greatly admired; Bates is something much rarer—the very embodiment of what we mean when we say, "She's real people." Here she is on her beginnings: "I was known as an 'unexpected pleasure'—I was known as other things besides—but anyways, as my mother said, she kicked like a mule when she found out she was pregnant with me, because she was in her forties. She already had two daughters, and when I was born, she said, she almost had to get a room at the hospital for my father because he was so disappointed he didn't have a boy." Bates, who is 68, grew up middle class in Memphis in an old Southern family—her mother a homemaker, her father a mechanical engineer—and they scraped together the money to send Bates to Southern Methodist University. ("The most expensive school in Dallas, Texas," she says ruefully. "My dad said, 'We'll give you two years, and then we'll see what you want to do,' and my mother wanted me to come back with an MRS degree.") But, Bates says, "I fell in clover," because SMU happened to have put together a formidable theater department. "I think we all feel those moments when we're just hit by something so powerful, and we suddenly know, '*That's* what I want to do. I'll do anything I have to to be a part of that.' It's not like, 'Oh, my God, I want to be famous' and all that shit—it's something much deeper than that, something that grabs you by the breastbone and just shakes you."

Upon graduating, Bates went straight to New York City to do theater and enjoyed a decadelong career there. While she landed a long series of bit parts in TV and movies as well, her stage work reads like the full itinerary of a golden era: *Fifth of July*; *'Night, Mother* (for which Bates earned a Tony nomination); *Vanities* (which ran off-Broadway for five years); *Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune*; and *Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean*.

Bates's long, impressive string of stage triumphs pretty much came to an end in 1990 when she starred in the film adaptation of Stephen King's novel *Misery* as Annie Wilkes, an obsessive fan who holds her favorite writer (James Caan) captive with increasingly murderous intent—a role that promptly won dark-horse candidate Bates the Best Actress Oscar. That pig-squealing, ankle-shattering, deeply disturbing turn made Bates an overnight film sensation at the age of 42, and she's been wowing us ever since—as troubled housewife Evelyn Couch in *Fried Green Tomatoes*; as the similarly oppressed *Dolores Claiborne* (Bates's personal favorite movie role); as unsinkable Molly Brown in *Titanic*; as gonzo political operative Libby Holden in *Primary Colors*. This fall, Bates's uncanny range is once again being showcased as she plays the foster mother with a heart of gold in *The Great Gilly Hopkins* and the mom from hell Sunny Soke, who whelped Billy Bob Thornton's pathological Willie Soke in *Bad Santa 2*.

In recent years, though, she's done some of the best work of her career on the little screen—grabbing one Emmy for an inspired appearance as the ghost of Charlie Harper (Charlie Sheen) on the CBS comedy *Two and a Half Men* in 2012, and another in 2014 for her portrayal of the luxuriantly evil Delphine LaLaurie on FX's hit drama *American Horror Story*, in which she is enthusiastically continuing to perform in various roles opposite the likes of Jessica Lange, Angela Bassett, and Lady Gaga. This fall she'll be busy shooting *Disjointed*, a new Netflix series helmed by veteran hit showrunner Chuck Lorre, in which she'll star as a marijuana legalization activist who runs a cannabis dispensary in Los Angeles. We're looking forward to a lasting contact high—or maybe one long, glorious, self-indulgent, spaced-out binge—when this show lands.

Jane Fonda has stayed in touch ever since Bates had a bit part in 1986's *The Morning After*. "We're both activists, and we're both interested in acting," Fonda says. "She's very brave. She'll go way out there, whether it's the bearded woman [Ethel Darling on *American Horror Story*] or the naked scene in the hot tub with Jack Nicholson in *About Schmidt*. She just knows how to tap into so many different colors and do it with every ounce of her being." Winslet, too, vividly recalls the hot tub scene: "We should all be aspiring to be like Kathy Bates. What a joy to see her just being completely free and literally not giving a shit! I want to be like *that*!"—*Ben Dickinson*



**MISERY 1990**
"Rob Reiner wanted somebody who was scary because you didn't know who she was. I remember [him] saying, 'We're going to campaign for the Oscar, but you're never going to win because of the genre.'"

**DOLORES CLAIBORNE 1995**
"I had to have a Maine accent. And we had so much rehearsal time! When you just jump in front of the camera, you don't have time to let the character reveal itself, so you can make more interesting choices."

**TITANIC 1997**
"I wish I'd had more faith in Jim [Cameron]. It was a phenomenal undertaking; one sound stage he built had the entire first-class dining room—the carpets, the woodwork, replicas of the plates."

**PRIMARY COLORS 1998**
"Because [Mike Nichols] was in a position all those years to rub shoulders with all of these elite politicians and actors, he had wonderful stories to tell, and I just loved being around him, loved working with him."

**AMERICAN HORROR STORY 2013–present**
"After I'd had ovarian cancer and then a double mastectomy, I thought, Okay, my career is done. Nobody wants to watch me. And then Ryan Murphy pitched me this delicious role."

Hair by Kevin Ryan; makeup by Lisa Storey at the Wall Group; manicure by Emi Kudo at Opus Beauty; produced by Joy Asbury at Joy Asbury Productions; fashion assistant: Yashua Simmons. Stills, from left: Columbia Pictures/Everett Collection (2); Paramount Pictures/Neal Peters Collection; Universal Pictures/Neal Peters Collection; FX Networks/Everett Collection



Wool crepe jacket, $2,725, pants, $1,095, both, GIORGIO ARMANI, at Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide. Ruby, diamond, and white gold earrings, HUEB, price on request. Embellished-silk pumps, ROGER VIVIER, $2,050. For details, see Shopping Guide.

Styled by Samira Nasr




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# FIRST BLUSH

Can't-look-away young actress (and freshly minted Ang Lee muse) Makenzie Leigh stars in this season's take on winter whites—the softest silks, high-shine leather, and cozy knits, in a spectrum from nude to nearly.
Photographed by Paola Kudacki · Styled by Samira Nasr



Far left: Cotton knit dress, $1,400, patent calfskin pumps, $910, all, CÉLINE, at Céline, NYC. Satin bra, ERES, $305.

Left: Cotton trench coat, MAISON MARGIELA, $2,450, at Maison Margiela boutiques nationwide. Silk georgette bodysuit, $590, bralette, price on request, both, NINA RICCI. Calfskin belt, HERMÈS, $345. For details, see Shopping Guide.



Right: Silk bralette, NINA RICCI, price on request, for special order at Ikram, Chicago. Gold and diamond earrings, CARTIER, $7,000.

Far right: Wool and cashmere poncho, CHLOÉ, $4,395, at Chloé boutiques nationwide. Stretch-leather boots, CÉLINE, $2,200. For details, see Shopping Guide.



**Twenty-six**-year-old actress Makenzie Leigh has a personal mandate about parts she hopes to steer clear of—that is, "sexist depictions of women," she says. And yet her breakout role in Ang Lee's newest drama, *Billy Lynn's Long Halftime Walk*, is not only as the war hero Billy's love interest but also a Dallas Cowboys cheerleader. The point being that her character, Faison—and, of course, women in general—can be "a bundle of contradictions."

In depicting a devout young woman who intensely—and unexpectedly—falls for Billy, fresh from the latest Iraq war, at the Cowboys stadium during a stop on his squadron's so-called victory tour, Leigh drew from her own upbringing in the Dallas suburbs (where she'd trained seriously as a ballerina until an injury at age 15). "Growing up in Texas, you see a lot of movement between a very religious and piously led life bumping up against modern values," says Leigh, who, while training with an acting coach—she was taking a fiction-writing course at NYU and hoped that acting might help her "create a fully formed human" in her own writing—revealed natural talent, snagged an agent, and racked up a handful of meaty roles, including a rape survivor on CBS's *The Good Wife* and a self-destructive young man's girlfriend in last year's heavily improvised *James White*. "There's this negotiation that a lot of girls are going through," she continues, "trying to figure out 'My body is a temple' and 'I have all these primal animal feelings.' These things are always in contention and are so interesting to play with."—*Keziah Weir*

Hair by Lacy Redway at the Wall Group for Kérastase; makeup by Ayami Nishimura at the Wall Group for Lancôme; manicure by Alicia Torello for Chanel; set design by Juliet Jernigan at CLM; fashion assistants: Yashua Simmons and Kia Goosby; special thanks to Wyeth for the vintage Hans J. Wegner Peacock chair and the Future Perfect for Piet Hein Eek Dining Chair in oak.



Right: Silk top, ISABEL MARANT, $875, at Isabel Marant, San Francisco. Cotton pants, FENDI, $1,450.

Far right: Silk shirt, $1,190, crepe trousers, $1,450, both, RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION, at select Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. Silk bralette, NINA RICCI, price on request. Gold and pavé diamond ring, TIFFANY & CO., $6,900. Nylon ankle boots, LOEWE, $990. For details, see Shopping Guide.





Cotton nylon coat, LOEWE, $1,990, visit loewe.com. Wool sweater, $395, skirt, $415, both, JOSEPH. Gold and pavé diamond ring, TIFFANY & CO., $6,900. Stylist's own Tiffany & Co. ring.



Cotton dress, FENDI, price on request, similar styles at Fendi, NYC. Pink gold and diamond earring, REPOSSI, price on request. For details, see Shopping Guide.



Wool tunic, $3,200, dress, $1,350, lambskin pants, price on request, all, DIOR, similar styles at Dior boutiques nationwide. Patent calfskin pumps, CÉLINE, $910.



Silk tank, $795, pants, $1,195, both, GABRIELA HEARST, collection at matchesfashion.com. Silk bralette, NINA RICCI, price on request. Calfskin belt, HERMÈS, $345. For details, see Shopping Guide.



Kate Mara wears: Satin top, bandeau, both, prices on request, trousers, $1,250, all, PACO RABANNE, visit pacorabanne.com. Her own rings. Designer in his own clothes. For details, see Shopping Guide.

Hair by Jose Quijano at the Wall Group for Kérastase; makeup by Emma Day at the Wall Group for Chanel Beauty; manicure by Lucy Tucker; fashion assistant: Sofia Hernandez Bombaci

# SUPER GALACTIC

Fifty years after Paco Rabanne set his sights on fashion's future, artistic director Julien Dossena is giving athleticism a space-age spin. On-the-go women—including actress Kate Mara—are ready for liftoff! By Zoë Wolff

**PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID BURTON STYLED BY CARMEN BORGONOVO**

Paco Rabanne's first advertising campaign under Artistic Director Julien Dossena, launched last spring, featured metallic minidresses strewn about uninhabited, minimalist rooms, evoking a pastel post-apocalypse, complete with retro-meets-twenty-second-century silver soda cans and milk cartons branded with the updated Paco Rabanne logo. For the fall campaign, similarly prosaic household items appeared in the hands of models traversing barren seascapes in protective gear, like a white "duvet" skirt or a long camel coat sprouting shearling trim. Cryptic and artistic, the images reflect the epic vision of the house's namesake founder, who kicked things off in 1966 with an exhibition called "12 Unwearable Dresses in Contemporary Materials." A peer of André Courrèges and Pierre Cardin, Rabanne designed the futuristic costumes for cult films such as Roger Vadim's *Barbarella*, starring the director's then-wife Jane Fonda (in a silver bikini for the ages), but his pièce de résistance was the peekaboo sheath of linked aluminum panels favored by Yé-Yé heroines Jane Birkin and Françoise Hardy.

A boyishly handsome Breton with an unassuming manner that belies his business acumen, Dossena shares his predecessor's far-out, radical vision. Since 2013, when he was appointed head of women's ready-to-wear and accessories, the 34-year-old has engineered a tech-savvy, athletic-minded signature—what he calls "evening sportswear"—that updates the spirit of the space-age house for the millennial generation. This fall's lineup includes a cream sweatshirt dress with a detachable foil hood, neoprene peplum tops, loose wool-polyester trousers with D-ring belts, and tissue-thin tanks resembling torn hosiery, all worn with Velcro-cinched motocross boots that are, in fact, made for walking. In Dossena's hands, even iconic chain mail styles feel weightless. His seasonal nods to that Rabanne standby have ranged from a net of safety pins worn over silk underpinnings to drapey, asymmetrical crop tops and clingy shifts made of daisy-printed aluminum slivers.

Inspired by everything from postmodern architecture, such as Paris's deconstructivist Parc de la Villette, Marilyn Monroe–style lingerie, and the science fiction novels of J. G. Ballard, Dossena designs for the women in his life and the women he sees on the street. He doesn't have a famous entourage of muses, by choice. "It's totally contrary to what I am building with the brand, which is not about a fashion fantasy or the red carpet but about grounded women who work," he says. "I think, if she's a director living in L.A., if she's a painter in New York, if she's a CEO and mother in Paris, what will she wear to the office and to go out?" Of course, if a celebrity calls, he answers, especially if it's someone whose artistic choices and attitude he admires. For this year's Met Ball, actress Kate Mara requested a custom version of the sheer minidress made of smoky plastic disks from Dossena's fall 2015 collection. "She is that kind of woman I love, with an effortless and boyish elegance," Dossena says of the actress, who follows her turn in *House of Cards* with a clutch of films: the recently released Ridley Scott–produced sci-fi horror movie *Morgan* and the upcoming biopic *Megan Leavey*, in which she plays the Iraq war hero, as well as *Chappaquiddick*, a political drama about Ted Kennedy's infamous 1969 car accident (she plays victim Mary Jo Kopechne). The Met Ball fitting took place via Skype, while Dossena was on his iPhone at a bar, which seems apropos given both his wired-up MO and the inherent futurism of Paco Rabanne. Mara loved the functionality of her bespoke outfit. "Usually, you're in some sort of a gown that's hard to move in," she says. "But this was very soft and light."

A psychoanalyst could easily trace Dossena's fascination with on-the-go women to his mother. An equestrian teacher, she was a "crazy mover," he says, who propelled his peripatetic childhood between his birthplace of Brittany, Paris, the south of France, and Berlin. He says he was a hyperactive kid who obsessively drew cartoons featuring female "superheroes of the sea." Then it was on to skateboarding, surfing, and consuming '90s youth culture magazines such as *The Face* and *i-D*. In college, he studied art history in Paris, then fashion design at La Cambre in Brussels. After graduating in 2007, he was hired by Nicolas Ghesquière (then at Balenciaga), who for a while was also his boyfriend. Dossena credits Balenciaga's cutting-edge, experimental culture with teaching him how to push boundaries while staying relevant enough to grow a company. "I think of lifestyle and how to create desire on the rack," he says. "If I'd wanted to be an artist, I would have been a painter or a sculptor."

Dossena's ability to meld conceptualism with salability has clearly pleased the brand's owner, the fashion and fragrance conglomerate Puig, which this past January opened the first new Paco Rabanne store—a sleek space with a leather-lozenge floor on Paris's rue Cambon—since the last one closed more than a decade ago. Stateside, the line is now sold at Barneys New York, as well as through Farfetch globally.

Three years into the gig, Dossena has settled into a routine. He arrives at his "laboratory" (aka office) around noon—a morning guy, he is not—and smokes Camels while he sketches, frequently to a soundtrack of Céline Dion. He cuts what he calls his "precise generics" on the body, watching a fit model walk around wearing each look in the studio until he finds the right proportions. In addition to using Italian silks and cashmere, he develops his own superlight nylons and indigo-washed denim with suppliers in Japan and keeps a close eye on the fabric advances of athletic brands such as Nike—aiming to translate mesh, for example, into luxury knits by using it to create vents under the arms. In many ways, Dossena is operating in the future that Rabanne could only imagine. "We really are in that world of performance," says the cyber craftsman. "So you can go faster and easier."



## THE FASHIONISTA

*Continued from page 109*

Not that fashion didn't have a place for me. I wore the heels to the interview at the next fashion book, and I got the job. For the next two years, working for two magazines' accessories departments, I kept track of shoes, handbags, and jewelry flowing in and out of the fashion closet. It was dull but necessary work, and gave me a behind-the-scenes look at how those magazine images that had so enchanted me were made.

This was also around the time fashion began to go digital. To me, it seemed as if the inherent sumptuousness of fashion was being eclipsed by the anti-luxury of social media—the pursuit of magnificence reduced to 140 characters and 3.5-inch screens, to an apixelated carousel of click-beseeching "content." Although I considered trying to work for a designer instead, I feared things wouldn't be any different.

Obviously I was naïve, probably in the extreme, but this is my coming-of-age tale, and the crushing of illusions is part of that. After a while, I stopped wearing my heels and my eccentric suits in favor of gray and black. The fast pace of the city that I'd once romanticized now echoed with an existential threat: that drum of high heels was really just the sound of a 9-to-5 machine.

It was at this time that I entered what I've come to think of as my "quarter-life crisis," in which I angsted over my dream and my life's purpose. This vexed, despondent state will sound familiar to many twentysomethings, but I was lucky: My crack-up had a sizable word count. Growing up as an introspective only child, writing had always been a private pastime; by the end of college, unbeknownst to my peers, I'd already written several novels: globe-spanning adventure tales, largely unrevised, and probably not very good. But now I had a real story.

*An Innocent Fashion* centers on a starry-eyed fashion intern who unravels as he comes to grips with the reality of life. Writing it began as a therapeutic exercise—big mind maps scribbled on a flattened-out cardboard box with a crisscross of arrows connecting scribbles like *Why am I unhappy? Is it just me? My job? The fashion industry?* I shuttered myself in my dingy storage closet of an apartment, as one week of madness and frustration turned into two weeks turned into months. I ate ramen noodles and canned soup, and my beard grew scraggly, while fictional characters arose from my own experiences like skeletons—who with every new sentence gained a layer of muscle and tissue and nerves and skin.

Hence my elation when I sold my deeply personal book to HarperCollins (I'd found an agent through a handful of blind submissions), and my disappointment—I knew it was too good to be true!—when the online chatter reduced it to the level of gossip. My dejection was short-lived, however. Anybody who actually read my novel would understand that at its core it wasn't a *Prada*-esque foray into the underbelly of fashion but an effort to explore questions of identity and, indeed, the limitations of dreams. And if there was a target of my criticism, it wasn't a specific person in fashion, or even a group of them, but a way of life that seemed to stand in opposition to aesthetic pursuit.

It turns out that books are as much of a bottom-line business as fashion—not surprisingly, I suppose—but the experience of writing and publishing *An Innocent Fashion* has still made me happier, more at peace. These days, I spend less time lamenting the unromantic state of the world, and more appreciating it for what it is. Perhaps this is maturity; more likely it's the stubbornness of an idealist who won't take no for an answer. ■

## SIGNIFICANT OTHER

*Continued from page 237*

joint in this strip mall, when he was considering her for *Bugsy*. Afterward, director Barry Levinson asked Beatty how the meeting went. He replied, "I'm going to marry her."

"It's true; I felt it would happen," Beatty says, smiling. "The unconscious is much smarter than the conscious. My immediate unconscious response caused me to stop eating the garlic chicken that was put in front of me. I felt that there was a stroke of luck here. And it came at a good time." He raises his eyebrows and raps his knuckles on the table, repeating, "I stopped eating the garlic chicken." ("I remember him enjoying the garlic chicken deeply," Bening says. "And the garlic rolls.")

"I wanted to meet her for *Dick Tracy*, and she was unable to meet with me," Beatty continues. "She canceled her meeting with me because she felt that she should go to New York to be present for her ex-husband, who was having surgery, and she felt that it might be good that she was there. And I was very impressed by that. He was her ex at that point. I felt that really...I *liked* that."

*"What is history but a fable agreed upon?"*
—Napoleon Bonaparte

Back in New York, Beatty is sitting in the waiting area after a screening of *Rules Don't Apply*. Aaron is with him, as are a few others unknown. Beatty is eager to hear what we think. Bennett was spot-on when she called earlier and said, "It's a throwback to the films that I love from the past—Frank Capra and Billy Wilder. It gives you the same feelings of those films of a bygone era. Warren's one of the all-time-great filmmakers." A voice in the background said something that made her laugh: "I'm with someone who just said he's one of the all-time-great hunks." There's no doubt you'll see him sitting front row at the Oscars in February.

I tell him I've brought him a present from the past and pull out the recorder and the tape from the 1988 Atlantic City party. He listens to it, smiling, reliving the moment. It was just the way I told it. Beatty calls everyone to gather in close, and we play the recording again. Watching him regale us with memories and solicit our criticisms of the movie, I'm reminded of something Carrie Fisher told me about him.

"He's an observed observer," she said. "And that is a very rare thing to be." ■



From left: Ally Lindsay, courtesy of Danna Harman

## I'M WITH HER—FINALLY!

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Kathryn J. Edin and H. Luke Shaefer, authors of *$2.00 a Day: Living on Almost Nothing in America*, note that "the prevalence of extreme poverty rose sharply between 1996 and 2011. This growth has been concentrated among those groups that were most affected by the 1996 welfare reform." Specifically, extreme poverty among African American families rose by 183 percent; Latinos, 132 percent; whites, 110.

That bad aftertaste is perhaps why I trusted Sanders's promise to reduce income inequality more than Clinton's. I'm also a college professor who's still paying off her own student loans *and* teaching classes of young people saddling themselves with ungodly amounts of debt—how could I *not* get excited about Sanders's vow to provide free tuition at public colleges and universities?

My 69-year-old mother-in-law, a retired porter, wasn't as impressed. Bernie was light on details, she pointed out. How was he going to fund his grand plans? And she was drawn to Hillary for her obvious competence and sheer tenacity. "She just seems like she'll know what to do as president," she said. When I pressed her on Sanders, she got a little piqued: "Hillary's been through a lot. That has to count for something." She wasn't alone, of course: African American women voted for Hillary over Bernie at a higher rate than any other subgroup; as many as 90 percent of them chose her in states such as Arkansas and Alabama.

Pundits often explained the black electorate's devotion to Hillary as Clinton brand loyalty. But Bill arrived on the presidential scene in 1992 backed by a narrative of deep familiarity with African American life—a shared Southern history with black people, friendships with civil rights leaders like Jesse Jackson and Vernon Jordan, and, most memorably perhaps, his performance of "black cool" on *The Arsenio Hall Show* in 1992: wearing black sunglasses and blowing out soulful renditions of "Heartbreak Hotel" and "God Bless the Child" on the sax. Near the end of his term, Bill had been so effectively linked to African Americans that Toni Morrison famously dubbed him "our first black President" in 1998.

Partly because Hillary grew up in racially homogenous suburban Chicago and partly because she reads as a nerdy white woman, she's never been able to, shall I say, appropriate "black cool"—or, for that matter, been victimized by stereotypes like her husband was when, during his impeachment hearings, he was treated "like a black on the street, already guilty, already a perp," as Morrison put it.

Instead, Hillary has had to assiduously craft her own coming-of-age narrative with African Americans. "Some call her a policy wonk," Texas Representative Sheila Jackson Lee told a crowd of 100 black women last February at a fundraiser. "But I will tell you—she is a sister." The surprise, perhaps, has been how convincingly Clinton has highlighted a biography of intimacy with black

women, of indebtedness to them.

This time on the campaign trail, she frequently recalled how as a 24-year-old law student working under the Children's Defense Fund's African American founder, Marian Wright Edelman, she went undercover in Alabama to investigate private academies that catered to white families after the Supreme Court forced public schools to integrate in 1969. "I am not new to these fights," Clinton proclaimed at a May NAACP gathering. "I have been doing this for a long time, standing up to injustice, especially on behalf of our kids. That's always been my North Star, ever since I went to work for Marian Wright Edelman...."

It was as an undergraduate at Wellesley that Clinton converted from being a conservative "Goldwater girl" to a civil rights advocate, as she detailed in her 2003 memoir, *Living History*. Before then, she wrote, "The only African Americans I knew were the people my parents employed in my father's business and in our home. I had not had a black friend, neighbor or classmate until I went to college. Karen Williamson, a lively, independent-minded student, became one of my first friends there."

Clinton went on to nurture her friendships with Williamson and a handful of other African American women who graduated in Wellesley's class of 1969. "What I liked about her was that we did not seem to be novelties to her," Nancy Gist, a former Clinton classmate, recently told the *New Yorker*. "There were a lot of white women at Wellesley who hadn't really had much contact with black people, especially people like us. They didn't quite know what to make of us. Hillary did not communicate any of that. I don't know that she had spent time around black people, but for whatever reason she did not seem to be so mystified." By the time she graduated, Clinton was backing the racial justice demands of Ethos, a black student group at the college led by Williamson.

Today, Clinton can rightfully boast of the gender and racial diversity of her campaign staff. Long-term associate Cheryl Mills is an informal adviser to the campaign, and she's been joined by influential newcomers such as Maya Harris, a senior policy adviser focusing on immigration and criminal justice issues, and LaDavia Drane, the campaign's congressional liaison. Clinton's most effective surrogates, however, are probably the African American mothers whose children have been killed by police or gangs. Gathered onstage at the DNC to share their grief and demand an end to gun and racial violence, they made Clinton's "Stronger Together" slogan achingly real.

Aside from her noxious opponent, the main reason I've warmed to Hillary, however, is that she's embraced an important philosophy of black feminism: intersectionality. Coined by law professor Kimberlé Crenshaw in 1989, the term describes how different forms of discrimination can interact and overlap—and it has taken on new urgency, often as a critique against a mainstream feminism that tends to address the needs of relatively privileged middle-class white women over those also oppressed by race, sexuality, nationality, religion, et cetera. Clinton even used the word in a speech in Harlem last February: "We face a complex set of economic, social, and political challenges. They are intersectional, they are reinforcing, and we've got to take them all on."

Mere words? I've come to trust that she's putting her money where her mouth is. Her platform includes policies specifically targeted toward African American women, such as increased access to capital for black female–owned businesses, as well as more general proposals that would significantly improve black women's lot, like paid family leave and an increased minimum wage. She's also pledged to reverse some of the harms of the crime bill by, for instance, reducing mandatory minimum sentences for nonviolent drug offenses.

As I cast my ballot this November, with my four-year-old daughter and one-year-old son in tow, I can only hope that Clinton's legacy has laid the foundation for yet another crack in the glass ceiling: the election of our first African American woman president. Until then, I'll settle for our first African American female Supreme Court justice. ■



## ARE YOU MY MOTHER?

*Continued from page 245*

and often a friend or two, for breakfast: fried bread and milky sweet tea, boiled vegetables, a steaming plate of buffalo *momos* (dumplings), all slurped down with wildly hot sauce.

When the local swimming pool reopened, I bought the girls a membership and tried to teach them the breaststroke. We made do with the doggy paddle, and mainly they whiled away the afternoons splashing around the shallow end with a group of young Tibetan nuns-in-training, whose monastery had been donated a pool membership. That's probably the most lasting image from that early trip: Manisha, holding hands with a pint-size girl with a shaven head, both wearing ill-fitting bathing suits, with goggles askew—laughing so hard I worried they might drown.

NOW, A YEAR LATER, it's my birthday again, my forty-sixth, and I'm back in Nepal. I don't love being in Kathmandu, to be honest. The potholed roads are clogged with honking cars and motorcycles that leave clouds of black exhaust in their wake. It's hot, and dust swirls in the air. A year after the earthquake, tens of thousands of families are still living under tents or in temporary shelters. Even the novelty of the monkeys who roam wild has long worn off. A friend was recently bitten by one in the shoulder. But there is a girl here I love.

She and I are sitting in the principal's office at the Kathmandu Valley Higher Secondary School on parent-teacher day. Susma is here, too, in her best dress and clutching the handbag I gave her. I, in turn, am wearing a string necklace Susma presented to me. We're discussing whether Manisha, who came in second to last in her year-end exams, should repeat sixth grade. On one exam—for a yoga and health class, of all things—she got zero points. Instead of answering the questions, she'd just copied them out.

It's not that big of a deal, I try to tell Manisha, who's slumped on a stool holding back tears. It looks like her mom might cry, too. I try to cheer them up. "For someone who had not had any proper schooling before, Manisha has done an amazing job," I begin. She scored a few points on the math exam, performed in the school's dance show, made friends, and held her head high, I point out. She's gained close to 10 pounds since I saw her last, and she looks pretty and healthy. And, hey, she is not even at the very bottom of the class. "Look at Subina," I point out, brightly. "She did even worse than you!"

"Confidence!" I go on. "Next year will be so much better!" I'm repeating all the lines my mom used on me and wondering if the cheerleader lingo might be getting lost in the translation. But then I lock eyes with Susma, and I know we're on the same wavelength. It's touchingly clear that this woman, married off at 14 to a man twice her age, who never went to school and can't read or write, wants more than anything for her child to have better opportunities than she did. At the same moment, Manisha's mom and I reach out and press the small of Manisha's back, encouraging her to sit up straight, as my mom (still) does to me.

Yeshi, a close Nepali friend who helped me get Manisha admitted to this school and who's with us now, will continue to watch over her and make sure she graduates. And Josh, who is also at the meeting, in a manner of speaking—over FaceTime from London—and who is paying the school fees, promises to support Manisha's extra tutoring. "It's a group effort," I say to no one in particular. And so it is.

THIS DIDN'T END UP being a story about motherhood. But for me, it's about something related. I love Manisha, for starters, and I love her sister Monika, too. I'm curious to see who they grow up to be; I like watching it happen, and playing a part gives me a kind of pleasure I've never felt before.

I didn't bring Manisha back to Israel with me, obviously. I couldn't. I couldn't even organize visas or passports for her and Monika to visit. Even if I could've found a way, it probably wouldn't have been right. The girls are where they belong for now, with family and friends, in their own country.

My plan is to flow with the relationship as the years go on, and try to enjoy it in whatever form it takes. It's already shifting. After the earthquake, I was helping the family and some of their neighbors get back on their feet. Then I got busy finding a school for the girls. And since then, I've mostly been keeping up with them from afar, encouraging them when they need it, and trying to impress on them that they can count on me.

The girls' dad has left Nepal for Malaysia to find work as a laborer. He has not sent any money back home yet, though. Their mom has been living closer by, a 40-minute drive from the school. She relocated to Kathmandu and found a job cutting up chicken in a small factory. She can now afford to rent a small room, together with a rotating cast of relatives, and still has a little money to spare.

The small amount I give to Manisha's family seems to go such a long way that it never fails to astonish me. Josh and I wire about $4,000 a year to the school and also provide the girls with a stipend to

cover other school needs, from uniforms and books to underwear and toothbrushes.

I try to get the girls to write me letters, but they don't. What they do instead is write Facebook messages when they're back in the slum during holidays and can go to a cyber café. "Hi look tiger!" Monika wrote me last week, an inside joke having to do with how few animals we saw in Chitwan National Park, despite the hours we put in peering through binoculars.

The 10-day road trip the girls and I took to Chitwan is now our favorite activity to reminisce about. We rode an elephant bareback and canoed and Skyped endlessly with Josh and his boys, telling them our stories. The girls' favorite part might have been the hotel, with its buffet breakfast and en suite bathroom with a tub. They loved the bath, locking the door and spending hours in there, humming and scrubbing away. "Chitwan best," Manisha has been typing to me on Facebook, apropos of nothing, ever since.

On Saturday evenings, I phone the school's housemother, and the girls, who know to expect my call, stand by. For both Manisha and me, I think these calls have become a highlight of the week. Our conversations are still limited, but they're improving, along with Manisha's English. If she is sick, she tells me. If she makes a new friend, she describes her. If someone has been unkind, we discuss. We send each other a lot of air kisses and sometimes just stay on the line not saying too much at all, until Doma Lama, the housemother, asks for her phone back. "Missing you I am very much," Manisha will say. "I miss you, too," I reply.

**WHAT DO THE GIRLS CALL** you? my friends ask. There is nothing defined. Sometimes they say I'm their sister. Sometimes a friend. Sometimes a sponsor. Mostly they just call me Danna.

I could've bumped into a thousand different children that day in the slum. One of Manisha's neighbors, a tough little girl with a nose ring whose older brother is the playground bully, asked me plaintively once, "Why them?" Another kid informed me, "Manisha is not special. She is not even good at school." "Sponsor me, too!" a boy I'd never seen before called out as I walked past one day.

"Is it true you gave Manisha's mother 10,000 rupees [about $100]?" a shy girl named Sarita wrote me on Facebook. It seems half the kids in the slum have friended me on Facebook to ask for help. I don't. I can't, really. I always write back, and I feel a twinge of guilt, but at the end I write, "Bye XO."

I still have that photo of the original three girls—Obica and Obica squinting into the camera beside Manisha—as my screen saver. It has been joined since by other framed photos of Manisha and Monika, propped up around my home in Tel Aviv and in Josh's place in London. But now the pictures do make sense.

I managed to find a few answers in Nepal, after all, far from the mountain hikes and monasteries. Certain aspects of my life seem to be falling into place, or at least the loop of questions in my head has quieted. I still don't know if I will adopt. Josh and I are thinking about it. But if there is one thing I am sure about now, it is that, yes, I'll be happy, happy enough, with or without a child of my own. ■













## COVERS

*Kristen Stewart:* Silk tulle dress, $45,800, steel watch, $4,500, by *Chanel*, at Chanel boutiques and Chanel Fine Jewelry boutiques nationwide, call 800-550-0005. *Lupita Nyong'o:* Embellished-silk jumpsuit by *Dolce & Gabbana*, price on request, at select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide. White gold and diamond earrings from *Hearts On Fire*, $58,000, call 877-PERFECT or visit heartsonfire.com. Diamond and gold bracelet by *Chopard*, price on request Chopard boutiques nationwide, call 800-Chopard or visit chopard.com. *Amy Adams:* Cotton dress by *Calvin Klein Collection*, $1,095, at Calvin Klein (NYC), visit calvinklein.com. Gold necklace, $3,800, rose gold and diamond bracelet, $3,800, white gold and diamond bracelet, $3,900, gold bangle, $6,300, white gold bangle, $6,400, white gold and diamond bangle, $13,900, by *Bulgari*, at Bulgari stores nationwide, call 800-BULGARI or visit bulgari.com. Gold and diamond ring by *Hearts On Fire*, $2,990, call 877-PERFECT or visit heartsonfire.com. *Anna Kendrick:* Knit sweater by *Calvin Klein*, $90, at Calvin Klein (NYC). Denim jeans by *Calvin Klein Jeans*, $98, visit calvinklein.com. Gold and diamond hoop earrings by *Anita Ko*, $23,100, visit anitako.com. White gold and diamond bracelet by *Hearts On Fire*, $24,500, call 877-PERFECT or visit heartsonfire.com. Gold cuff by *Tiffany & Co. Out of Retirement*, $7,500, call 800-843-3269. Gold I.D. bracelet by *Tiffany & Co.*, $7,600, visit tiffany.com. White gold and diamond link bracelet by *Shay Fine Jewelry*, $14,700, visit shayfinejewelry .com. *Aja Naomi King:* Silk dress by *Calvin Klein Collection*, $1,095, at Calvin Klein (NYC), visit calvinklein.com. Aquamarine diamond and platinum earring by *Tiffany & Co.*, $65,000 (for pair), call 800-843-3269 or visit tiffany.com. White gold and diamond bracelet by *De Beers*, price on request, at De Beers (NYC), visit debeers.com. White gold and diamond bracelet by *Pomellato*, $72,600, call 800-254-6020 or visit pomellato.com. White gold and diamond bracelet by *Hearts On Fire*, $24,500, visit heartsonfire.com. *Felicity Jones:* Cotton shirt by *Burberry*, $595, visit burberry.com. Wool-blend trousers by *Dolce & Gabbana*, $945, at select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide. White gold and diamond earring by *Hearts On Fire by Stephen Webster*, $20,000 (for pair), visit heartsonfire .com. White gold and diamond bracelet by *Hearts On Fire*, $14,500, call 877-PERFECT. Suede pumps by *Jimmy Choo*, $695, at select Jimmy Choo stores nationwide, call 866-524-6687 or visit jimmychoo.com. *Helen Mirren:* Patent polyethylene-blend trench coat by *Trademark*, $728, visit trade-mark.com. Crystal, diamond, black enamel, gold, and platinum earrings by *David Webb*, $51,500, at David Webb (NYC, Beverly Hills), call 844-811-WEBB or visit davidwebb.com. *Kathy Bates:* Cotton blouse by *Akris*, $795, at Akris boutiques nationwide, call 877-700-1922 or visit akris .ch. One of a kind rose gold, ceramic amethyst, brown diamond, and orange sapphire hoop earrings by *De Grisogono*, $43,800, at De Grisogono (NYC), visit degrisogono.com.

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## HIGHER GROUND

PAGE 110: Jacket, $275, pants, $140, by *Canvas by Lands' End*, visit canvasbylandsend.com. Gold and diamond bangle by *Established Jewelry*, $9,750, visit establishedjewelry.com. Calfskin pumps by *Bally*, $975, at Bally (NYC, Beverly Hills).

## FIRST LOOK

PAGE 113: Jacket, hoodie, pants by *Gucci*, visit gucci.com. Tights by *Fogal*, visit fogal.com. Clips, pumps by *Jimmy Choo*, visit jimmychoo.com.

## TRENDS AND ACCESSORIES

PAGE 114: Jacket by *Rebecca Minkoff*, visit rebeccaminkoff.com. On model: Jacket, skirt by *Altuzarra*, similar styles at Barneys New York stores nationwide. Belt, buckle by *Pat Areias*, at Pat Areias (NYC). Necklace by *Paloma Picasso for Tiffany & Co.*, $3,100, call 800-843-3269. Bangle by *Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co.*, visit tiffany.com. Handbag by *Gucci*, $18,000, visit gucci.com. PAGE 116: Ankle boot by *Dior*, at Dior boutiques nationwide. Handbag by *Chanel*, call 800-550-0005. On model: Jacket by *Chanel*, call 800-550-0005. Trousers by *Rosie Assoulin*, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC). Earring by *John Hardy*, visit johnhardy.com. Pin by *Fallon*, visit fallonjewelry.com. Watch by *Rado*, visit rado.com. PAGE 120: Bracelets by *Pomellato*, call 800-254-6020. Jeans by *Rag & Bone /Jean*, at Rag & Bone stores nationwide. On model: Top by *Dior*, call 800-929-DIOR. Top by *Christopher Kane*, visit christopherkane.com. Jeans by *Levi's c/o Off-White*, visit off---white.com. Earrings, bangles by *Ippolita*, visit ippolita.com. Pumps by *Christian Louboutin*, at Christian Louboutin stores nationwide. PAGE 123: Jacket by *Proenza Schouler*, at Proenza Schouler (NYC). Jacket by *Ralph Lauren Collection*, at select Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. On model: Trousers by *Céline*, at Céline (NYC). Tank by *Hanes*, visit hanes.com. Ring by *Verdura*, visit verdura.com. PAGE 124: Jacket by *Prada*, at select Prada boutiques nationwide. Ankle boot by *3.1 Phillip Lim*, at 3.1 Phillip Lim stores nationwide. On model: Jacket, top, shorts, ring, boombox bag, ankle boots by *Louis Vuitton*, call 866-VUITTON. Earring by *Lynn Ban*, visit lynnban.com. PAGE 125: On model: Earrings by *Ippolita*, visit ippolita.com. Pumps by *Céline*, similar styles at Céline (NYC). PAGE 126: Top by *Dior*, call 800-929-DIOR. Loafer by *Gucci*, at select Gucci stores nationwide. Handbag by *Valentino Garavani*, at Valentino boutiques nationwide. Backpack by *Prada*, visit prada.com. PAGE 129: Ankle boot by *Dior*, call 800-929-DIOR. PAGE 130: Handbag by *Fendi*, at Fendi (NYC). Clips by *Van Cleef & Arpels*, visit vancleefarpels.com. PAGE 133: Boot by *Alexander Wang*, visit alexanderwang.com. Boot by *Giuseppe Zanotti Design*, at Giuseppe Zanotti Design boutiques nationwide. PAGE 134: Sandal by *Roger Vivier*, at Roger Vivier (NYC, Costa Mesa, CA). PAGE 136: Boot, handbag by *Ralph Lauren Collection*, visit ralphlauren.com. PAGE 138: Watch by *Van Cleef & Arpels*, $99,000, call 877-VAN-CLEEF. Watch by *Piaget*, $29,700, visit piaget.com. Watch by *Cartier*, $93,500, call 800-CARTIER. Watch by *Jaeger-LeCoultre*, $44,100, at Jaeger-LeCoultre (NYC). Edition Laureus Sports for Good Foundation watch by *IWC*, call 800-432-9330. PAGE 140: Platform sneaker by *Gucci*, visit gucci.com. Handbag by *Coach 1941*, visit coach.com. PAGE 142: Apple watch, iPhone 6s Plus by *Apple*, at Apple stores nationwide, visit apple.com. Watch bands by *Apple Watch Hermès*, at Apple stores nationwide, Hermès boutiques nationwide, visit apple.com, visit hermes.com. PAGE 143: Necklace by *Chopard*, call 800-CHOPARD. Necklace by *Aurélie Bidermann*, visit aureliebidermann.com. Earrings by *Ana Khouri*, e-mail contact@anakhouri.com. Earrings by *Bulgari*, visit bulgari.com. Necklace by *Piaget*, call 877-8PIAGET. Necklace by *Lafonn*, call 855-2LAFONN.

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## FIRST BLUSH

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# BUILT TO LAST

It takes a certain kind of man—**Jon Hamm**, in fact—to make us laugh, cry, and go weak in the knees in one fell swoop. Mickey Rapkin learns why the *Mad Men* star's magnetism knows no bounds



For seven seasons, Jon Hamm starred as *Mad Men*'s Don Draper, the hard-drinking, womanizing king of Madison Avenue. And while the actor and the character were certainly very different people, the two shared an emotional connection: Both lost their parents at a young age. Hamm grew up in St. Louis, where his mother died of cancer when he was just 10 years old; his father, who ran a trucking company, passed away a decade later. After college, Hamm moved to L.A. with $150 in his pocket, waiting tables as he waited for Hollywood to take notice. If stardom came late, it also came on strong: His Emmy-winning stint on *Mad Men* made him a household name (and a paparazzi target); Tina Fey once said that Hamm was so handsome she "poked a hole in a paper plate and looked at him like that, like an eclipse." He also proved to be a gifted comedian, appearing on *30 Rock*, hosting *SNL*, and having silly sex with Kristen Wiig in *Bridesmaids*, to boot. Offscreen, though, he once confessed he didn't have the "marriage chip"; he dated writer, actress, and director Jennifer Westfeldt for 18 years before they split in 2015. (Hamm has kept a low profile since.) He's now bringing the funny again in *Keeping Up With the Joneses*, an action comedy about two nosy neighbors (Zach Galifianakis and Isla Fisher) who find out the gorgeous couple living next door are actually superspies. Wonder Woman Gal Gadot plays the wife. Guess who plays the picture-perfect husband?



**ELLE**: What would you do differently about losing your virginity?

**JON HAMM**: I don't know. Everything? [*Laughs*] There's no version of it that's not awkward. Let's put it this way: As much as I had practiced, I was still not quite ready for game time.

**ELLE**: Were you very young?

**JH**: I wasn't. I was in college. I was 19.

**ELLE**: That surprises me.

**JH**: I don't know why that would surprise you. Maybe it's easy for some people. It certainly wasn't for me.

**ELLE**: You play the ideal male specimen in *Keeping Up With the Joneses*. But you're famously self-deprecating. You've said, "I'm no Ryan Gosling."

**JH**: I don't know Ryan. He's impossibly handsome. But I remember having a meeting with the director and writer of *Keeping Up With the Joneses* and saying, There are a couple of ways to play this guy. I think the more interesting thing is to have this guy who seemingly has it all, but it doesn't make him happy. A lot of people get lost in work. He wants something in his life that's authentic. [*Laughs*] Which is admittedly a not-so-funny way to enter a comedy. For most people, the authentic things are relationships, friends, and family.

**ELLE**: What did your dad teach you about women?

**JH**: He was twice widowed. He was divorced from my mom when she died, but even so, there's a deep sense of tragedy in that. I never had the opportunity to, as an adult, sit down and talk to him about that. It's a real loss. I was quasi-adopted by my friends' families. And even today I get e-mails or cards from these women who, for lack of a better word, were my mom. We talk about what it means to be a family. Mostly it's about showing up. And being aware enough to check in and say, "How are you doing?" I've been incredibly lucky to have these people in my life.

**ELLE**: What do you wish you could tell your 20-year-old self?

**JH**: I do think about that. The best thing you could say is: Appreciate it. Struggle is part of the journey. That's what I've learned in my forties: *This too shall pass*.

**ELLE**: What do you want to tell the next woman who dates you?

**JH**: Oh God. I don't know. I don't think I'm ready to answer that yet.

**ELLE**: You and some friends have had a Tuesday night poker game for years. For ELLE's Women in Hollywood Issue, we'd like to turn the tables: Do you all talk about aging and how you look onscreen?

**JH**: I mean...yeah. [*Laughs*] Sort of. The conversation is not dissimilar to what it's always been—a lot of bullshit, a lot of jokes, a lot of ridiculousness. But it's leavened now with discussions about career, family, kids. Getting old sucks. I had an interesting conversation with an older actor whom I've looked up to for many years. He said, "When I wake up in the morning, I still think I'm 35. It's not until I see myself in the mirror where I'm like, Oh, right..." I have that, too. That horrible realization that you're not what you used to be.

**ELLE**: I'm cutting you off there. Nobody wants to hear Jon Hamm complain!

**JH**: Listen, I'll say this, too. The great thing about getting older is living life.

**ELLE**: Why do you think women loved Don Draper so much? He was kind of a dick.

**JH**: I think there was a fascination there. But women realized that he's bad news. I think Don's appeal is more to old white dudes than it is to ladies. Because he represents this mythical era of masculinity. We're going through it in the political arena now. Old white dudes saying, "Remember when we ran shit?" You still do. It's still a thing.

**ELLE**: Do you hope for a Hillary Clinton presidency?

**JH**: She's definitely preferable to the alternative. It's insane how much of her life she's lived in the public eye—and how much she's devoted to making this a better place. We need someone like that now. In this ridiculously polarized, obstructionist world, the operating principle should be, Let's get something done. Not, Let's freeze everything. We really need to fix the roads. We really, really should get on those bridges. At the end of the day, Hillary gets things done.

**ELLE**: Thank you for your time.

**JH**: It's always nice to talk to a magazine named after a letter.




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